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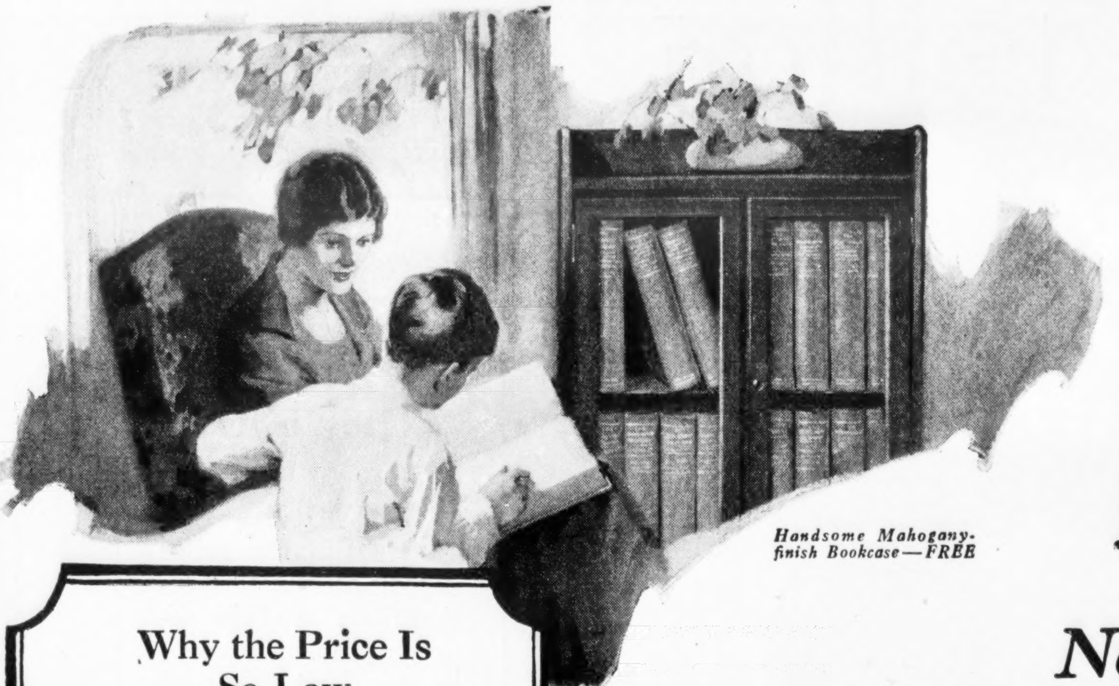

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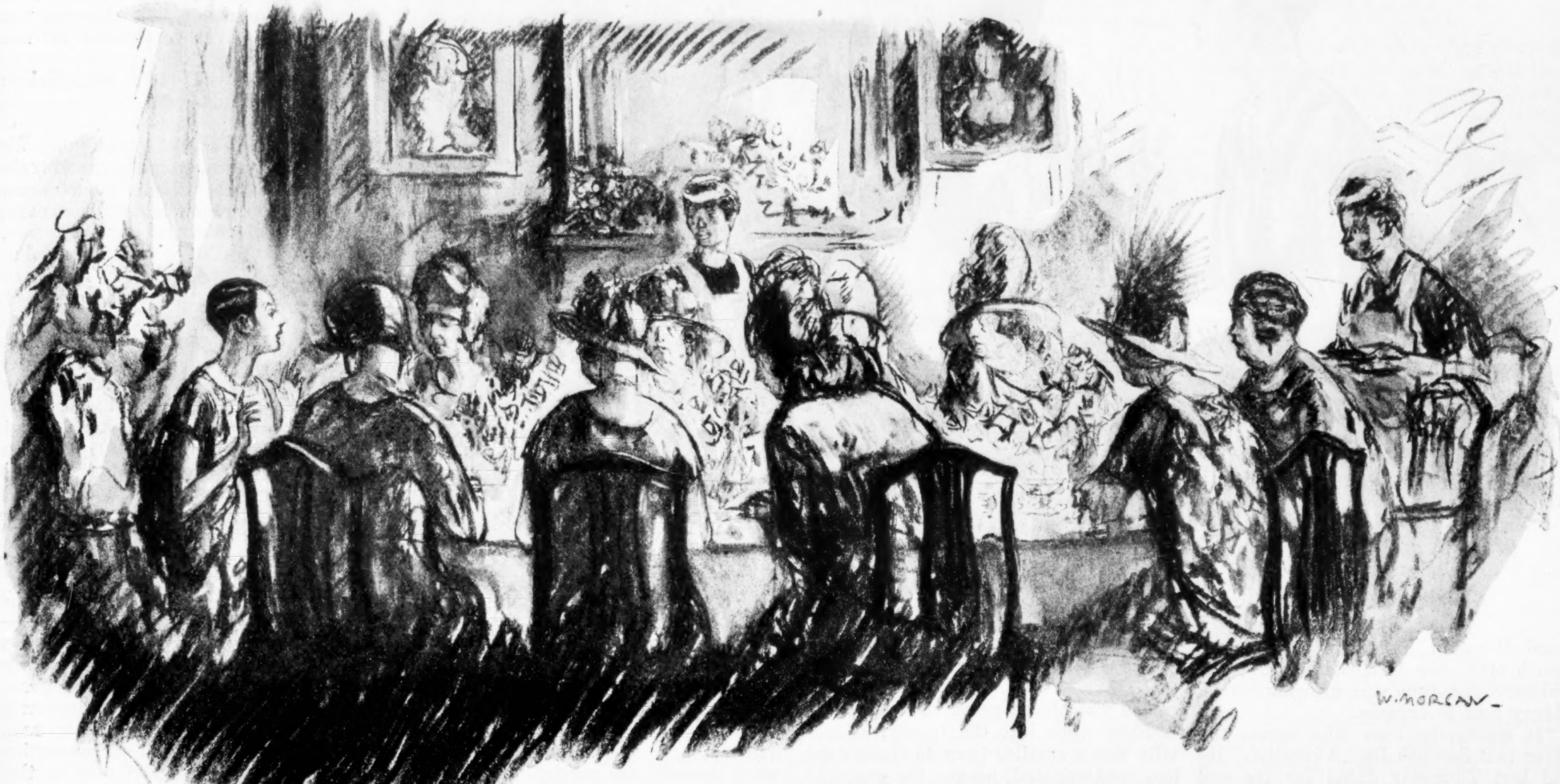


"We were crazy to see the Shah. It was breakfast time, and Mother had an idea. Raspberry jam!"

The Shah's Silver

All that polishes is not silver, but Pidgey sees to it that where her heart is concerned all clouds have a solid silver lining

By WALLACE IRWIN

"GIRLS don't apologize any more," said she, looking up at him from under a hat which always reminded him of a red saucepan which had been bent and dented by a magician.

Mike Callahan decided that he had enjoyed insanity a few weeks too long, so he made his voice cold.

"Don't they? It seems to me I'm always hearing them say, 'So sorry!' in a powder-my-nose sort of way. Even the girl at the switchboard says, 'Excuse it, please,' and when I was in New York a girl in the subway hollered, 'Ouch!' when she stepped on my toe. But what are you to expect when she steps on your face?"

"I don't know"—not haughtily, but musingly—"I've never stepped on one."

His face, as she saw it then, would have furnished a poor staircase for any woman's foot. It was rather young, she thought, but physically unbruised. He wasn't handsome at all; he was under the heroic size, and Pidgey Dawson hated to admit that she preferred him because she was getting used to him.

She stood one step above him, so that she was almost on a level with his eyes, and she could see by his broad red grin that his patience was beginning to strain and bulge dangerously. Behind them Vestibule Brown, the colored man who did occasional chores, was pushing a lawn mower over one of many lawns which, identically terraced, fronted the swollen brick bosoms of houses along K Street.

"Please don't bother me to-day," she pleaded. "Can't you see we're having company?"

"Are you?"

"Aren't we!" Pidgey whistled. "What are we mowing the lawn for? And what's Lulu Ferguson doing all over the place with a rag, making the floors like an old skating rink?"

"Anything important?" asked Mike, a journalist even in love.

"Mother's doing it again. She always gets into mischief when Daddy's out of town. Don't you hate them when they hang so far over their plates that when they bring up a forkful they look at it and cry gleefully, 'Ah, string beans!'"

"I suppose you're describing fat ladies," guessed Mike. "But let's get down to the news. Who's invited?"

"Nobody under eighty. All the fattest ones. You know. Unwrap your imagination. Mrs. Ignatius Salsifer and Lottie Pettigru and Mrs. Horatio Gorman. They come in sets. When you get one you get them all."

"What are they coming for?"

"To eat, of course. But Mother thinks she's dreadfully sly. She's using them as a sort of bait to coax Mrs. Peter de Witt Felcon to come and help break the furniture."

"Now, that's news!" cried Mike. "When did she get to town?"

"Oh, late last night, I guess," replied Pidgey, suppressing a yawn. "She's staying with the Salsifers. Mother and Mrs. Salsifer are getting thick as thieves, you know. I call her Little Eva, and it makes Mother hopping. I think Mother and Little Eva put up this job together. It seems that the Peter de Witt Felcons register money wherever they go—"

"Don't they!" exclaimed the young journalist. "Do you realize that De Witt Felcon has got his eye on about half the water front? Is he staying with the Salsifers too?"

"Search me," invited Pidgey. "All I know is that this day is going to be a dead loss for me. I had to give up a perfectly good party at the country club. Mother says I've got to stay home and lend a Mack Sennett touch to the show. Let's run away about four and play golf."

"If you'll remember," said Mike, not without a temptation to weaken, "I'm on a morning paper. And look here, pretty penguin. You'd better get in on that lunch and work like a one-armed paper hanger. Probably your daddy doesn't want any more law practice"—this as a clumsy sop. Everybody knew that Senator Dawson wanted practice—"but I'll hand you a tip. Cross your heart?"

PIDGEY merely sat down and crossed her stubborn little hands in her lap, but her look told him how well she realized her father's need of clients.

"Well," persisted Mike, "if this gets round, I lose my job. But here it is: Peter de Witt Felcon's going to start a nine-million-dollar suit against the P. & F. Railroad for all the frontage between Fifth and Northshire Streets. And if I were you, Pidge, I'd dig in and give Mrs. Felcon a show she'll remember. Because your daddy *is* in the law business, and—"

"Did you ever see Mrs. Felcon?" challenged Pidgey. "I did once, in Washington."

"Anastasia! Anastasia!" The call came wailing from an upper story of the bulging brick house.

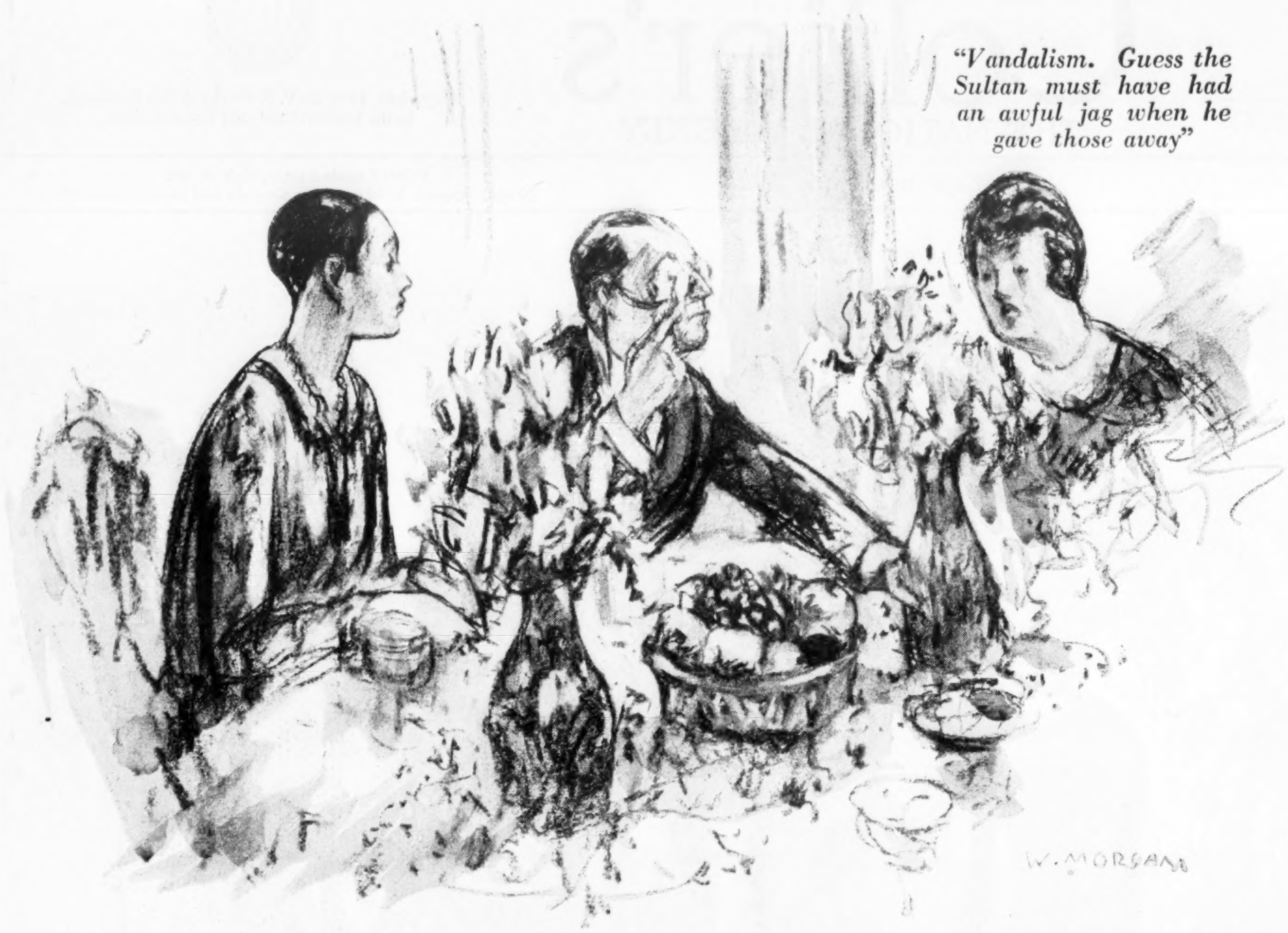
"That's Mother calling me," decided Pidge dispassionately. "Guess I'd better jump in again before she gets mad."

"Anastasia," warned the voice from above, "do you realize it's quarter of twelve?"

"Ten minutes of by mine," said Pidge, examining her wrist. Her mother was standing by a closet door, counting over doilies and saying distractedly, "Ten. Ten. What has that fool woman done with the other two?" Finally she looked up from her work, a middle-aged Pidgey, grown overplump and honestly gray. "Have Cull Brothers sent the silver?"

"They were dreadfully polite about it," stalled Pidgey.

"You mean to say—" Her mother



"Vandalism. Guess the Sultan must have had an awful jag when he gave those away"

stood there in her lilac kimono, her mouth open, her forehead beaded with moisture, for June was growing warm. Pidgey had to explain.

"It seems the man who mends the silver is a Seventh Day Adventist. He had last Thursday dated for the end of the world. And when it didn't happen he went home sick. Poor dear! What a disappointment—"

"For heaven's sake, stop talking and do something!" demanded her mother. "What are we going to do? Nothing to put flowers in. Cull Brothers ought to be sued. We'll have to borrow something. If you could be of some use—You don't even try to entertain anybody when we have company. When the Budlongs were here you sat all through lunch like a bump on a log. You can be amusing enough when you try to be—"

"Yes, Ma. But with those old—those awfully dignified people I can't shoot the kind of stuff that goes big with the Sawdust Crowd—"

"Oh, *do* something!" wailed Mrs. Dawson. "Marion Mede might lend us her Sheffield vases, but I can't bear to ask her—"

Medes and Persians. Medes and Persians. The attractive chime in her head gave Pidgey an inspiration.

"Those Persian jugs! They're a perfectly angelic shape. And I can wind them all round with smilax so you can't tell they're tin. Cheerio, Ma! Those Persian jugs . . ."

Mrs. Dawson didn't know what she was talking about and said so. But Pidgey was already bounding toward the attic and her Persian jugs.

In a dark corner at the top of the stairs she found them, a tarnished mass, almost indistinguishable from the cobwebby shadows. They clattered tinnily as she pulled them out and set them in a row at her feet. Five. Not really bad looking; only neglect had colored the electroplating until their bright faces had blackened.

"They aren't such a much," pondered the girl, holding up one of them which in shape faintly resembled a Grecian urn. Crude Oriental designs had been dented all over its surface, possibly with a nail. Around the neck there ran a row of something which might have been intended for camels or little dogs.

She was eleven years old when these oddities came into the family. Carloville was a smaller town in those days, less sophisticated, nearer the pastures. And Pidgey had walked down F Street with a dollar and a quarter all her own. . . . Standing in the attic's semi-darkness, she could recall the scene vividly. . . . The silvern clamor of an auctioneer's tongue. A broad stretch of canvas and the vermilion announcement GREAT ORIENTAL ART SALE. A very dark man with a hawk's face offered pieces of cloth, lacy table covers, outlandishly embroidered slippers, to a crush of townspeople who bid freely, auctions being a novelty.

He picked up five brass vessels, strung together like fish on a piece of rope, and confused, triumphant, the little girl walked home with the brazen vessels, which clanged like gongs with every step she took. Her mother was properly scornful. Later Pidgey carried them to a colored plumber, who charged her eighty cents to have them beautifully electroplated. . . . They served grandly for a year in Pidgey's playhouse, then they moved to Washington and Pidgey was too old for playhouses. . . .

A SHINING row of silver ran down the center of the long table, its graceful outline half obscured by garlands of June roses and maidenhair fern. "It looks kind of swell," mused Pidgey, then, surveying the doubled row of Mother's fat ladies, concluded that if the lunch were any sweller it would certainly bust. The matrons of Mrs. Salsifer's set were incurable food addicts, and Mrs. Dawson had provided accordingly.

Pidgey was poignantly bored and struggling bravely to conceal it. Seated between the important Mrs. Salsifer and the more important Mrs. Felcon, she had the feeling of a swimmer caught in the contact of two irresistible icebergs. As wife of the local plutocrat and leader of Carloville's smart set, Mrs. Salsifer was obviously "acting up" to Mrs. Felcon. Everybody, in fact, was "acting up" to Mrs. Felcon, while that great lady calmly and obesely patronized Carloville. With the air of a countess among her poor parishioners, she asked if Carloville had a symphony orchestra, and, if not, what they did for music.

"A great many people go insane here from loneliness," explained Pidgey. "The asylum's quite a lot larger than the high school."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Felcon crinkled all her chins to look down on Pidgey. For the first time she acknowledged the young lady's existence. Pidgey was rather glad she had taken that tack. She had promised her mother to do everything possible to make things interesting for the distinguished guest, but the large lady's interest flagged. She was applying herself to Cupid's Delight. "You and Cupid! What a pair!" Pidgey told Pidgey while the guests clattered emptily in strained, impressive tones. Wasn't it too bad it had been so warm this week? And they wanted her to see the new golf club. It wouldn't really be finished until fall, and the old one burned down in February. . . .

"Burned down?" Mrs. Felcon looked up from her nourishing dessert.

"Yes," spoke up Pidgey. "We didn't think we'd need it any more. So we set fire to it to get the insurance."

"Oh," said Mrs. Felcon, and devoured the last marron on her plate. A silence had fallen, and Pidgey had a feeling that she had gone a pace too far in her entertainment program.

At last the great lady lifted her eyes like little blue marbles and surveyed the flower display at the center of the table.

"What lovely silver!" she exclaimed. Her suddenness somewhat unnerved Pidgey, but she righted herself rapidly for a reply. Had she not been delegated to add a light touch to the luncheon? Wasn't Mother depending on her to entertain Mrs. Felcon?

"A lot of people notice it." She had taken the cue and was extemporizing rapidly. "It has rather an interesting story, Mrs. Felcon. It was the Shah of Persia's personal gift to Mother."

"Indeed!" Silence lay heavily around the board. Every double chin was turned Pidgey's way. She had to make good now or resign.

"It's a very romantic story, Mrs. Felcon. But I'm afraid it might bore you."

"Oh, no. Do go on, Miss Dawson." So Miss Dawson went on.

"You see, Mother and I traveled a great deal during Father's term in the Senate"—in an affected tone, harmonious to the occasion. "And—well, you know Mother's rather famous for her raspberry jam."

"She might well be." Mrs. Felcon was magnanimous.

"IT HAPPENED five years ago. We were in Arabia, going by camel train to Mecca. It gets awfully monotonous, you know, those long caravan journeys, and finally we found that our *burnouses,* or camel drivers, were talking of going on strike. We had our revolvers, of course, but Mother never was much of a shot. You can imagine how nervous we were.

"I don't know what we'd have done if the Shah hadn't come along. One morning we were just starting our caravan—after watering the camels and everything—when we looked over the desert and saw a lot of tents fairly blazing in the sun. They were painted solid gold from top to bottom. Our *burnouses,* or camel drivers, fell down on their faces and began to cry, 'The Shah! The Shah!' Our head driver told us that His Majesty had been to Mecca and was on his way home.

"Of course we were just crazy to see the Shah, but we couldn't think of any good way. It was about breakfast time, and Mother had an idea. Raspberry jam! She got out three of her best pint jars and gave one of our men quite a decent bribe to carry it over to the royal tent with the compliments of Mrs. Senator Dawson."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Felcon.

"Oh, Anastasia!" protested Mrs. Dawson weakly.

"I know Mother doesn't like me to tell this," said Pidgey, lowering her eyes.

"Oh, you must!" insisted Mrs. Felcon.

"Well, when our camel train began moving it came rather close to the Shah's tents, and a messenger with a silver turban ran out and handed Mother a note. It was in the Shah's own handwriting, and the English wasn't so good. But it invited us to come in and have an informal breakfast with him. We'd had breakfast already, but people are always willing to eat themselves to death in the presence of royalty. And you know what a lovely, democratic fellow the Shah is."

"Oh, yes," agreed Mrs. Felcon familiarly, as though she were the pearl of the harem.

"He fairly raved over Mother's raspberry jam. And after we'd breakfasted on strong coffee and jam and *needa,* or ceremonial bread, he turned to a fat man with a long beard—I suppose he was his grand vizier—and spoke a few words in Arabic. And then a slave came in with these silver vases on a tray. He explained that they were family heirlooms, intended to carry perfume to the royal bath. He made a very pretty speech while the silver was being wrapped and sent over to our caravan. I think he had rather a crush on Mother," she concluded, nervous for the first time, for her yarn had spun around her like a web. "You've got to be careful, you know, in those Mohammedan countries."

The room, which had been stolid and foody an instant before, began to sparkle with ohs and ahs and sprightly exclamations. Mrs. Dawson was being overcome with questions and congratulatory speeches. Pidgey, a little panic-stricken at what she had done, was aware of her mother's blank look. Anyhow, she wasn't denying it. . . .

It was a little before ten, and Mrs. Dawson, having collapsed as soon as Mrs. Felcon had taken her departure, lay abed, comatose and bellicose by turns. In the plainest possible words she had told her daughter what she thought of the Shah of Persia and of Pidgey and of that collection of department store silver, which had now been hustled to the garret. And what would Mrs. Felcon say when she learned the truth, learned that she had been hoaxed, made the butt of a silly practical joke? She had planned the luncheon to be impressive, dignified, to show Mrs. Felcon what Carloville could do.

"Well, we showed her, old darling," Pidgey reminded her. This reassurance had an unexpected effect. It started Mrs. Dawson to weeping bitterly, and her mother's tears brought poor Pidgey to the sobbing point.

"I really did think I was jollying up the party!" protested the girl. "Oh, why was I born with a movie mind? I ought to be down in Hollywood, that's where I ought to be! Listen, Mother! I'll call up Little Eva—"

"Don't you speak that way of Mrs. Salsifer," commanded Mrs. Dawson, sitting up, indignation drying her tears.

"No, I won't call up Little—I mean Mrs. Salsifer—I'll call up Mrs. Felcon and tell her I'm nothing but a scenario artist and that I just told that snappy story because—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind! What do you think Mrs. Felcon will say? What will she think of us? Don't you know your poor father's future may depend on the Felcons? Mrs. Felcon will never think of employing the judge"—thus referring to her husband—"if he knows we're so—so queer. Don't you *think* of denying that story."

"If you'll take my opinion, Ma," suggested Pidgey, brightening, "it'll be a grand ad for us. We're on the map again."

"I'm not taking your opinion." Mrs. Dawson fell back on her pillows. "Now please turn out the lights and let me rest."

OBEYING, Pidgey sighed and went downstairs. She was sorry for her mother, yet stubbornly adherent to her own belief. She had been told to interest Mrs. De Witt Felcon, and she had done so.

"I tickled every inch of her fat old brain," mused Pidgey, wandering aimlessly through the echoing house. She wished Daddy were home. Poor old dear, his head always in a cloud, he wouldn't know what it was all about.

She went to the window and looked out upon a rainy evening. She wanted to go somewhere. She had a mind to call up Wallie Smith and ask him to bring over his saxophone. A saving caution, rare in Pidgey, prevented this. Wallie's saxophone would probably finish Mother. Heigh-ho! She wandered over to a mirror and regarded the effect of her shingled hair. She was getting tired of that old stuff. She'd let it grow out and wear it with a big side comb, Spanish style. Pulling a peacock-blue scarf from one of the parlor tables, she threw it across her shoulder and paraded before the glass, a cigarette swinging between her lips.

"I belong in the movies," she decided, then strolled over to the radio, wondering what was in the air this rainy night.

Something had made Static, that invisible fiend, quite furious. He bawled and cursed and spluttered into her ear. Then a scrap of Negro harmony . . . "In jail. In jail. Ah believe I said, in Ja-a-a. . . ." Mush. Another turn of the dial, then a momentary clearness. "GAP broadcasting from the Eagle Building. We will next hear an ad-dress by Senator Oglevie Dawson on the Truth and Nothing but the Truth." . . . Then, out of the vast, Daddy's beloved, roaring tones, "Fellow citizens, the good Old Testament commands us not to bear false witness. It is a simple, homely commandment. Yet in this day of rush and hurry I wonder how many of us have time to remember—" . . . *awk, b-r-r—yee—Ow—yee—Ow!* cried Fiend Static from his rain clouds. That was the last of Daddy for the evening. From another heavenly corner a ukulele quartette complained brokenly.

PIDGEY suppressed the distracted apparatus and wandered again. Then the telephone, from its niche behind the coat closet, rang lustily, a welcome sound. "Hello, Pidgey," said Mike Callahan. "What's keeping you home tonight?"

"Oh, Mother had her luncheon, and I brightened it up, and I guess it made her sick," answered Pidgey all in a breath.

"Of course," agreed Mike. There was a long silence, which to her suggested that Mike had grown timid and hidden behind something.

"Hello! I see you, li'l' mischief—what now?" she called out at him.

"Oh." His voice came clear and strong. "Look here, Pidge. What's all this stuff about royal treasures hidden in your house?"

"What treasures?" She sat faintly on the little chair by the telephone.

"That's what I'd like to know."

"Then it's none of your business."

"I know it, all right. But it's getting to be Mrs. De Witt Felcon's business, so I called up to verify."

"What's she saying?" She almost whispered it.

"Been chasing her all day for an interview. Caught her floundering home from your mother's lunch. Asked her how she liked Carloville, and she said we were all right but primitive. Wants to civilize us. Says we eat too much in the middle of the day. It's gone out of style in Chicago. Then—and here's the point—she said that Carloville doesn't appreciate its art treasures. And she says her interview has got to go word for word as she said it or it's out entirely."

"But what did she say, foolish," persisted Pidgey.

"She says you have a set of royal silver given to you by the Sultan of Turkey, who was attracted by your beauty when you were visiting his harem in Constantinople. She says it's the finest thing of its kind she's ever seen and ought to be in a museum. She says it's covered with the royal crest and has mystic words in Arabian which show that it's over a thousand years old. Oh, yes. She told me that the vases were filled with some sort of Oriental marmalade which he had given to your mother as a compliment to her cooking."

"She's quite a scenario artist herself, isn't she?" was Pidgey's admiring comment.

"You mean it isn't so?"

"Mike, I don't know what to say. You see, it's something—well, we've been keeping it in the family. We don't brag about those things."

"Well, look here, Pidgey. If you don't want it printed, just say the word. We'll kill the whole story. Of course it may make the old lady sore as a crab. I never saw anybody so het up about anything. And I just wonder. If you've got a curio like that kicking around the place, why not advertise? Remember what I said about your dad and De Witt Felcon's suit. . . ."

"Let me ask Mother," suggested Pidgey and ran upstairs.

"Land of love!" Mrs. Dawson closed her eyes, then opened them to murmur, "Of course you denied it?"

"Not exactly. I thought I'd consult you."

"I'm glad to see you're consulting me all of a sudden. What about?"

"Well, you gave that party to make a hit with Mrs. Felcon. And she's perfectly crazy about her story. And if we go and deny it she'll go and think her honor has been questioned."

"What in the world possessed you to tell such a story?" moaned Mrs. Dawson. She finally gave decision:

"Don't you do anything. Just keep still. You've made enough trouble already. For heaven's sake, go to bed."

Next morning the Dawsons were on the front page of the News, a position they had not occupied since the senator's defeat a year before:

MRS. DE WITT FELCON
DISCOVERS RARE ART
IN LOCAL HOME

Senator Dawson's
Royal Collection
Of Oriental Silver
Revealed for First Time
In Sultan's Mystic Tale

The subsequent days brought rewards and punishments. It was apparent that the front-page story, so intimately connected with Mrs. De Witt Felcon's name, had given the Dawsons a temporary boom. While her mother lunched in style with Mrs. Salsifer and Mrs. La Motte and others of the parochial smart set, Pidgey answered the telephone—this by way of penance.

THEN there fell a lull. Mrs. Felcon repaired to the Maine coast, permitting Carloville to swelter. Senator Dawson had prolonged his trip a week, business having taken him to New York.

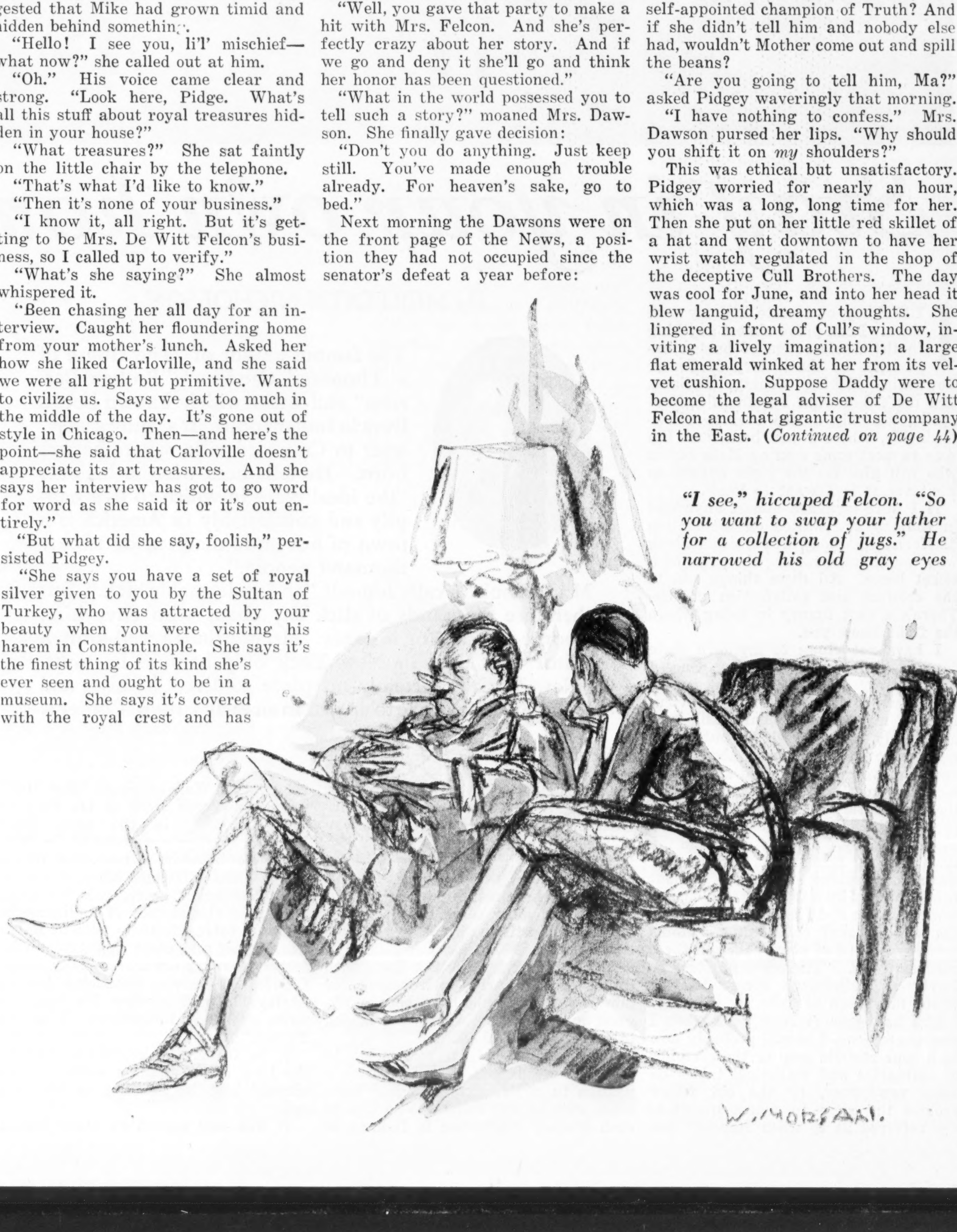
It was Friday when he wired his intention of returning on the 4:11, and conscience again began its drumbeat in the breast of Pidgey Dawson. How much ought she to tell her father, that self-appointed champion of Truth? And if she didn't tell him and nobody else had, wouldn't Mother come out and spill the beans?

"Are you going to tell him, Ma?" asked Pidgey waveringly that morning.

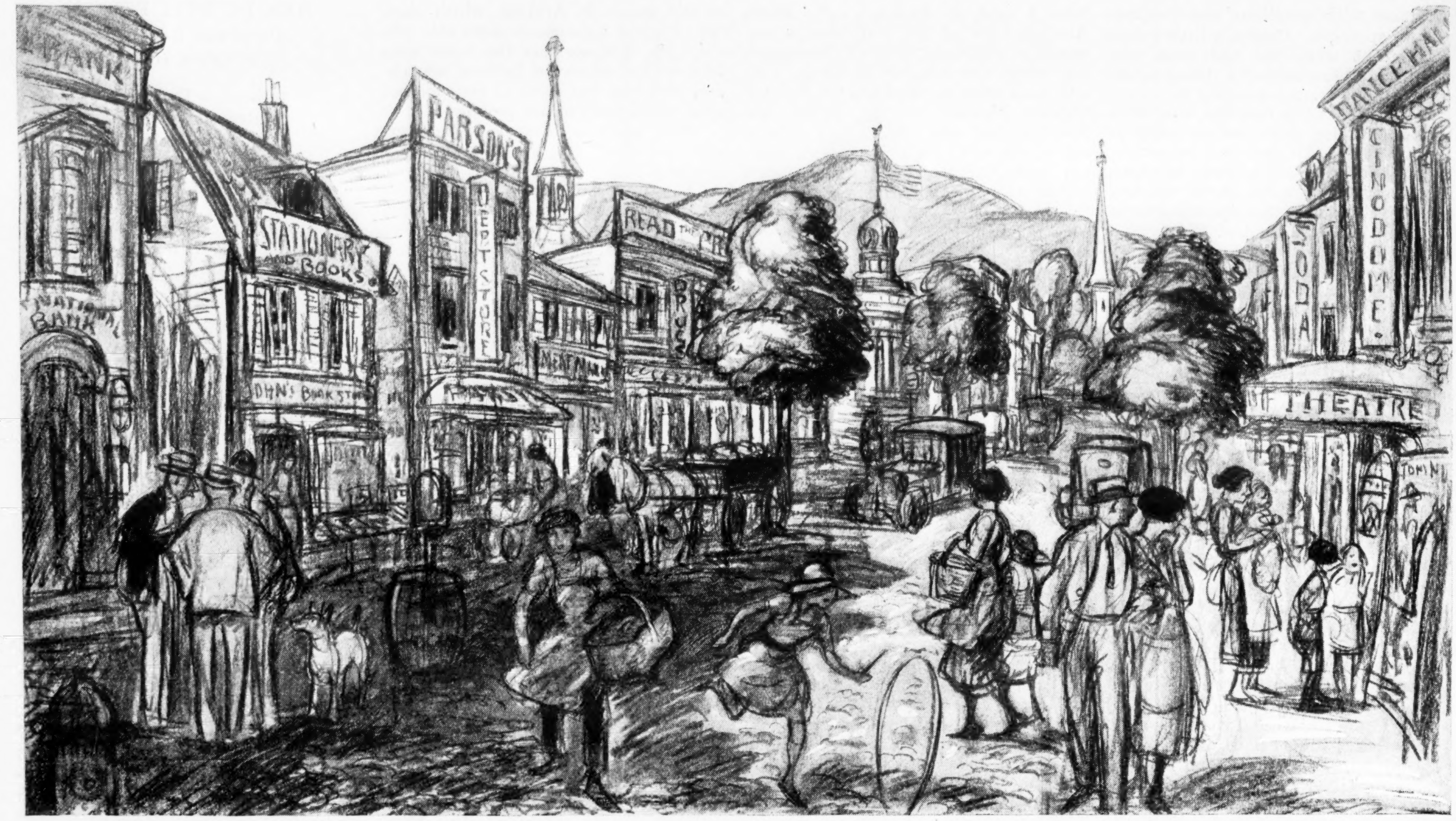
"I have nothing to confess." Mrs. Dawson pursed her lips. "Why should you shift it on *my* shoulders?"

This was ethical but unsatisfactory. Pidgey worried for nearly an hour, which was a long, long time for her. Then she put on her little red skillet of a hat and went downtown to have her wrist watch regulated in the shop of the deceptive Cull Brothers. The day was cool for June, and into her head it blew languid, dreamy thoughts. She lingered in front of Cull's window, inviting a lively imagination; a large flat emerald winked at her from its velvet cushion. Suppose Daddy were to become the legal adviser of De Witt Felcon and that gigantic trust company in the East.

(*Continued on page 44*)



"I see," hiccuped Felcon. "So you want to swap your father for a collection of jugs." He narrowed his old gray eyes



Stay in your own home town

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The famous author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," "Broken Barriers" and other widely known books lives in Indianapolis. It's "only a step" over to Crawfordsville, where he was born. He tells here why he believes "the ideal place in which to live happily and comfortably in America is a town of not more than ten or twenty thousand people."

Mr. Nicholson calls himself "an irredeemable hick." But there are thousands of slick city chaps who envy him. George Martin, for instance. Mr. Martin is a well-known editor who lives in New York only because he must. "New York is certainly no place to live," he says, and tells why in an article to appear in an early issue of Collier's.

I LIKE my own state and my own town. I can prove almost anything in the whole range of human experience by the history of Center Township, Marion County, Indiana. If I don't find what I want in Indianapolis, it's only a step over to Crawfordsville, where I was born, and I'm sure to meet some man on Main Street who will give me the right answer to whatever it is I want to know.

If I were stranded almost anywhere in Indiana and waited on the station platform, somebody would come along who would stake me for the price of a ticket home. All these things add to the comfort and satisfaction of life. There's a vast luxury in living where the folks know you.

I have not clung to my own state from necessity or compulsion. Once I did go away and try to adjust myself to a new environment, but the virulence of my nostalgia nearly killed me and I only saved myself by putting in my leisure writing a book about Indiana. I have refused a good many jobs, including a place of some dignity in the diplomatic service and some very pretty editorial portfolios, simply because, as I say, I like my state and my town and my home folks, and I never leave for protracted periods without being haunted by a fear that the Joneses' cow might die and I not be there to offer the conventional condolences. Home remains a word of power, even in these restless times. "There are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps," wrote Stevenson in exile.

If I had gone to New York when I was twenty-one, I should probably now be a sour rewrite man or the compiler of obituaries and statistical tables on some newspaper, or the old fellow around the shop to whom questions are referred as to when Hancock ran for President or who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's second administration. I should have been a forlorn croaking frog in a big puddle, and if I had tried to write a book it would have been a fizzle. The consciousness of the size of the human herd in a metropolis, the numbing sense of the sharpness of competition, would have killed my ambition.

If I had deserted the familiar "back drop" of my early environment for new scenes, I should have been a pilgrim and a stranger wherever I landed to the end of my days.

There is probably a real value in living where, if you are seized with a passion to write, you may gaze upon other writers, and there was no lack of such literary inspiration in Indiana in my youth. Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" under the beech trees in his yard at Crawfordsville; in the same town Maurice Thompson was one of the best-known contributors to periodical literature; James Whitcomb Riley of Greenfield, Hancock County, was becoming known in the streets of Indianapolis and was taking friendly note of Booth Tarkington and other youngsters who felt a yearning toward the inky trade. Charles Major was practicing law at Shelbyville and girding his loins to write "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

It is foolish to generalize, but in the long run I think a writer serves himself best by sticking to his own soil.

It was well proved by Mark Twain and Bret Harte that early impressions can be kept alive a long way from their originating point, but these are exceptional cases. Moreover, Harte's best work was done before he left California, and Mark Twain was by nature a citizen of the world. Tarkington wanders a good deal, but Thanksgiving always finds him carving turkey in his home town where the "Penrods" live. Albert Beveridge's monumental "Life of John Marshall" is the sound American document it is because it was produced in his Indianapolis home, within an easy walk of fields tamed by pioneers who knew what the Constitution was all about.

Literature does not, however, offer the most fortunate department of human activity in which to speculate as to the desirability of staying at home among your own folks, where you don't have to explain yourself; or, if you had an aunt who poisoned her husband or an uncle who bore an evil reputation for robbing the widow and orphan, it isn't held against you if you behave yourself.

The young lawyer is certainly at an advantage when he opens an office in his own town. The advantage is increased if he has gone to college in his own state even though he has gone elsewhere for his professional training. His classmates who have entered the same profession are able to help him in practical ways. He is among people who know his language and are anxious to be proud of him.

The boy who walks out of a small-town high school confronted by the necessity of finding a job can usually get an audience with the important men of his community. It isn't necessary for him to fill in a blank and give references to an unfeeling employment desk. The head of the bank, the factory or the store probably knows his folks and may even have been observing him with a kindly eye with a view to trying him out.

There are qualities and abilities that require room for their perfect demonstration, but in so far as I may lay claim to any knowledge of human nature I should say that it's safer to pull the rabbit out of the hat on a small stage first.

Most of the "inspirational" literature with which we are deluged is dangerous stuff. I mean the kind of thing that undertakes to prove that if psychoanalyzed the twelve-dollar-a-week grocery clerk at Griggsby's Station may dash to the great city, astound some great financier by pointing out the virgin market for collar buttons in Timbuktu, and at once take rank with the great industrial kings. The small-town boys don't need psychoanalyzing; their surest bet is to avoid the Elite Poolroom and buckle in to the first job they can get.

Many are called and few chosen and the high gods have always been capricious in handing down their special favors. Everyone knows—my own list is a long one—men who have left small towns for successful careers in large cities. These instances always kindle the imagination. I have one friend, born in Boone County, Indiana, who draws a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year in New York. He began life as a telegraph messenger in Indianapolis.

Another, who began as a newsboy on the streets of the Hoosier capital, has, at forty-two, by his pluck and business genius rolled up a fortune of ten million dollars. But these cases prove nothing but the exceptional ability of those men, who missed no round of the ladder on their upward climb.

The Western Touch

MY LIST of the unlucky ones who bucked the metropolis and failed is much longer. Every Western town has a few representatives in New York who lie in wait for old friends from home on whom to effect a light and graceful touch.

These failures invariably remark with a sigh, "New York—it's the only place!" And it is—the best possible place in which to fail because no one knows it or cares particularly.

My trouble is, of course, that I am an irredeemable hick. With hicks generally I find myself greatly in sympathy.

None of my forbears ever lived in a town as large as Indianapolis, which isn't half as agreeable and comfortable a town to live in nowadays as in the olden golden days when a stuffed bear on the sidewalk advertised Bamberger's hat and fur store in Washington Street and a citizen who set up a two-horse carriage was sure to be warned against extravagance by his banker.

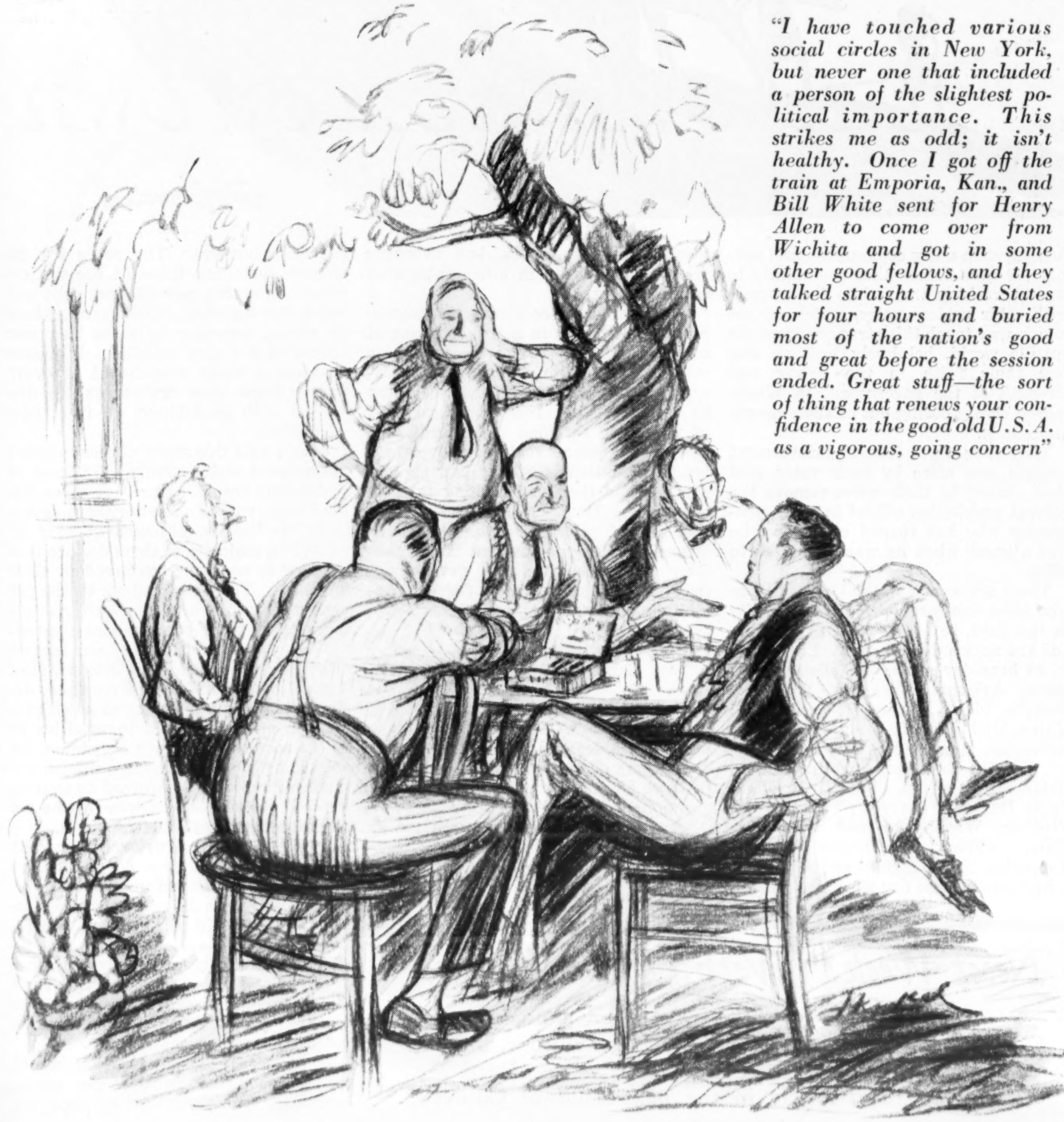
"Love danger," advised Zarathustra, but Bill Hohenzollern tried it on rather a magnificent scale and is now biting his nails in Holland.

There is still great merit in the simple life, and the whiskered philosophers of the cracker barrel are not all fools.

Motoring across Minnesota, it was with a thrill that I found the guideposts pointing to Rochester. I changed my course to inspect what is probably the most famous town of its size in all America. The Mayo brothers stayed right there in their home town and rubricated it on the map. There's plenty of work to be done in any small town.

Young men and women might do a fine job in almost any town of five thousand by making it so well-governed, clean and well-mannered that passing pilgrims would go forth to boost for it. It's a pet notion of mine that the elevation of the tone of our politics must begin in the smaller political units and that it's up to the young sons and daughters of democracy to do the job.

I like, and believe it has been for the good of my soul, the intimate contact we have in the provinces with things political. Living in a state where the political pot is always at the boiling point, I have long been puzzled by the apathy of New Yorkers about the business of government. When an election is impending, one may hear the contest referred to, but always with a curious bewildered helplessness.



"I have touched various social circles in New York, but never one that included a person of the slightest political importance. This strikes me as odd; it isn't healthy. Once I got off the train at Emporia, Kan., and Bill White sent for Henry Allen to come over from Wichita and got in some other good fellows, and they talked straight United States for four hours and buried most of the nation's good and great before the session ended. Great stuff—the sort of thing that renews your confidence in the good old U. S. A. as a vigorous, going concern"

I have asked gentlemen in highly respectable clubs about the municipal situation in New York only to be met with a reproachful stare, as if I had carried a deceased kitten into the room.

A banker who had lived in New York for forty years once asked me diffidently if I knew a certain Western senator who, he thought, could assist in advancing a piece of legislation in which he was interested. He had never known a senator—not even the representatives of his own state. The fact that I wired the senator and got a prompt reply gave this gentleman a highly exaggerated idea of my importance.

There was, of course, nothing significant in the fact that a senator answered a mere citizen's telegram, for in the provinces we all know whether our senators wear galluses and sugar their lettuce and we act accordingly.

Main Street's Horned Guards

I HAVE touched various social circles in New York, but never one that included a person of the slightest political importance.

This strikes me as odd; it isn't healthy. What's America for if it isn't for politics and keeping our statesmen humble? Once I got off the train at Emporia, Kan., and Bill White sent for Henry Allen to come over from Wichita and got in some other good fellows, and they talked straight United States for four hours and buried most of the nation's good and great before the session ended. Great stuff—the sort of thing that renews your confidence in the old U. S. A. as a vigorous, going concern.

The United States of America somehow seems remote as I walk the streets of New York, and lately I experienced in Chicago the same feeling of being an alien.

This, of course, is a symptom of my incurable hickness—a sort of claustrophobia.

In a big city I feel as I used to when my grandmother took me to hear the Boy Preacher who declaimed nightly a terrifying peroration all about the coming of the Pale Rider who was going to make it hot for wicked boys like me.

George Meredith spoke of London as "the burial place of the individual man." The male clerks in New York shops always seem to me perfunctory, suppressed, afraid of something or somebody. I prefer to buy my neckties of clerks at home who call me Nick and tell me about their babies and how Uncle Jim came in from Scott County last week and brought a bushel of sheep-nose apples.

The ideal place in which to live happily and comfortably in America is a town of not more than ten or twenty thousand people. There are trees in the yards, an Elks' Club and a Masonic Temple for social entertaining, and there's bound to be a country club with a weedy golf course and Saturday night jazz.

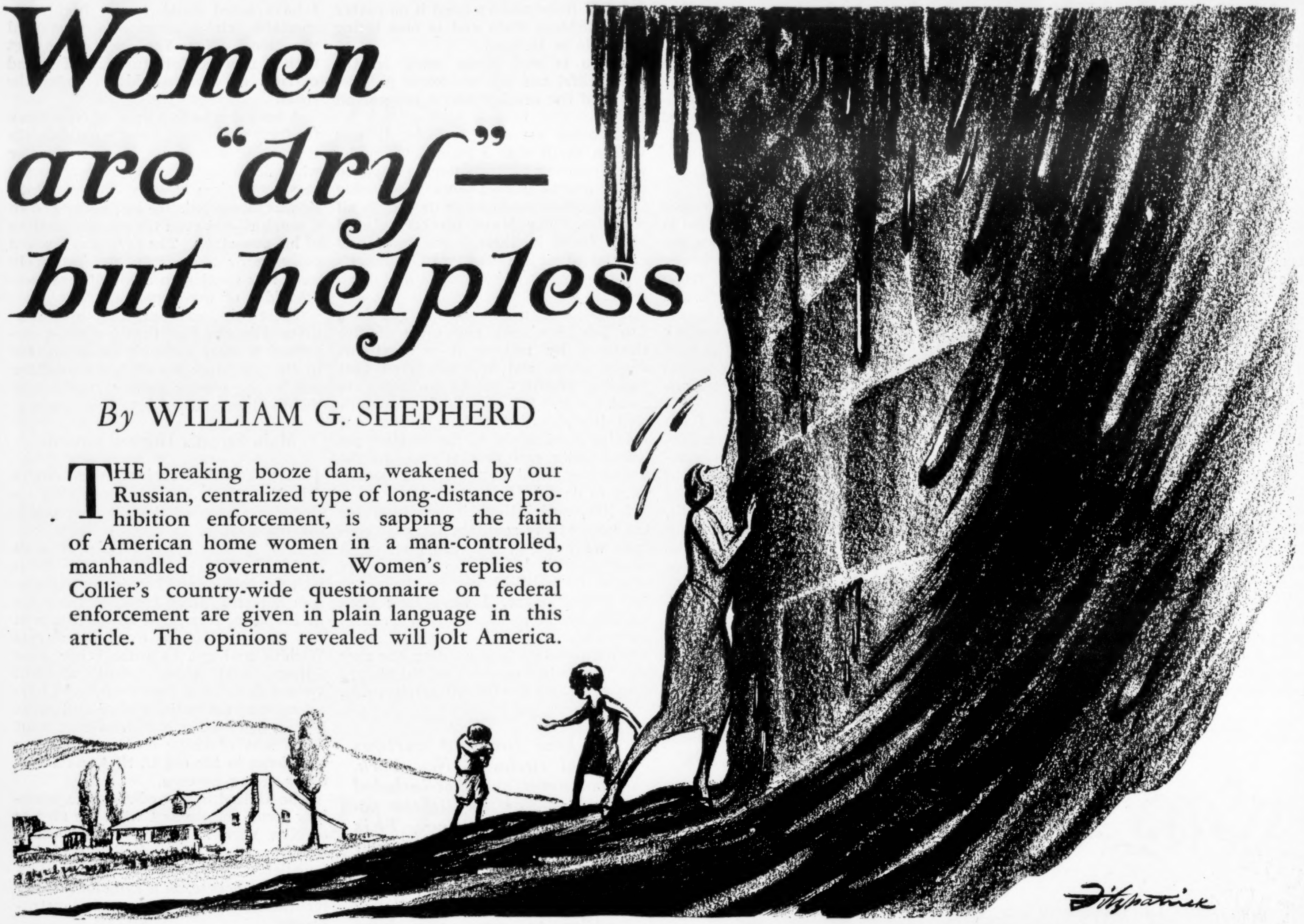
Industry is represented by a flour mill, a strawboard factory, a cannery, a creamery and a flourishing brickyard, and there are sure to be a few restless young persons who yearn to make a bigger town of it and, unless the horned money devils of Main Street succeed in their earnest attempts to discourage them, are very likely to do it.

About ninety-five per cent of the native sons the country over are a lot better off to remain right where they start, intent upon such labors as God gives them to do, assured that if they are honest and industrious it won't be necessary at their passing for the mortician's assistants to do the pall-bearing.

Women are "dry"—but helpless

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

THE breaking booze dam, weakened by our Russian, centralized type of long-distance prohibition enforcement, is sapping the faith of American home women in a man-controlled, manhandled government. Women's replies to Collier's country-wide questionnaire on federal enforcement are given in plain language in this article. The opinions revealed will jolt America.



A CRIME has been done against the United States by political enforcement of federal prohibition as dangerous as any crime that might be committed against our government.

Women—our new voters—are having their faith in the government knocked into a cocked hat by the rotten, long-distance, non-local enforcement of federal prohibition.

Collier's country-wide questionnaire, personally presented by over 1,000 bonded employees, in homes of bona-fide and listed subscribers of Collier's, shows this dangerous situation. It also shows, as a cross-section of American home life, that women are dry.

The federal enforcement law and woman's suffrage are twins. They both went into effect in 1920; they are each over five years old. The greatest issue that ever confronted America—whether our government at Washington could enforce national prohibition—was presented to these 20,000,000 new voters. The situation to-day is that these new voters are discovering that to vote dry doesn't mean to make the country dry. Their dry votes, thanks to the interference of politics in federal enforcement, don't produce results.

Politicians have succeeded in putting federal enforcement out of the range of the voters. They have sheltered it so deeply in political gutters that it can't be reached by votes. They have succeeded in keeping crooked enforcement officials behind back-room political walls so safely out of voting range that the wettest, crookedest bribe-taking politically appointed prohibition enforcement official may come from a distant point, take charge of federal prohibition enforcement in a dry community, and permit—or even force—that community to become reeking wet, while the women, with their useless votes, which do not in any way touch this stranger from the outside world, helplessly look on and feel their faith in the power and strength of the government in Washington slowly oozing out of their hearts and minds.

They cannot put federal enforcement officials into office by their votes, and they cannot by their votes remove the federal prohibition official in their community who has turned crook or who was a crook when he was appointed to office.

There are women in the United States who have seen prohibition work *locally* in the days before federal prohibition and the national bootlegger. They lived in 28 bone-dry states as follows: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia. (Five other states—Florida, Kentucky, Nevada, Ohio and Wyoming—had also become dry when the amendment went into effect, but averages from them appear in other categories in this analysis.)

The questionnaire shows the women of these 28 states in a tragic frame of mind. The faith of the women of these states in the power of the federal government to enforce prohibition is shown by the fact that less than one half of them are satisfied with conditions. They know what real, bootleggerless, *local* prohibition is. They saw the saloon go, and they saw nothing take its place, for a time. And they know the sort of wet prohibition that has been menacing their homes and their children since the federal government tried, by politically picked federal prohibition policemen, to make this country dry.

You Can't Fool These Women

HERE'S the story, in figures, of the discontent of these women who knew the saloonless towns before the bootleggers of federal prohibition came. In these 28 states they were asked this question:

"Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?"

Women in all other states were asked this same question, which is No. 1 in the questionnaire. The score for *all* women, including those of the wettest cities and states, was 37.9 per cent satisfied, but the score for women in these 28 states, once dry by state law, was only 43.3 per cent satisfied. It means that about three women out of every five in these once dry states are disgusted with prohibition as it is now conducted.

I have said this story of disappointed motherhood and womanhood in these 28 states was tragic. Here are more figures to prove it: In answering the question: "Is the law enforced in your locality?" a majority of them declare that the law is *not* being enforced in their localities. Fifty-two and six tenths per cent of them, or over *five out of every ten*, declare their communities are wet.

Why, the women in 14 of our largest cities, including wet New Orleans, New York, Chicago and San Francisco, declare that they see almost as much prohibition enforcement in these cities as do the women in the once dry states, for only 58.1 per cent of the *city* women say the law is not being enforced as against the 52.6 per cent of the women who see no enforcement in these 28 states.

In the 28 states previously dry, 24.1 per cent of the women do not believe prohibition can be enforced.

They are very different from the total of women in the United States, *whose score of hopelessness of enforcement is 31.2.* These women of the once dry districts have seen prohibition work locally, and they are still clinging, to some extent, to the hope that it can be made to work nationally.

It is incredible that these scores of thousands of women will not again, some day, see (*Continued on page 46*)

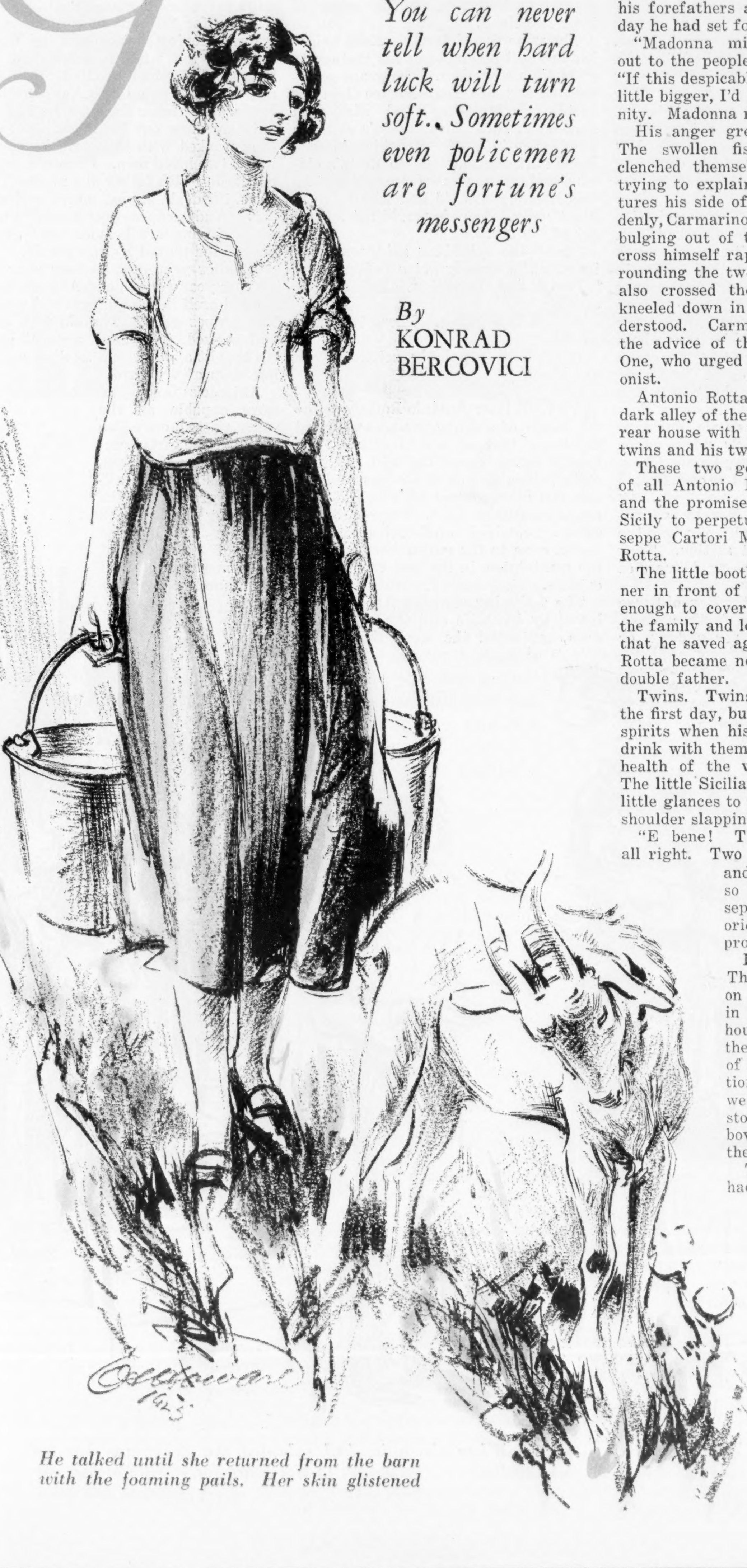
Next Week: "With Us, the Deluge"

YOU find the hopelessness of women a merciless indictment of present enforcement conditions, but the opinions of men are even more impressive. Read Mr. Shepherd's third article in the next issue of Collier's.

Goats

You can never tell when hard luck will turn soft. Sometimes even policemen are fortune's messengers

By
KONRAD BERCOVICI



He talked until she returned from the barn with the foaming pails. Her skin glistened

CARMARINO, the florid-faced, choleric Italian grocery-store keeper of New York's Mulberry Street, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his hairy elbows, was standing with clenched fists over Antonio Rotta, the puny Sicilian bootblack, towering over him, lunging at him without striking, and cursing at the top of his voice not only Antonio Rotta but his brood and his forefathers and his Sicily and the day he had set foot upon this country.

"Madonna mia!" Carmarino cried out to the people gathered about them. "If this despicable creature were only a little bigger, I'd hammer him into eternity. Madonna mia—Madonna mia!"

His anger grew with every second. The swollen fists clenched and unclenched themselves while Rotta was trying to explain with words and gestures his side of the story. Then suddenly, Carmarino, purple-faced, his eyes bulging out of their sockets, began to cross himself rapidly. The people surrounding the two quarreling neighbors also crossed themselves. Some even kneeled down in the gutter. They understood. Carmarino was conquering the advice of the Evil One—the Evil One, who urged him to slay his antagonist.

Antonio Rotta dived ratlike into the dark alley of the house. He lived in the rear house with his wife, three pairs of twins and his two goats.

These two goats were the source of all Antonio Rotta's troubles—these and the promise to his grandfather in Sicily to perpetuate the name of Giuseppe Cartori Mario Onorio Pasquale Rotta.

The little bootblack stand on the corner in front of the saloon had earned enough to cover the daily expenses of the family and left even a little margin that he saved against the future, until Rotta became not only a father but a double father.

Twins. Twins! Antonio was dazed the first day, but he retrieved his good spirits when his friends asked him to drink with them a glass of wine to the health of the wife and the children. The little Sicilian answered with smart little glances to their elbow poking and shoulder slapping.

"E bene! That's all right, that's all right. Two boys. Maybe one dies and the other lives. And so I call them both Giuseppe Cartori Mario Onorio Pasquale Rotta. I promised my grandfather."

But they did not die. The little twins carried on their lusty existences in the rear of that court house on Mulberry Street, the most congested street of New York's Italian section, and a year later they were carrying their big-stomached bodies on their bowed little legs through the courtyard.

The neighborhood doctor had meanwhile not only exhausted Antonio's savings but had become a creditor whose shoes were shined daily in lieu of interest on the money Antonio owed him.

A year later Antonio expected to become a father again. He did not worry. He stuck out his little chest as he shined the shoes of the *notabili* of the district and announced the great news, anticipating with pleasure their rowdy remarks.

"Maybe you get twins again, Rotta."

"Maybe," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

And his wife did give birth to twins again. He grew pale when he heard the glad tidings, but he shook himself together a moment afterward. St. Antonio, his patron, knew what he was doing! In case anything should happen to the first twins, he was blessed now with another pair. At the baptismal font he named the new twins, both girls, Giuseppina Cartori Maria Onoria Pasquala Rotta, to keep his promise to his grandfather, in case anything should happen.

A few days later one of the first set of twins took ill. While Rotta shined the doctor's shoes he pleadingly inquired of the learned man the cause. The child was in great pain. The doctor told him that the milk they bought from the grocery store was the cause of the illness and the death of many a bambino. But goats' milk was the best food for children.

And then Antonio's troubles began. He bought two goats, which he housed in the cellar underneath his one room and kitchen apartment. The child got well. The other twins were also being fed on goats' milk. And when the third pair of twins arrived a year later Antonio felt so certain his children would live that he dared give them other names than Giuseppe Cartori Mario Onorio Pasquale Rotta. He could get enough dead vegetables from the pushcarts to feed his goats, which gave enough milk to feed the children and a little over to make the cheese he liked so much.

ALL went well until Carmarino became the owner of the grocery store in front of the house. It had been a butcher's shop before. Carmarino put all kinds of fresh vegetables outside the door of the store to attract the attention of customers. And the goats spied the proper moment when Carmarino's back was turned, or when he was peacefully slumbering within the store in the afternoons, to sneak up and take what they wanted of the bunches of carrots and celery, onions and cauliflower.

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. He had to have his goats. How could a man who had three pairs of children be without goats, when the other milk made them sick in the stomach? The other milk made the children sick. The doctor had said it. He had to have his goats. This was a free country. He had to have goats. Let Carmarino watch over his vegetables.

Toward the evening a policeman came slouching into the courtyard. The whole neighborhood, young and old, followed him. Rotta was peacefully eating his evening meal with his family when the policeman's voice boomed out his name.

"Antonio Rotta! Antonio Rotta!"

The little Sicilian turned white and walked out with shaking knees. He knew. Before he had approached the bluecoat half a dozen quarrels had broken out among the women, the men and the children, with those in favor of Rotta rising to the top. The policeman, speaking the language of the people, tried to quell them, but they were crying and yelling as if he had come to take Rotta away to the death house. Carmarino's wife tremblingly closed the doors of the store and looked at her husband. He had ruined them. They were all sympathizing with Rotta. They would hereafter buy their groceries of the next store.

When the noise had subsided the policeman handed Rotta an invitation to court for the following day.

The whole street accompanied Antonio and his sad and weeping wife on their way back from the court the following morning. Carmarino had not appeared against his neighbor. Only his lawyer was present. But the magistrate pointed out an ordinance against keeping goats within the limits of the city. He fined Rotta twenty dollars and decreed that either the goats or Antonio Rotta must leave Mulberry Street within forty-eight hours.

AND as Antonio had vowed to have at least one child perpetuate the name of Giuseppe Cartori Mario Onorio Pasquale Rotta, he took his goats and his children to a shed in a distant suburb. Rotta had no quarrel with the law. Policemen were the law. It was much better to do what they told you to do than to have any quarrel with them.

It was very difficult at the beginning. But after Antonio had made a large garden on the adjoining lot on which he lived, he discovered he could sell vegetables in the neighborhood at undreamed-of prices.

A year later he sold his bootblack business on Thompson Street to another Italian, and with the few hundred dollars obtained and the few hundred dollars he had saved he bought an equity not only in the land on which he lived but on a number of other lots adjoining his and put the whole ground immediately under cultivation.

And because he prospered as a result of the law he had great respect for all law. All laws were good. One prospered walking in the path of the law. His hatred of Carmarino diminished daily. At the end of the year he had come to the conclusion that Carmarino had been right. St. Antonio himself must have inspired Carmarino to go to law. The law was right, and if he, Rotta, had a grocery store and a neighbor had goats he would himself go to the law. It had saved Carmarino's vegetables and made Rotta prosper.

The suburb where Rotta lived was not growing very fast. It had been farm land until then. But the children of Rotta were growing. Every year Signora Rotta enriched the family. But this no longer worried Rotta at all. He had six goats now. There was plenty of food for them. Vegetables grew and prices were good. He was beginning to feel friendly to the policeman of the neighborhood, a big, tall Irishman. His English improved. He was living away from the Italians and was compelled to use it in his dealings with customers in the neighborhood.

"America," he told big Mike, "one good countr'. She says, 'No goats on Mulberry Street.' And I think maybe she no right. But now I see she right."

A few years later he was still more convinced of the justice of the law. The increasing population of the city increased the value of his land tenfold.

ONE day Carmarino, who was still selling groceries at the same place, a little stouter, a little more choleric, was surprised to feel two arms thrown about him. And before he had turned around he was kissed twice on his cold red cheeks. When the scared groceryman did turn around he gave a loud cry. Antonio Rotta, followed by Signora Rotta and the brood, nine in number, were laughing loudly. Dressed in their best clothes, they had come down to Mulberry Street to thank the erstwhile enemy for his kindness.

There was great rejoicing back of Carmarino's store a few minutes later. Antonio Rotta was expounding the law of the country to everybody in better English than any of them could muster. His children and his wife were looking awestricken to see him speak and act as if he were already a *notabile*.

"The policeman says no goats. No goats it must be. He is the law. I know."

He was a citizen and he showed his papers. "There!"

Antonio told them he was going to California. Guido Ronchi, a distant relative, owned a big vineyard there and had written about the sunshine and the warmth and the beauty and the grapes of California. Rotta had now money enough to buy a vineyard. The children were growing. He had raised them all on goats' milk. California was like sunny Italy. And grapes grew there even better than at home. He was a rich man. And he had much more. "Look here." His oldest sons could already help on the farm. They had already helped him raise vegetables, and they had helped to sell them from the horse-drawn wagon. Goats had done all that—goats and his erstwhile enemy. And he kissed Carmarino repeatedly on the cheeks.

A different Antonio Rotta arrived a week later in California. He had been a little scared runt with furtive eyes, afraid of anybody who talked to him in that unintelligible language that scared him so. The Antonio Rotta who arrived in California was a man whose eyes looked straight before him and whose back was not quivering at the approach of heavy steps. He could "spika de Eenglish" as well as anybody. His nine children, from the first Giuseppe Cartori Mario Onorio Pasquale Rotta to the youngest of the girls, whose name was Vittorino, could "spika de Eenglish" much better than other Italian children.

His relative Guido Ronchi, accompanied by his noisy family, received the Rottas at the railroad station. They were dumfounded at the worldliness of the whole Rotta family.

They went to live in the Ronchi house until they should make further plans. There is always room for a dozen or more relatives in an Italian house. The Rottas had hardly been in the house an hour when Antonio went on an inspection tour not only of his kinsman's vineyard, the grapes of which were beginning to ripen, but of half a dozen adjoining vineyards. It was like Italy, and better. It was like being home again to see all these peasants working in their vineyards, trimming, cutting, digging, while singing the songs of their homeland.

The wine flowed freely. Each neighbor brought a sample of his vintage to greet the newcomers. The grape growers had so much more leisure than the people in Mulberry and McDougal Streets, in New York. Rotta's children were taken in tow by Ronchi's. Alfredo Ronchi attached himself to Rotta's oldest daughter, now called Josephina, who was twelve years old and who behaved like twenty. Alfredo would not let her out of his eye.

"See," the neighbors said, watching them. "She already got a feller."

Rotta and Ronchi winked at one another.

"There is a match. These two shall get married."

It was all seemingly settled, there and then.

A WEEK later Antonio Rotta was the owner of a thirty-five-acre vineyard adjoining that of his kinsman. The former owner moved out with the intimate belongings on the backs of himself and his wife and his children, and a few bundles of linen. The rest of the things remained undisturbed in the house, even to the guitar hanging over the mantelpiece in the best room of the cottage.

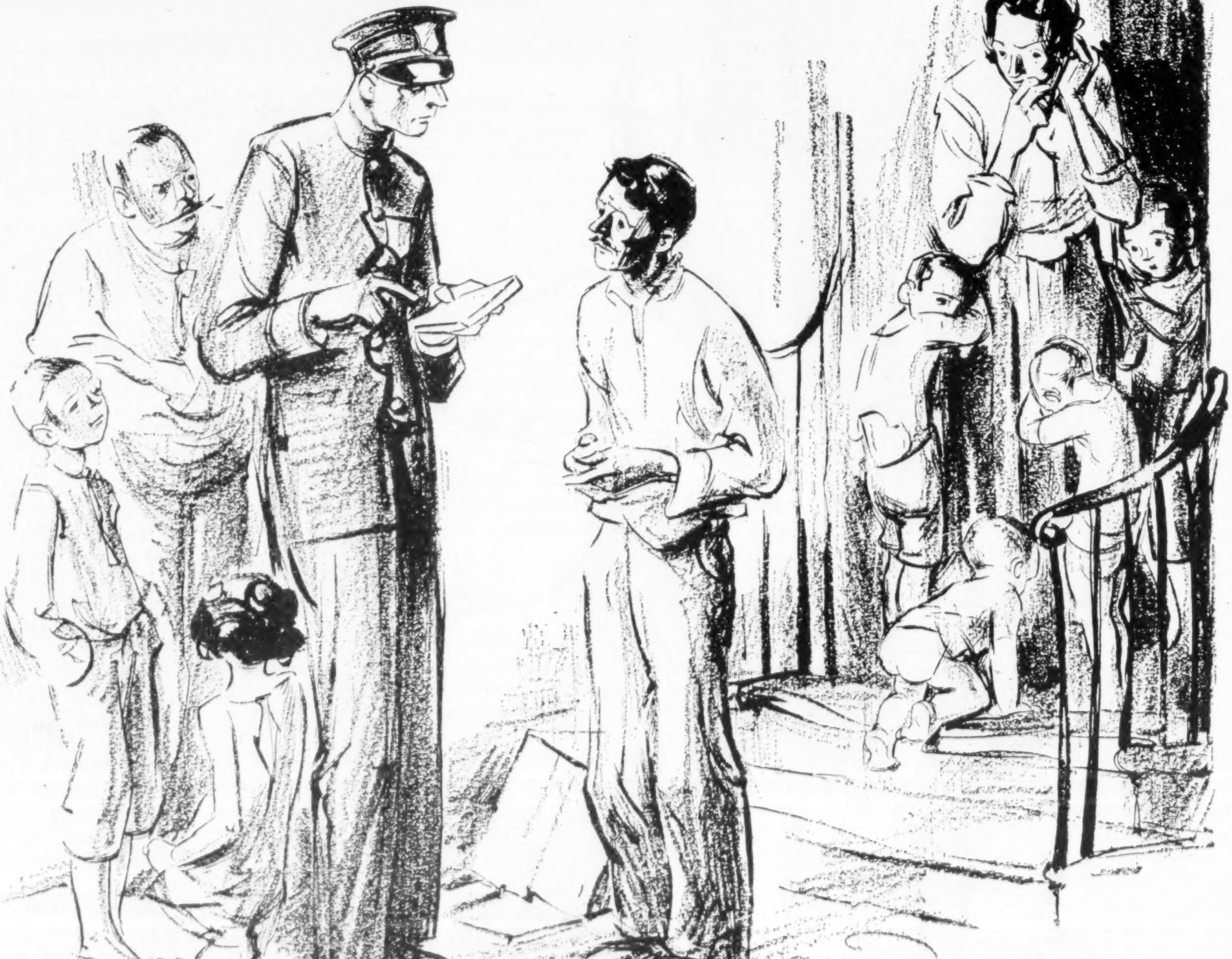
The following morning Antonio, followed by his wife and the older children, continued the work the former owner had left off in the vineyard, as if nothing had intervened, as if he had always been the owner of that vineyard, as if the former owner had been only a tenant who had waited all these years until Antonio should save up enough money to come there and get possession of it.

At the end of that season, when all the grapes had been carted away to the wine press and Antonio Rotta received his pay for the tons of grapes he had grown, keeping just enough for himself to make the wine necessary for the household, he had profited more than any man owning a like quantity of land. Rotta was richer because he had not paid anything out for labor. His children worked with him. Each one was worth two hired men. Each one was in the garden with father and mother from dawn till dark, happy, merry and singing. And grapes grown and picked while singing are heavier than grapes grown and picked by sad people.

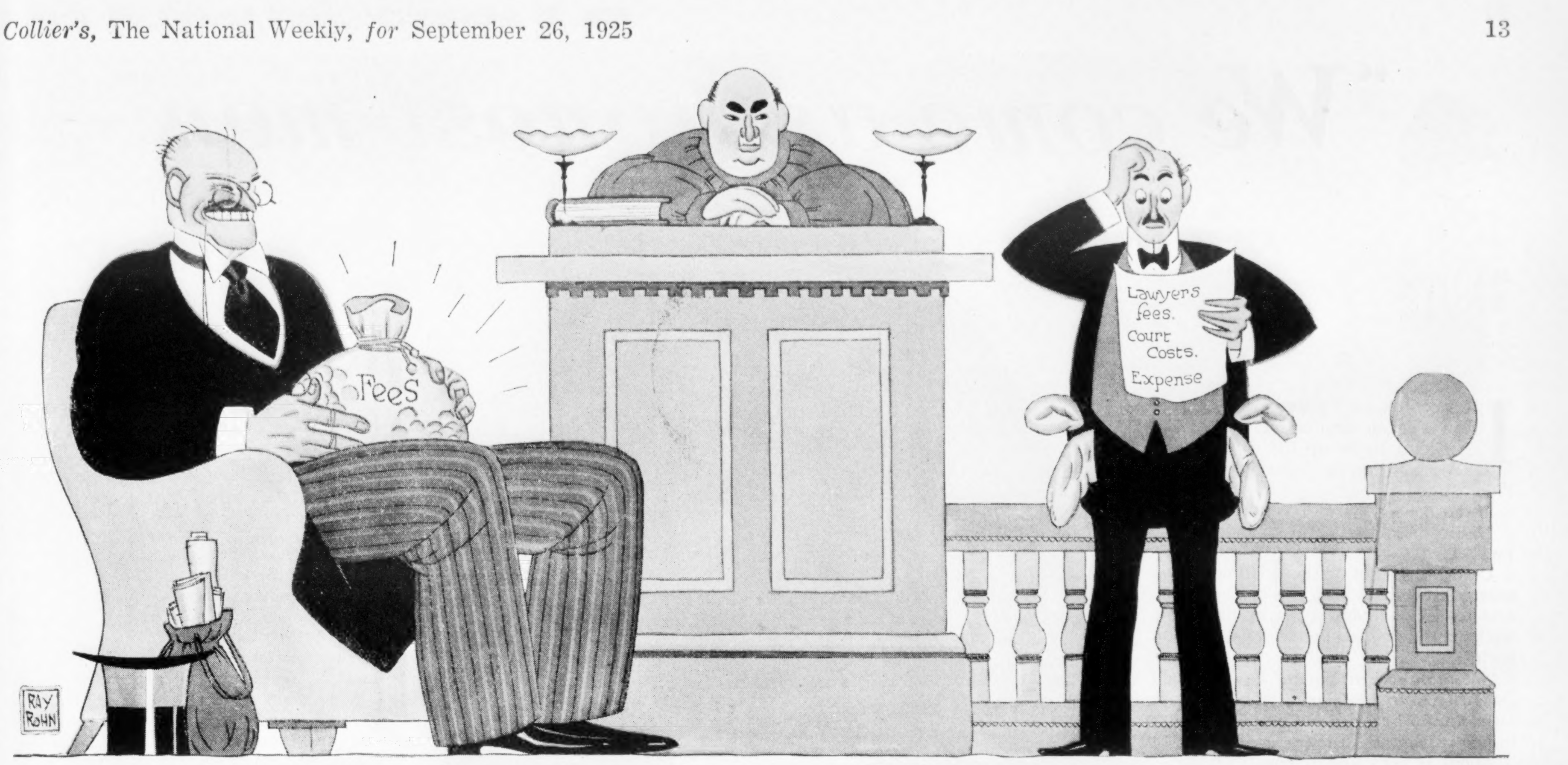
Another year and another year and another year passed, and Antonio Rotta sang himself into happiness and wealth. The grapes grew. The children grew and worked. His bank account grew. He bought another and another adjoining strip of vineyard.

Antonio's family became more and more capable as the years passed on. The oldest of the girls, Josephina, was now sixteen, with eyes like the blackest of grapes, cheeks kissed by the sun and the wind, and lips the color of the blood of the pomegranate. Tall

(*Continued on page 48*)



When the noise had subsided the policeman handed Rotta an invitation to the court for the following day



If I were a lawyer

The witty Lord Brougham, the great English law reformer, defined a lawyer as "a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself"

BILL JOHNSTON thinks that most lawyers are pests. He says they are time-wasters, trouble-makers, gold-diggers and—but let him tell you how he feels about it and what *he* would be doing in and out of court (mostly out) if he had hung out his shingle. If you are a lawyer, don't appeal for an injunction against Bill just yet. There are two sides to the argument, of course, and one of the cleverest trial lawyers who ever addressed a jury opens for the defense in an early issue of Collier's.

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

IT HAS always seemed to me that if the world was being made over again it would be a much better place to live in if the lawyers were left out entirely. If lawyers do any constructive good to a community, I for one have never been able to discover it.

Lawyers themselves, even when successful in their profession, I suspect, frequently come to realize the parasitical and useless nature of their calling. Even the eminent Elihu Root once said: "We at the bar are nonproducers. Superfluous lawyers are merely pensioners and drags on the country."

That many other lawyers agree with him is shown by the number of them who abandon the law and seek other occupations, presumably in the hope of accomplishing something really useful before they die. Not infrequently they turn to the greater service of producing and distributing commodities. At the heads of many big companies—the United States Steel, National Biscuit, American Sugar, International Paper—you find men who once were lawyers—and successful lawyers. At the head of many of the transportation companies you will find ex-lawyers.

In such positions they are much more respected by the community than formerly, for lawyers have a very low place indeed in public opinion. If you have never sensed this before, just ask yourself to whom it is you would turn first:

If you wished to divorce your faithful wife to marry a younger woman.

If you wished to swindle your sister out of her share of your father's estate.

If you wished to arrange a bankruptcy to defraud your creditors.

If you wished to steal a patent.

If you wished to bribe a jury.

If you wished to corrupt a judge or a legislature.

"Let's Kill All the Lawyers"

YOU would "see a lawyer," of course. Like all the rest of us, you realize that there is no cause so contemptible, no undertaking so vile, no case so crooked, that you cannot persuade some lawyer to act as your adviser if you have the means to pay him a sufficiently large retaining fee. To be sure, not every lawyer will undertake every case, for there are honest, self-respecting men even among lawyers. But under the perverted ethics of the profession the minute a lawyer takes a retainer from you he becomes a partisan, bound to defend you and fight for you even when he knows perfectly well that you are in the wrong.

That such conduct on his part should bring to him the opprobrium of the community does not seem to bother him, for the disrepute of lawyers is no new thing. It goes back, as Mr. Blackstone would say, to the time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. I find Shakespeare in "Henry VI" having one of his characters declare, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." And two centuries later it was the witty Lord Brougham who defined a lawyer as "a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it to himself."

Here in our own country and time the lack of faith in lawyers is constantly being demonstrated. With the profession already overcrowded, and each year's thousands of new aspirants joining it, the public policy seems to be to wrest from the lawyers as many of their perquisites as possible. Formerly a large and profitable part of their business was in bringing damage suits for personal injuries against the corporations. The passage of employers' liability acts has deprived them of much of this. It used to be that any man before purchasing land would have his lawyer examine the title. Now title searching is done much more efficiently and cheaply by well-organized title companies.

Even in the matter of drawing up contracts the distrustful public is learning to get along without lawyers. Only recently a builder of furnaces said to me:

"When lawyers used to draw up our contracts they would put in senseless phrases that obscured the meaning and frequently led to litigation. For several years we have been working without lawyer-drawn contracts. A customer comes to us and explains what he wants. We make our estimates and write him a letter, often on a single sheet. He returns a carbon of our letter with his acceptance. It is an arrangement made in good faith by both sides, understood by both sides, because it is set down in simple business English. Since we eliminated the elaborate contracts the lawyers used to draw we never have had a lawsuit over a job."

Further evidence of the popular opinion that lawyers complicate rather than clarify most situations is to be found in a recent statement by Stanley Baldwin, Premier of England, commenting on the speedy settlement of the controversy between England and the United States over the war debts. Said Mr. Baldwin:

"The rapidity with which the question was solved arose from the fact that neither the governor of the Bank of England, nor I, nor Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, had ever at any stage of our lives been in the legal profession."

If They Lose They Win

FOR the delays of the law, to be sure, lawyers are not wholly to blame. To the conglomeration of forms, customs, precedents, decisions, statutes and codes, piled up through many centuries, that is called the Law, 20,000 new statutes are added each year by fool legislators, to say nothing of 50,000 additional cases which are annually reported.

The whole thing is a terrible mess. Time-wasting forms cause such delays that I doubt if there is a court in the land where four hours of real work is accomplished in a day. Moreover, it is the pernicious habit of lawyers to rummage into the mountain-high heap of bygone laws and drag through the dust of decades for precedents on which judges make decisions against common sense. Railway cases have been decided on precedents of a period when railways had not been invented. A recent patent claim for an automobile tire-molding device was upset by going back into the court records of Holland of the last century, before automobiles were dreamed of.

With the language and forms of the law baffling the layman, it is only to be expected that lawyers, struggling for a livelihood against desperate odds, will utilize the mysteries of the law for their own profit. Like the doctors, they have managed to build up a system under which, whether or not their services benefit their clients, they are paid just the same. They have even gone the doctors one better, for few lawyers will undertake a case without getting part of the fee

(*Continued on page 39*)

"We come as honest men"

An interview with
JOSEPH CAILLAUX
French Minister of Finance

By
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Wide World

THIS alleged "defeatist" and "traitor," once arrested, imprisoned, disfranchised and exiled, is now the hero, the economic dictator, of France, in all but name. Caillaux says: "It is more important to France to pay her debts than it is to America to receive them"—a volume on international finance in eighteen words.

I SAW Joseph Caillaux just before the French commission sailed for America to fix up the debts.

"We go to your country," he said, "like—like—"

"Like honest men," I ventured.

"More than that," he smiled. "Like gentlemen."

Caillaux is not without humor. No man could shoot down like the mark and up like the dollar, as he has done, without having a little grim fun on both grades.

"We go like gentlemen," he continued seriously, "to find out what France owes and to arrange to pay it according to our capacity."

"That is very fine of you."

"You don't understand," he said, his white face graying with solemnity. "*It is more important to France to pay her debts than it is to America to receive them.*"

I did understand, but I didn't know that any Frenchman did, even Caillaux. Yet everything he has done—and he has done a great deal since his dramatic return to power last spring—lends strength and sincerity to his words. He found his country paying desperate tribute to what he called the "Moloch of debt." She owed the United States four billion dollars, England three billions, her own people even more billions and on short-time notes coming due every month. She was adding to these debts at the rate of two hundred millions a year. She was broke and she was amuck.

Caillaux tackled his problems from the inside out. He increased taxes and cut down expenses. He stopped the yearly deficit. Then he began the business of converting short-time notes into permanent loans. He guaranteed that interest would be paid in gold. He was extraordinarily successful. He stopped the monthly leak from the French treasury to the French stockings. He told his people that rightly or wrongly they must pay the price of the war. *And he is making them do it.*

Now he is turning to the foreign debts. There is some question as to just how large these are. He is going to find out. There is great question as to just how they are to be paid, and when. He is going to settle that question. He does these things not because he believes that France *should* pay this money. No Frenchman does. But he has the sense to know that she *must* pay it.

Caillaux knows too that France must settle her foreign obligations to make his home policy succeed. He cannot make good on his promise to pay the French people in gold unless the French franc is worth gold. And nobody can tell what it is worth without knowing what the French nation owes and when it expects to pay it. That is why it is more important to France to pay than it is for America to receive; why every French patriot, regardless of party or creed, is praying for Caillaux's success in his dealings with America.

There are many opinions about Caillaux, but none that reflects on his ability. "It's too bad," a cynical observer of French politics once said to me, "that the only man in France who thinks straight is a crook."

Of course he libeled the great French nation and the great Frenchman to whom he anonymously referred, for France as a whole is not a wrong-headed country and Joseph Caillaux is not a crook. But at the moment France was wallowing with disturbing enthusiasm in the financial morass of M. Poincaré's well-meant but ill-timed venturings, and Caillaux, everywhere recognized as the white hope of French finance, was staggering through Europe under an apparently unshakable load of exile and disgrace.

He Tried to Prevent the War

IN THE groping years just previous to the World War Joseph Caillaux was Premier of France; before that he was Minister of Finance. Before he was in politics at all he was Inspector of Finance in the permanent organization of the ministry.

As inspector he made himself unpopular with the politicians by knowing more about money matters than the minister, and in the end the money classes insisted that he become the minister.

As minister he made himself unpopular with the moneyed classes by introducing into France, with courageous farsightedness, the unwelcome principle of the income tax, and in the end the man in the street insisted that he become the Premier.

As Premier he made himself unpopular with the man in the street by ceding a portion of the French Congo, at the time of the Agadir trouble, in what proved to be a hopeless effort to stave off war with Germany. In the end, though nobody now questions the patriotic intent of his action, everybody—politicians, moneyed classes, the man in the street—insisted that Joseph Caillaux become a private citizen.

In this unfamiliar rôle Caillaux piled up new causes of condemnation. He wrote confidential letters to M. Calmette which looked rather badly when published unconfidentially in the latter's paper, The Figaro. He might have lived down these letters if his wife had. But Madame Caillaux walked into the editor's office with a gun in her muff and shot him dead.

Of course everybody believed that Calmette had other Caillaux documents and was on the point of publishing them. French courts acquitted Madame Caillaux, but French public opinion did not acquit her husband. The bullet that killed Calmette killed what was left of Caillaux's influence in pre-war Europe.

His enemies, and he had many of them, followed up their grim advantage with a grimmer revenge. During the war they watched Joseph Caillaux as closely as if he were an enemy alien. They brought charges against him of "dangerous and unpatriotic conduct." The Agadir incident, in which they claimed he "surrendered" to Germany, certain dubious passages in the Calmette letters and the "unavowable gang" (I think the phrase is Sisley Huddleston's) which surrounded him lent a black and yellow Prussian color to the charges. He was arrested, dumped into prison and, in the excitement of the war, forgotten.

Two years later he was dragged out and "tried." His political enemies in the senate chamber sat as a high court! The major charges were withdrawn, the minor charges never definitely proved, but the man himself, "for the good of France," was deprived of his citizenship and exiled from his native land.

Nobody pretended that Caillaux got a square deal, but nobody seemed to care.

In French politics, however, even more than in the American variety, the unthinkable sometimes happens and in M. Caillaux's case it has happened with an unthinkable bang, for the alleged "defeatist" and "traitor"—arrested, imprisoned, disfranchised and exiled—has become the president of the French Ministry of Finance, the hero, the hope, in all but name the economic dictator of France.

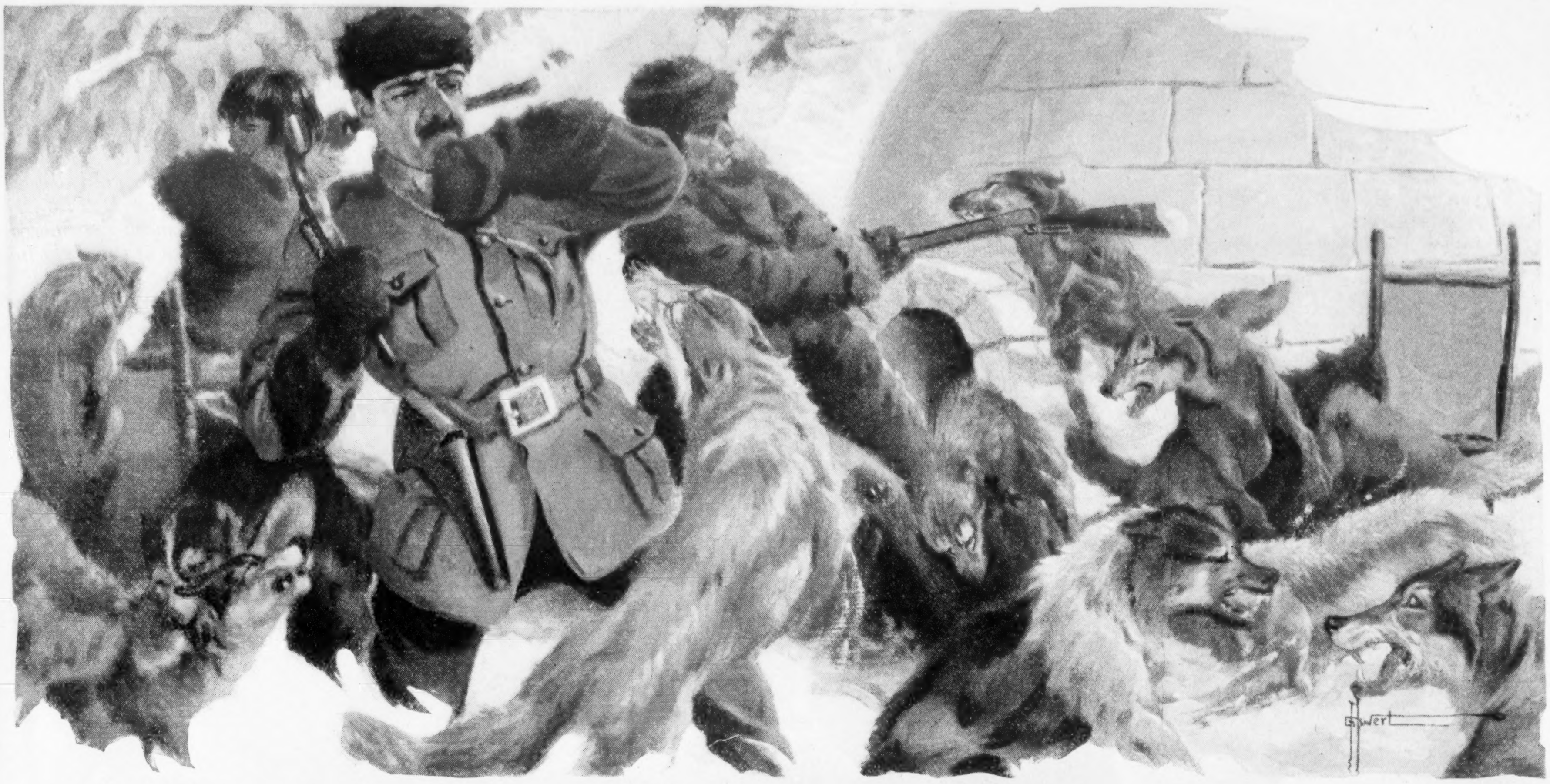
He has made this extraordinary jump from the prison to the Louvre not by his own conniving, but at the urgent bidding of the very men who took away from him the citizenship of the country he once ruled as Premier and condemned him to die in foreign lands, exiled and disgraced. Conservatives and radicals, business men and politicians, bankers and Bolshevists, swallowing their pride to save their shirts, have thrown themselves on the stone which they themselves rejected.

The Right Kind of Radical

A FEW months ago this man of power was still a private citizen. He held no post in the Herriot government which pardoned him. Other than speaking and writing, he took no part in public affairs. But when the Herriot government fell, in the spring of this year, it was clear to everyone that no party could form a government without him. And Caillaux came back triumphantly to the Finance Ministry at the Louvre, from political bankruptcy in a Spanish town to the palace of the kings, the treasure house of France.

Like Mussolini, Caillaux is a radical. Before the war he was the leader of the Radical party, and since the war he had written books and papers that proclaim him as a world leader of advanced thought. But like Mussolini he believes in mobilizing the forces of radicalism on the side of order. And like Mussolini he is outspoken in proclaiming the failure of Bolshevism.

"Is there (*Continued on page 38*)



They had been gone three days when timber wolves attacked their camp. Two days later the wolves raided again

How heroes do their stuff

The third in the series of true stories of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

"ON PATROL," said Ottawa, when the news came through from Fort Fullerton.

The news was a year old. An American ethnologist and a young Canadian explorer had been killed by Eskimos at Bathurst Inlet.

Two Catholic missionaries had previously been slain by the same tribe.

"Two hundred policemen for a tidy fraction of the hemisphere," said Ottawa, "but this has got to stop. Patrol and police everywhere short of the North Pole, if you must."

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police saluted and set about obedience.

But—Bathurst Inlet!

Two narrow, icebound straits cut off the approach by water. The only practicable route was overland from Hudson Bay through a rocky, barren country, a country so forbidding as to be shunned by Eskimo hunters and French-Canadian trappers. There were no real maps of this region.

H. V. Radford and T. G. Street were killed in 1912; the news came to Fort Fullerton in 1913. The European War was to begin a year later and last for four years—less time than would be required to finish this job at the North.

It took two years to establish a base of supplies at Baker Lake.

In the winter of 1915-16 two attempts were made to reach Bathurst Inlet from this base. Both failed, because game had temporarily deserted the region that had to be traversed and there was no way of carrying sufficient food for men and dogs.

The murders were four years old and there was by this time some evidence that the murdered men had given the Eskimos grave provocation. Fifty thousand dollars—including the purchase price of a vessel to equip the base at Baker Lake—had been spent in an unavailing effort to investigate. The European War was dragging at every dollar and every man. But—

"On patrol," Ottawa had said; and the order had never been rescinded.

Inspector French, son of the first commander of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was put on the job.

He spent a summer and autumn packing fresh supplies to Baker Lake. And on March 21, 1917, he left his base, accompanied by Sergeant Major T. B. Caulkin.

They had three native dog drivers and a native woman to mend their footgear. There were twenty-five dogs, three sleds, two canoes in case it should be necessary to cross open water, and food for four weeks.

The lives of all of them depended on killing enough game for food after that.

Blizzards, Wolves, Fog, Hunger

IN a temperature often forty below zero they plodded through deep snow, breaking trail for their heavily laden dogs. At night the Eskimos made igloos, or snow houses. Frostbite was in every day's work and from the start all the members of the party suffered from snow blindness.

They had been gone three days from Baker Lake when timber wolves attacked their camp. There was a wild mêlée of wolves and dogs until the wolves were driven off.

Two days later the wolves raided again and were not driven off until several had been killed. For two weeks these wolves followed the patrol, keeping out of rifle range by day and making very necessary a sentinel at night.

None of the three Eskimos had been through this country and the maps—such as they were—proved to be worthless. Inspector French did the best he could with a pocket compass; but the necessity of circling through the valleys and avoiding the bare, snow-swept hills where the dogs could not pull the sleds made the keeping of direction a complicated affair.

Sometimes they were plain lost in thick fogs.

On April 10th, just as provisions were running out, the patrol had the good fortune to meet a party of Eskimos. It was the first of several providences.

One of the Eskimos knew a passable route to the Arctic Ocean, but objected to serving as guide to the patrol, declaring that the path led through "a land of hardship and starvation." The promise of a rifle tempted him to guide them, so that after being stormbound for two weeks the patrol covered 200 miles in eleven days, emerging on the shores of the Arctic Sea on May 7th.

They were still several hundred miles from their objective. Progress was retarded by having to stop and kill deer and seals for food. But their coal oil was gone. There is no timber in this country, and they could not cook their meat. The Eskimos thrived on the raw meat, but Inspector French and Caulkin became ill. There was nothing to do but go on.

Now the ice was rotten and the danger of breaking through was constant. The weather had turned warm and as the patrol worked its way along the coast, water often covered the ice fifteen inches deep. Wading in ice water for hours together made feet so sore that every step was agony; for of course the sharp ice quickly cut boots to ribbons.

One man had to walk ahead with a pole to test the ice; nevertheless Caulkin and two natives broke through and were rescued with difficulty.

One day it would be warm, the next blinding blizzards would send them shivering to their sodden bedding.

Murder in the Far North

"THE hardest trip I ever made," Inspector French wrote in his diary on May 10th. "We suffer much from cold and exposure. All the more since our supplies ran out and our deer clothing has got the worse for wear and the hair has started falling out and the winds pierce through the seams and holes."

They were having two meals a day of raw deer meat and were finding it "not agreeable to keep on the go fourteen or sixteen hours between meals."

But on May 14th they did reach a large settlement of Eskimos, some of whom had never seen a white man before, most of whom were armed with rifles obtained from neighboring tribes. But they were the very crowd Inspector French wanted to have a word with.

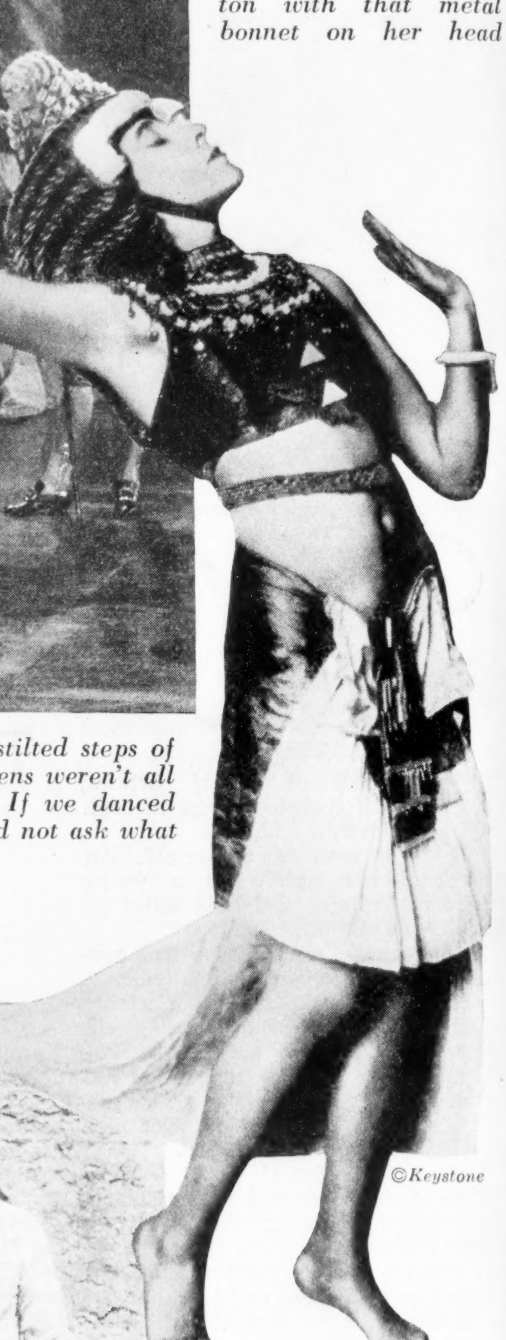
For a time trouble seemed a dead certainty as the Eskimos crowded around the policemen. Kinsmen of these natives had killed Radford and Street. Some of the (*Continued on page 41*)

On with the dance!

Genthe

There is not much classical freedom in the stilted steps of the time when kings were kings and the queens weren't all in the movies. Yet it had its advantages. If we danced thus now, perhaps the older generation would not ask what we were coming to

Were there gold diggers in old Siam? The Oriental show-girl across the page at the right has her palms up and a "gimme, gimme" expression. We'd like to see her try the Charleston with that metal bonnet on her head



©Keystone

Helen of Troy was the most famous vamp in history. She made our present-day sirens look like pikers. Perhaps she kept her figure and the face that launched a thousand ships through dances like this (above) in which Lisa Duncan embodies the rhythm that was Greece

When the waltz was first invented loud cries arose from the reactionaries. A bow, a curtsy and a touch of finger tips—that was as far as a lady and a gentleman might go, they thought, and still be spoken to by the best people. What would have been their state of mind if those critics could have looked forward to 1925?

©Keystone

She danced for old King Tut, and every movement was a picture—a cubist picture. The recent hilarious revolution in art was supposed to be something new. But it wasn't. The Egyptians knew more about angles, acute and obtuse, than our little moderns ever dreamed of

Her sister of to-day has succumbed to syncopation. For here, at the left, a daughter of the Nile has learned to undulate instead of to strut

Paramount

Even the flat-footed may waddle contentedly to the broken measures of cymbals and snare drum, but the ladies of the ballet, as may be seen below, must be up on their toes. It's formal, yes, but its charm has never faded

Keystone

Keystone

When the tom-toms boomed the redskins pranced in feathers and paint—and it meant battle. How times have changed—though it is the opinion in certain quarters that Sherman's definition of war might well be applied to some of our modern dances!

Paramount

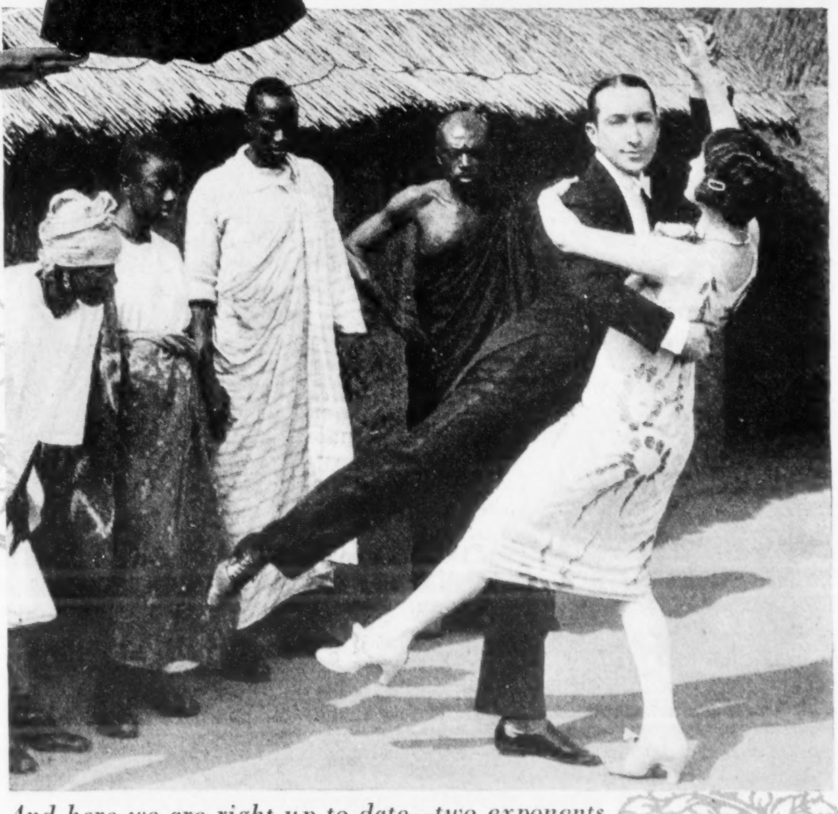
The Argentine made the tango and the tango made Valentino the idol of the silver screen. It is still done, but by experts only—for its intricacies are a bit beyond the average butter-and-egg man

Brown Bros.

It looks innocent enough, but this spiel at the right was what started the whole thing. The two-step was all the rage when the last century died. Then they took off a step and invented the one-step—and from that developed the fox-trot, which still flourishes in the echo of the saxophone

©Keystone

This dancer at the right is a native of the tropics who seems to like her work. The exportation of hula-hula dancers was the main industry of Honolulu until our own cabaret entertainers in self-defense learned the secret of the sway—now the Hawaiians, we suppose, are busy thinking up something else



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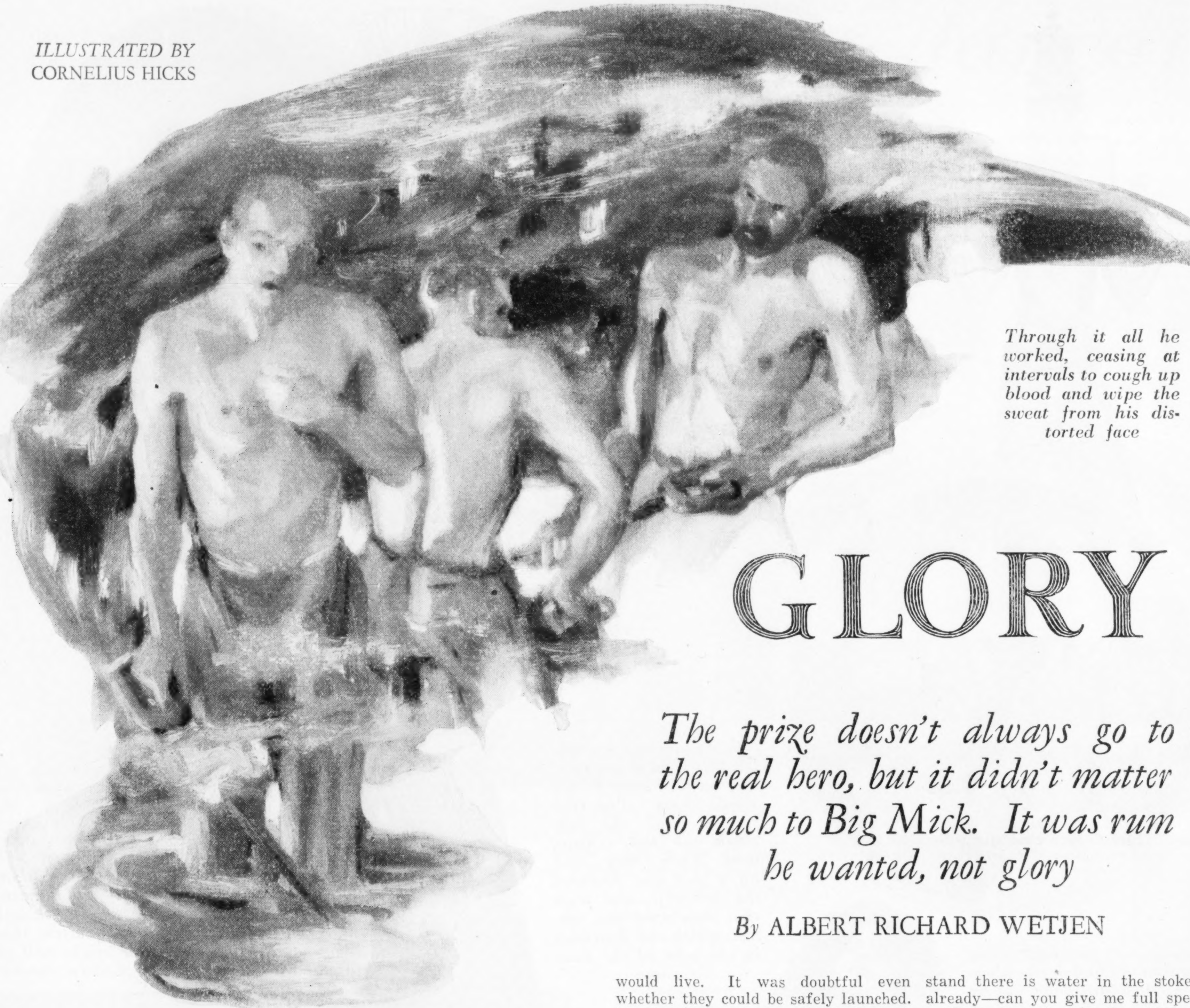
And here we are right up to date—two exponents of the modern dance demonstrating to the Far East the superiority of civilized methods—can you name the step? It's the latest field of missionary endeavor. They seem to have gained the natives' attention if not their unqualified approval

ILLUSTRATED BY
CORNELIUS HICKS



Through it all he worked, ceasing at intervals to cough up blood and wipe the sweat from his distorted face

GLORY

The prize doesn't always go to the real hero, but it didn't matter so much to Big Mick. It was rum he wanted, not glory

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

WILLIAM RAMSAY was a most popular captain. There could be no doubt of that. And the Green Funnel Line benefited greatly when they gave him command of the Calvanian, which ship boasted birth on the Clyde, had three decks above the main, reciprocating engines, and was registered at fifteen thousand tons. On the London-Buenos Aires run she made a great deal of money.

Captain Ramsay was nearly forty, but looked many years younger than that. He had a very charming personality and was related to some of the best families in England. Invariably, therefore, people with money and position took passage on his ship when the need to travel was strong upon them. Yes, the Green Funnel Line did well to give William Ramsay the Calvanian.

The trouble was the captain knew it. And he knew the line knew it. He was also aware that he looked very well in his blue serge uniform with the four broad bands of gold that denoted rank. He was inclined to be pompous—a little; and to pose—a little more. Being a bachelor and good-looking, the ladies admired him. Being well-born and efficient, the men admired him also. Life had fallen into pleasant paths for him. He deserved much too, for he was a fine sailor.

So, in his way, was Big Mick Collopy. Big Mick was also nearly forty, but dissipation and hard living had etched lines and creases over his face that made him look very old and life-tired indeed. He wore no blue uniform, and never in his life had he dreamed of possessing even one gold band. He dressed, when working, in soiled, grimy dungaree pants, a thin cotton singlet, and round his neck he knotted a wide-meshed sweat rag. His time was spent in the dim-lit foc'sle gambling and smoking, and down in the bowels of the Calvanian shoveling coal into roaring furnaces. He was a fireman, and no passenger had ever noticed him.

Now, Captain Ramsay knew many things besides navigation and seamanship: philosophy; how to eat correctly; how to dress; and how to face danger with a gentlemanly calm. Big Mick knew how to drink, and to ruin women, but chiefly he knew how to work—work like a horse during his four hours below. There was no comparison between the men. None at all. At least there was none apparent until the Calvanian ripped half her bottom on an uncharted rock somewhere off the coast of South America.

It was late afternoon, and there was a heavy swell running, too heavy for comfort. The sea looked so threatening that Captain Ramsay had a faint sinking feeling take possession of him. It was doubtful whether lifeboats would live. It was doubtful even whether they could be safely launched. Not that there was any immediate need, for the Calvanian had six water-tight compartments, and though she was sinking she was sinking very slowly.

There was no panic at first, or very little. What there was was quelled admirably by the stewards and by Captain Ramsay. He came down on the promenade deck and spoke calm words. He laughed at the women that flustered round him, soothed them. He even took time to have a drink with the men at the bar. He was Captain William Ramsay. He was moderately young and supremely confident. He could meet danger after the manner of his kind. He was a gentleman.

NEVERTHELESS his face was strained when he entered the chief engineer's cabin a quarter of an hour later. The chief's face was strained too.

"We may last five hours, perhaps six," said the captain. "The nearest vessel will be twelve hours reaching us. The sea's rising. There's more than a hint of wind in the way the glass is dropping." He paused and poured himself a short drink from the chief's bottle on the mahogany desk. The chief followed suit, and then said, quite impersonally, "Well?"

The captain set down the glass. The chief set down his glass. The two men looked at each other.

"We must beach her. At full speed we can make the coast within four hours. . . . The point is—and I understand there is water in the stokehold already—can you give me full speed?"

"Four hours," said the chief quite needlessly. He twisted his gray mustache and thought. There was a knock on the cabin door and a junior engineer came in. He nodded to the captain and then waited until the chief looked at him. He spoke evenly:

"There's two inches over the plates, sir; we've got the pumps going. The second says he can hold the water down to about eight inches an hour, so far as he can tell."

The chief nodded. "I'll be down in a minute." The junior went away, closing the door softly behind him. The captain waited, fumbling with the lower button of his jacket.

"Four hours," repeated the chief at last. He was frowning. "Of course we shall do our best."

The captain answered, "Of course. It's in your hands, Trevillian." He smiled thinly. "Water-tight compartments are not much good when most of the bottom's gone."

"No, sir," agreed the chief. "That's so." They parted without further words, the one to his bridge, the other to his engines. The wind moaned from the northwest. The sea rose surely and tremendously. Spray commenced to break over the Calvanian's lower decks. A mist seemed to creep over the face of the sinking sun, but there was still no panic. A calm man in command saw to that. Captain Ramsay was justifying the four gold bands on his sleeve.

They brought the watches below

from the foc'sle. They sent all the trimmers into the hot gloom of the bunkers so that coal streamed steadily on to the water-covered plates before the fires. The clang of shovels and the choking rasp of the slices grew in volume. The paunchy chief steward, who before he became a chief had been a man and possessed understanding, sent down a jar of rum. The steam pressure rose in the gauges. The pistons plunged and roared round at increasing speed. The sweat streamed from the naked chests of the firemen and the water rose inch by inch round their ankles for all the sobbing pumps could do.

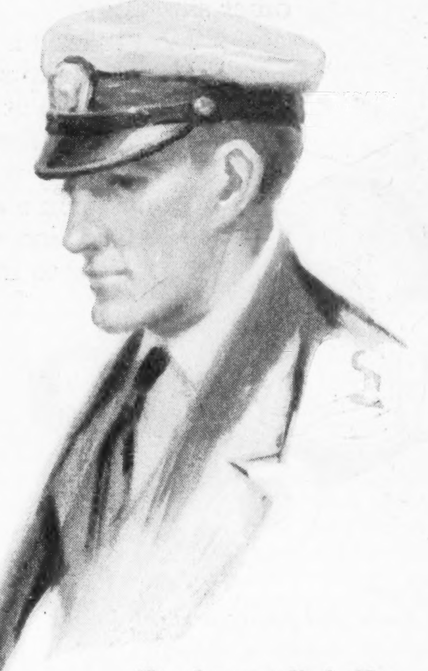
In the first-class lounge the band played and the purser kept a smiling face. There was no danger. Emphatically there was no danger. Some of the men knew: a brigadier general bound on a diplomatic mission; a famous journalist who had been on a sinking ship before; a retired sea captain who surreptitiously stuffed in his pocket a patent rubber life belt that could be quickly inflated. But the women did not know. At first they rather regarded the matter as a joke, something to talk about. The ship had to be beached. The coast was very near. Well, that was an adventure. On the second-class decks matters were much the same way. But down in the third class there was no band and the purser hadn't time to waste on such people as existed there.

True, order was maintained. But there were two masters-at-arms with truncheons and several stewards who cursed their luck and a junior third officer who commanded instead of persuaded. Of course the passengers above did not know that. Nor did they know that the third class could hear water gurgling and rushing below their feet through torn and twisted plates. There is even class distinction right up to the gates of death.

ON THE bridge Captain Ramsay paced slowly to and fro. Officers watched from every corner. Quartermasters stood by waiting for orders. The seamen were along the boat deck making all ready for lowering, in case—But the captain knew that was fallacy. And the junior officers and the seamen, looking to windward and overside at the swells, knew it was fallacy too. The Calvanian must be beached or there would be another disaster to go on record in the annals of the sea.

Women smiled as Captain Ramsay passed to and from sight in his steady pacing. How well he looked, how cool! They felt safe with him. He was brave. He was a hero. And he smiled back and his chest filled a little, for he knew what they were thinking. But nobody thought of the sweating men below, ruddy-tinged as the fire doors opened and clanged shut and eventually glowed red-hot. On the gratings above them engineers watched and sometimes shouted. At a throttle himself stood the chief to ease the screws as the stern lifted and they raced in the windy air. And the water crept inch by inch up the calves of the men before the fires. Most of them were half drunk with the enormous labor and the rum. The trimmers, mere youths most of them, whimpered every time they went into the bunkers, for it was gloomy there, a dull electric globe every few yards, and terrible things could be imagined. But—and this was what mattered—the Calvanian was hurtling toward the coast, toward a sandy sheltered bay at the rate of nineteen knots an hour.

The water was almost at the knees of the firemen, and the trimmers pushed their iron barrows only with tremendous exertion. Every time the Calvanian lurched, the water surged in a broken wave, well-nigh knocking men from their feet. Even the officers on the gratings above began to grow nervous. The ship moved less easily than before as the sea lifted or dropped her. Her speed was decreasing too with the greater weight.



His chest swelled. He was William Ramsay

Night too was creeping over the face of the world and darkness threatened to add to the horror of it all. So many of the passengers were Latins, and once excited or afraid they were hard to control. Captain Ramsay came down from the bridge and bored into the chaos, calm, soothing, drawing one man after another to one side and then sending him back to steady others.

Something was going wrong inside Big Mick. He was perfectly sober now as far as liquor went, but the killing toil he had done for almost three hours intoxicated him. He coughed frequently and spat blood into the water about him. He lunged down automatically, thrust under water and brought a shovelful of dripping coal to the surface. Another lunge and a twist and it was hissing in the red fire. Another shovelful, two; a brief rest to wipe off the sweat and look around. Then the slice came in play with another fire. Then more shovelfuls.

He saw his companions stealing away one by one, and he laughed. He knew very well just what the position of the Calvanian was. He had not been to sea all his life for nothing. And he was reveling in his strength and the unshaken heart of him that enabled him to keep on at work while the others fled or crawled away exhausted. As he worked he cursed—broken, panting curses, filthy words such as he had learned all his life along the water fronts of the world. Another hour, the chief promised from the throttle, only another hour.

But the work was getting harder. Water made the shovels heavier to lift, and missing men did not ease matters. Later one or two of the junior engineers, sick with fatigue and fright, crept up on deck and joined the throng milling about near the boats. The seamen stood before the boats, what of them were not at the pumps, and kept the uneasy crowd back. The deck officers talked and sometimes struck. And through it all, from the bridge, clear to the after rail and back, went Captain Ramsay, calm and unruffled, justifying his position and the gold braid he wore.

Darkness came, pitch darkness, not even a star showing through the greasy scud. Something happened to the dynamos and the lights went out, but the captain already had hurricane lanterns handy and their feeble glow flickered in the high wind and gave some small reassurance. After the throng was stilled somewhat the stewards served hot coffee and beef tea and biscuits. The band had long ceased playing. The boat deck was choked with passengers of all classes and with terror-stricken members of the crew. The hand pumps were helping considerably and the rise of the water was slower. But just the same when the chief engineer demanded men for his stokeholds only seven or eight would go down, and these by ones and twos trickled back.

It was hot and ghastly below. Two hurricane lanterns served to light the space before the many fires. The engine-room had three lanterns, but they no more than drove back the shadows until they danced between the plunging pistons that at each drive sent up showers of spray. It was easier to face death on the decks above, in the wind and the driven spume, than in the thickness of the ship's bowels. And through it all Big Mick worked, feeding his fires and other men's fires and ceasing at intervals to cough up blood and wipe the sweat from his distorted face.

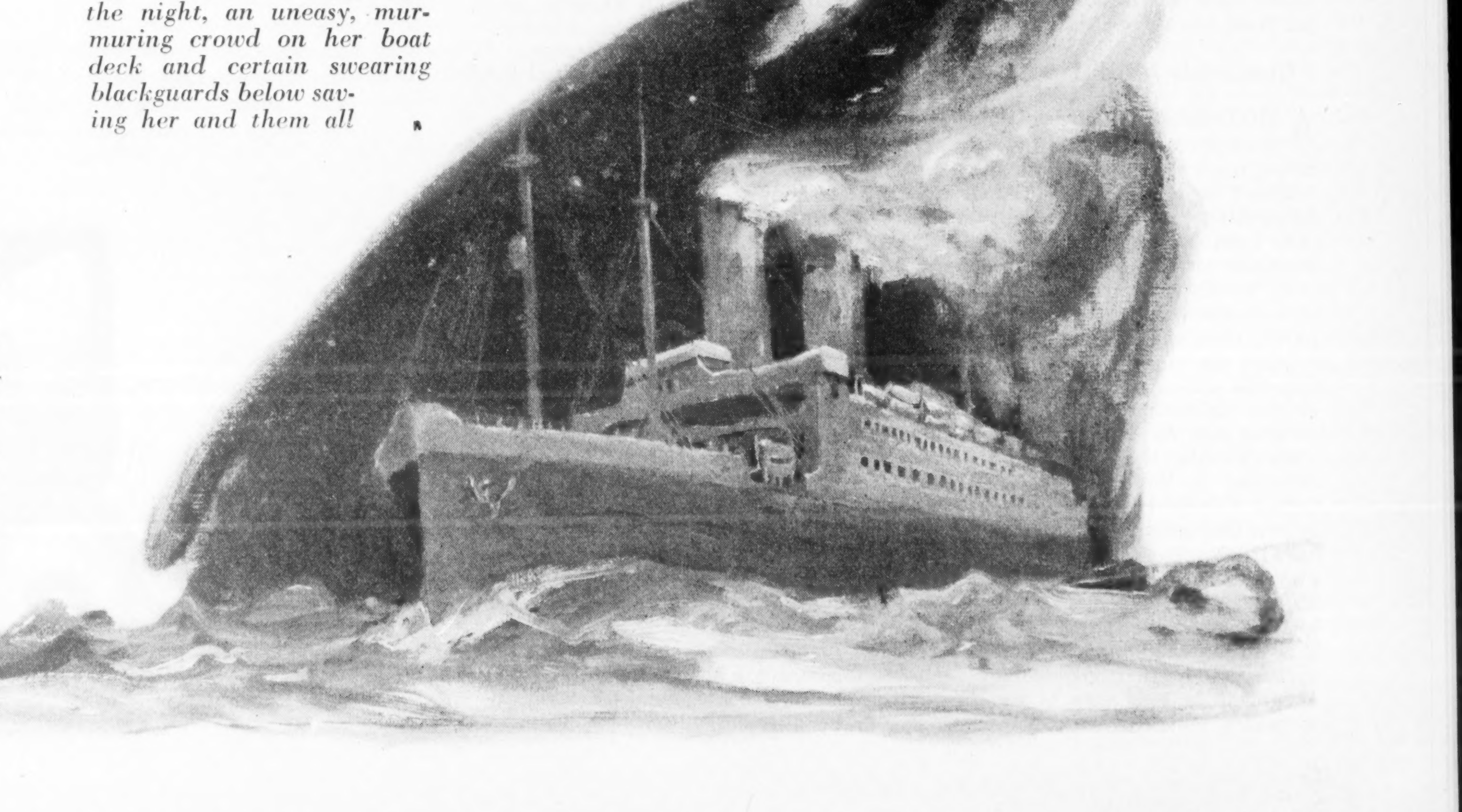
WITH him there was a Frenchman, a bearded, sardonic fellow, and a little Cockney far gone with exhaustion. These three out of all the firemen the ship carried remained at their posts. The rest had fled. A couple of stewards and three engineers were at the shovels. The men trimming ceased one by one. It was too hard to fill a barrow and force it against surging water. Besides, the wet coal was shifting, shooting down in the bunkers in small avalanches as the ship rolled soggily.

One man was killed, and after that they trimmed coal from near the doors and stopped nervously whenever the roll was extraordinarily heavy. A few more feet and the water would reach the fires. Even now it splashed against the red-hot doors and sent scalding steam billowing upward.

So the Calvanian went through the night, an uneasy, frightened and murmuring crowd on her boat deck, her funnels belching fire, her lights extinguished and certain swearing blackguards below saving them all.

Twice attempts were made by passengers to lower boats against all warning and advice. One was launched by some mad miracle and quickly capsized with every soul in her. The other was smashed to atoms against the steep hull long before it reached the water. After that there were no more attempts. And the calmness of Captain Ramsay, who (*Continued on page 40*)

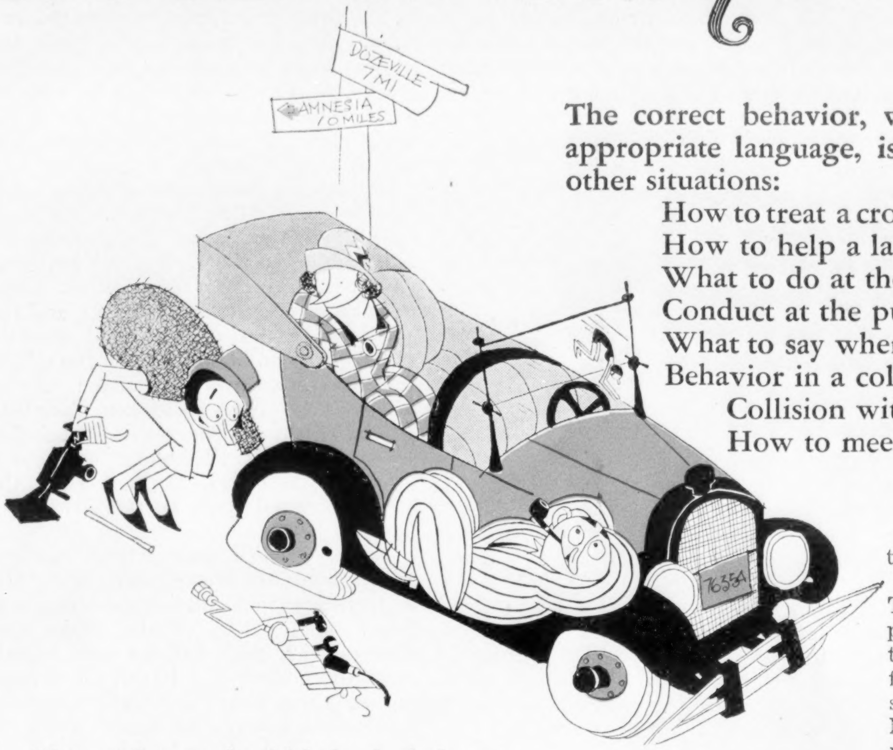
The Calvanian went through the night, an uneasy, murmuring crowd on her boat deck and certain swearing blackguards below saving her and them all



The book of etiquette for

The correct behavior, with special attention to appropriate language, is outlined for these and other situations:

How to treat a crowd bent on lynching you.
How to help a lady out of a wreck.
What to do at the crossroads.
Conduct at the pumping station.
What to say when changing a tire.
Behavior in a collision.
Collision with pedestrian (uninsured).
How to meet a traffic policeman.



The gentleman should help the lady out of the car, hand her the necessary tools and enjoy a short smoke

ALTHOUGH careful students of automobiling affairs in North America report an improvement of 1.006 per cent in salesroom, service station, garage, car, road and collision manners of the motoring classes, it is obvious to the unpracticed eye of the most unobservant and least innocent bystander that etiquette in this domain of social and criminal life is not what it should be.

Professor Lars V. L. Pfizzenblitz, A. B., Ph. D., chairman of the investigating board of the Society for the Improvement of the American People When Not Afoot, after a three-year inquiry covering all types of cars and passengers, made this scathing comment:

"If the big bum had said another word, I would have knocked him flat. And it was that way every time some road hog smacked my boiler off the highway. Before I undertook this investigation I was a gentleman of breeding and refinement. Before I had been driving eight weeks on American roads I was insulting bishops and deaconesses. I am convinced that a great mistake was made in putting society on pneumatic tires."

A canvass by the writer covering 36,879,008 miles of highway in thirty-seven states showed conclusively that the people of America endorse the professor's findings in a ratio of 987 to 1.

The lesson is clear. It is time for a serious campaign to inculcate into the hearts and minds of the motorists a respect for the niceties of social intercourse, a regard for the feelings of others, and an instinctive tendency to show courtesy and graciousness both in the ditch and out of it.

A kind word in the ditch, as the philosopher has so aptly said, is worth two on the paved road.

A gentleman should be no less a gentleman because a taxicab has flicked away his bumper and right front wheel. A lady should be no less a lady simply because she finds the hood of "Schwartz Brothers & Sons, Inc., We Move You Anywhere Anytime" halfway through the tonneau of the new twin-six her husband warned her not to drive in heavy traffic until she had taken a second lesson from the service station half-wit.

Crossroads Break Up the Home

A MOTORIST is known, it should be remembered, by the invectives he keeps, not by the ones he distributes.

There is a soothing satisfaction, a lubricating sense of superiority, in feeling, even as your $4,250 sedan lies wrapped around a telegraph pole and your family in various stages of unconsciousness in the adjacent raspberry patch, that you are still a gentleman.

With the object of assisting the automobile owner to do the right thing at the right time and in the hope of making life on the various turnpikes more livable, the following Guide to Behavior in Vehicles Operated by Internal Combustion Engines is placed before the motoring public:

(1) *Planning the Auto Trip.* If the owner of the car is married and living at home, this is a matter that should be discussed with the wife and kiddies. The owner should not arrange a trip arbitrarily, even if only looking for an argument or a chance to use the car to take a bunch of the boys on a fishing trip. The better course is for the husband to say, "Well, Agatha, a run over the Ojibway Trail would be nice for to-morrow, no?" and then allow ten minutes for the negative side. If no member of the family is even lukewarm for the Ojibway Trail, it is advisable to shift to new territory, but if the suggestion meets with a yes and no attitude, custom countenances further argument in its favor, with ten minutes for rebuttal by the wife and five minutes by the children.

(2) *What to Take.* This depends entirely upon the purpose and duration of the journey. If it is only for a day, no provisions are necessary other than buttered popcorn for the baby and a few apples and cigars for the grown-ups.

Plenty of places will be found along the road for such other calories as are needed. No trip should be made for any distance, however small, without the following objects:

1 tire jack with handle missing.
1 tire pump, out of order.
1 well-rusted Stillson wrench.
1 bent screw driver.
1 registration card and license.
2 or 3 addresses of professional bondsmen.
1 book of tours (year 1914).
1 silk handkerchief for removing specks from wife's eye.
1 bottle spirits of ammonia in case of fainting spells.
1 crank handle fitting another type of car.
1 banner with inscription "Excuse my Dust."
1 picture of bathing girl to be stuck on windshield.

(3) *Etiquette of the Baffling Crossroads.* More homes were broken up during the years 1921 to 1924 inclusive by arguments at unposted crossroads than by any other one cause, according to statistics issued by the Bureau of Mines at Washington, D. C.

When the members of a family automobile party find themselves at an intersection of roads and with no positive convictions which is the right one to take, there should fly to the mind of each some such thought as: "Ah, this is to be a trying situation. It has the makings of a fine row. I will keep my trap shut."

The usual form is for the wife to say, "You turn off to the left here. I'm sure of it," merely because there is a bridge on it and she has been told by a fortune teller she would cross a body of water.

The husband usually replies: "I don't think so. We should go straight ahead."

The wife should answer: "That other car went to the left, proving conclusively that that must be the way to go."

The customary reply to this is: "How do I know where that car is going? Just because one car turns to the left should I follow it? If you'd keep your mouth closed, there'd be less confusion."

Here convention requires the biting remark: "Well, stand here in the middle of the road all day like a dummy if you like. I don't care."

After a few more remarks pro and con the car should be turned to the left. If it takes the party to some point twenty miles off their course an argument can be started that will make the previous one seem like a benediction.

(4) *Conduct at the Pumping Station.* The code of conduct provides that a party entering a gasoline pumping station should enter on the right, after first making certain it is a pumping station and not a memorial library. No invitation is necessary. Nor is any particular type of station to be given preference over another.

Some prefer the Gothic style of architecture, some the Spanish mission and some the English country-house type of filling station. It is optional with the visitor.

Formalities Amid the Wreckage

SO ELABORATE has the pumping station become that a host is frequently put to the embarrassment of having his guests climb out of the car under the impression they are at a country club and about to have dinner. To prevent such confusion it is well for the wife to ask, as the car is tooled into the station, "Why, Alex, what are we stopping here for?" To which he may reply in a loud voice, "Gas and oil!" This will immediately remove any idea that the party has stopped for steak and mushrooms.

The proprietor of the station should smile pleasantly from the doorway, voice a cheerful greeting, fix his pump so it will register five gallons to every three and ask pleasantly, "How many?" The host should order at least ten gallons if he cares anything about first impressions. Five gallons may, how-

motorists

By H. I. PHILLIPS

ever, be ordered without violating the properties, but no well-bred motorist ever says, "Oh, put in a gallon," or, "Lemme have a pint."

In making payment it is customary to use gold, but gilt-edged securities will be accepted at most stations.

(5) *Changing a Tire.* It is of the utmost importance to know when to change a tire. Any time may be set, winter or summer, that the owner desires. The changing may be announced for morning, afternoon or evening and invitations sent out a few days ahead, but it is customary to make no formal function of the event. Most motorists choose to wait until such time as they hear a loud report or a hissing sound followed by a "ker-flop-ker-flop-ker-flop" noise between the axle and the roadbed. In such an emergency the owner should apply his brakes gently, pilot the car to the side of the road, rise, tip his hat to the ladies present and say: "I knew that blankety-blank thing would blow out on me miles from a garage. Can any of you gals jack up a car?"

Show Respect to the Cop

IF ANY lady in the party has had any wide experience jacking up a car, she should volunteer to help. It is merely necessary to nod and say: "Why, yes indeed, Mr. Wogg, I have jacked up thousands of cars, girl and woman. My first husband used to say I had a service-station complex."

The gentleman should then help the lady out of the car, hand her the necessary tools and enjoy a short smoke until the car has been elevated high enough for the tire to be changed. Informal clothes of a simple design and dark color should be worn while changing tires. People who have tried it in evening clothes or white flannels say it holds up the work tremendously.

(6) *Correct Behavior in a Collision, Etc.* A collision may occur any time at any place. It is almost impossible to arrange for collisions in advance without years of experience in such matters.

After a car has collided with you, the thing to do is to stand up and, with just the suggestion of a fleeting smile, say to the driver of the other car, "I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before."

The other driver, if he is a gentleman, will rise and introduce himself briefly, thus:

"My name is Biggles, Elzevir X. . . . hardware supply business. . . ."

You will then say: "I'm Muffins, Alfred K. My card. Why the — — don't you look where you're going?"

The other driver should answer: "Glad to meet you. What's eating you, anyway? I was lookin' where I was goin'. The trouble with you is you ain't fit to have a license. You've been drinking too, what's more."

Common politeness demands that all other occupants of the two cars give close attention to what is being said, nodding now and then in agreement.

Presently a motorcycle policeman will arrive, give everybody a hard look, examine both cars carefully, ask for registration cards, drivers' licenses, business letters, goitre, myopia, etc. He will make copious notes for three quarters of an hour and then order both parties to "Gwan and beat it and stop holding up traffic!" The motorcycle officer will then throw away the notes and go on to the next case.

(7) *Meeting a Traffic Policeman.* The traffic policeman, contrary to a widely voiced opinion, is only human. Underneath his cold exterior there beats a Number 12 heart. His is a hand-to-mouth existence in which the whistle plays no small part, and it is inevitable that he should be in a state of continuous exasperation over the refusal of the motoring classes correctly to interpret what his wild waves are saying.

Whether or not you have ever been introduced, you must show him every respect under all circumstances, as he is a stickler for the conventions. Under no circumstances should the well-bred man pass him without a salute, and it is the better part of valor to hesitate and await recognition from him.

Should you attempt to snub him completely, he will demand summarily, "Hey! Are you blind or sumpin?" to which any number of replies would be proper, but the conventional one is: "No, your excellency, in fact since I adopted bifocal glasses I have had no eye trouble whatsoever. It all depends on the oculist. I can give you his name if you want it."

"Who do you think you are—the President?" the traffic policeman will reply if he has been correctly reared.

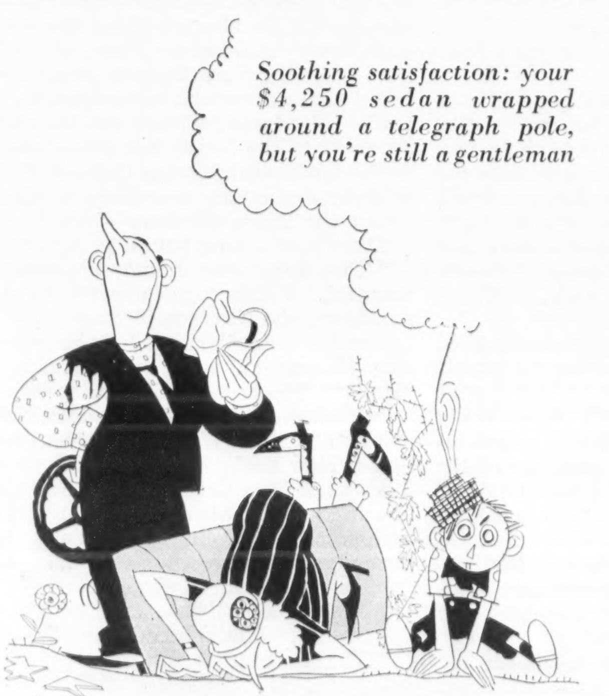
"No," you should reply. "On the contrary, I have never even been a candidate."

"How'd you like to take a little trip to court?" he will then ask.

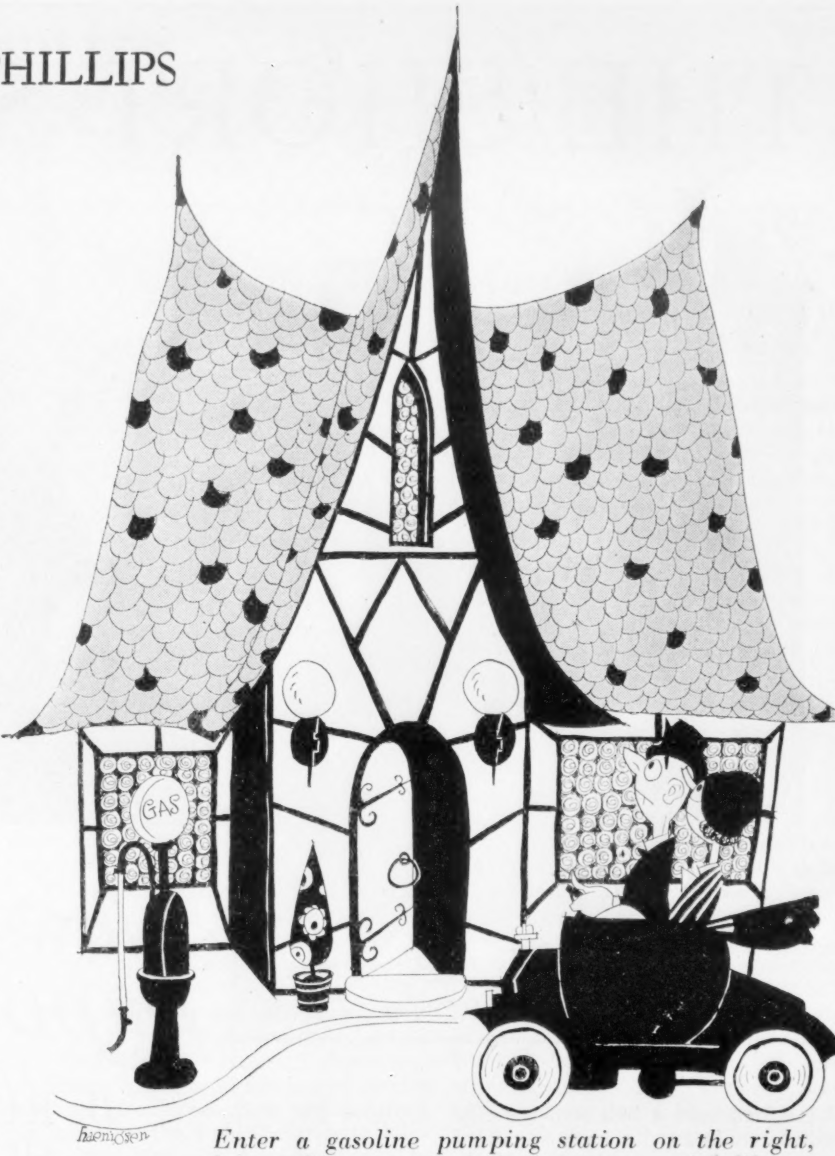
"If you're quite sure I won't be butting in," you should reply.

"Back over there to the curb!" is the customary rejoinder at this point. It is then proper for him to present what is known as a summons.

The correct form for a summons is as follows:



Soothing satisfaction: your $4,250 sedan wrapped around a telegraph pole, but you're still a gentleman



Enter a gasoline pumping station on the right, after making certain it is not a memorial library

Mr. Michael Fitzroonan,
Traffic policeman at Gibbs Street
and Geranium Avenue,

Respectfully requests the pleasure of Mr. Alfred K. Muffins in Traffic Court No. 12, Fifth Assembly District, Thursday morning at 10 A. M., to meet Judge Gahookus. No acknowledgment is required. Bring wallet.

The motorist should accept the summons, bid the officer good afternoon and say, "Thanks. You must come over to my place and see us some time too."

It is not necessary to shake hands when parting.

(8) *Collision With a Pedestrian (Uninsured).* No motorist who has been brought up right will run into a pedestrian just for the zest of the thing. Care should be taken to make every instance of this kind an accident.

Beware of the Seeds of Romance

AFTER hitting a pedestrian and knocking him for a series of loops the driver should follow his flight carefully to ascertain where he lights. He should then speed to the spot, lift up the victim and say: "I am exceedingly sorry. Did you get my number?"

If the pedestrian replies in the negative, the driver should let him fall back, hop in his car and take it on the wing.

If the answer be in the affirmative, the driver should say: "My dear fellow, it distresses me to meet you under these circumstances. And, besides, you broke two of my front lamps and bent the bumper so it'll cost me three dollars to get it fixed."

By this time a crowd of several thousand will have gathered. Presently they will cry, "Lynch him!" and chase you up on the porch of the nearest dwelling.

You are then confronted with that most embarrassing question:

Should you invite them into the house?

(9) *Helping a Lady Out of a Wreck.* Few situations offer so many opportunities for a *faux pas* as that presented by the necessity of helping a lady out of a wreck. The difficulty of doing the thing correctly and in accordance with the best traditions of society is aggravated by the fact that whatever is done must be done speedily. It must be borne in mind that there is no time for thought. To run circles about the lady in obvious bewilderment for fifteen or twenty minutes, finally stammering: "I'm awfully sorry, but for the life of me I can't think just what should be done under the circumstances. Will you mind remaining right where you are for a few more minutes while I go get my Book of Etiquette?" is the pinnacle of boorishness. It is a time for deeds, not words.

If the lady is lying in a fairly comfortable and thoroughly orthodox position, there should be little trouble rescuing her. All that is necessary is to advance to the wreckage, remove the coat and extend the hand with a polite "May I have the pleasure?" or "Have you had lunch yet?" If, however, the lady is so buried that only portions of her anatomy are exposed to view (and if these are not the portions the eye is inured to) immediate digging is permissible.

Possibly the seeds of romance may have been planted by the accident and rescue, but no gentleman will presume too hastily upon the meeting. If he feels that he cannot restrain his admiration, he may write a letter asking to be allowed to see her again in the next accident that befalls her.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T. B. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

News of no importance

By RUPERT HUGHES

A short short story by one of the four famous American authors named on this page appears every week. Next week: Sophie Kerr

IF HE had been a bull seal the city editor could hardly have sprawled more sullenly across the desk where he snapped at the copy as if the stories were raw fish. He reared his thick neck and belched "Tilestone!"

The dapper college graduate who had only last week delivered his valedictory in Latin went forward in the mood of a boy called up to receive a hot palm for shooting spitballs.

"This yours?"

Tilestone nodded as he recognized his first contribution, a humorous account of an early morning fire in his own boarding house, where the lodgers had stood about in the chill gray side street, wearing only the clothes they had slept in—and it had been a hot night. Greer bellowed for all the world to hear:

"Were you trying to be funny?"

Suddenly realizing the abysmal vileness of trying to be funny and not succeeding, Tilestone faltered, "Well—perhaps—I felt a little levity. No lives were lost. The people were unimportant—"

"Unimportant people doin' unimportant things make unimportant news. We got to cover everything, but we got to save our big space for big people. You save your funny stuff for the college comics."

"Ye-yes, sir," Tilestone stammered and could have bitten his tongue off for letting slip a "sir" to a dirty mucker like Greer.

"I'll give you Lesson Number One in writing a news story that's got no news and no story." Greer's thick fingers fleetly wrote this:

> At 4:35 A. M. yesterday fire destroyed the boarding house kept by Mrs. W. D. Pinley of 1432 E. 28th St. Engine Co. No. 33 responded. No casualties.

"That's more than it's worth. It don't interest anybody."

"I found it rather interesting," Tilestone ventured. "I was in it."

"And who are you?—a reporter! Who am I?—an ex-reporter! What does the public care about us or our affairs? If you were Jack Dempsey or Gloria Swanson, it would be worth a spread. But a bunch of sticks doin' nothin' unusual—give 'em a stick! Get me?"

"Yes, sir. Yes."

Tilestone felt that under this brutality there was a certain vague kindliness of purpose, and was fatuously idiotic enough to try to repay it: "By the way," he said, "a man I interviewed to-day forced a good cigar on me. Would you accept—"

"I don't smoke."

And before Tilestone couldput up the weed Greer whipped out a black cigar of his own, bit, spat, struck a light and vanished in a smoke screen!

Tilestone almost swooned with humiliation and wavered to his chair, sustained only by a deep yearning to get even with Greer some day somehow. It was this more than anything else that kept him on the treadmill acquiring further grievances, but never a chance for revenge.

One night the sea-lion bark from Greer's desk was so abruptly modulated into a tone of almost human quality that all the reporters perked their ears to hear him actually murmur into the telephone, "Don't worry, honey. Don't get frightened, darling. I'll be right home!" He hung up the receiver and bawled in his familiar yawp: "Ferguson, take the desk to-night. Wife's sick!"

When he had gone, Ferguson laughed sheepishly. "The old walrus forgot his hat! I bet there's nothin' the matter with her at all. But he's plumb crazy about the little washed-out scared-to-death-lookin' rabbit. He gives her all the sweetness he saves up during the day."

"And that's a-plenty!" growled an old reporter.

One night Tilestone came in late and fagged. The jaded reporters were buzzing. Greer had neither appeared nor telephoned. From the suburb where he lived came the word that neighbors had heard his wife scream and had found blood stains in the kitchen. The wife had vanished. Police, police dogs and dozens of reporters were at work on the case.

Many big stories involving really big people broke that night. Ferguson sent all the reporters out, except the envious Tilestone, whom he set to work doing rewrite stuff. Then Ferguson was called down to the composing-room and Tilestone was alone when the telephone on the city editor's desk—Greer's desk—rang and rang, until at last Tilestone felt that he must answer it. A familiar voice barked at him:

"Ferguson?"

"He's in the composing-room. This is Tilestone."

"Oh!" A pause. "Take a story. Ready?"

"Yes."

"'Exclusive dispatch. Westminster, N. Y., July 29. Mrs. Amy Greer, thirty-eight years of age, was murdered today, during the absence of her husband, J. B. Greer, 18 Oleander Place, city editor of the New York Budget. Neighbors heard her scream and investigated. A trail of blood was followed into the park adjacent to the house, but disappeared in the thick brush. Police Captain F. X. O'Reilly and others searched for hours before the body—the body—'"

There was a long pause.

"'The body was found, shockingly mangled. Police dogs later traced the murderer, who was identified as—as—'"

Another long silence. Tilestone feared that he was cut off. He ventured a "Hello!" The voice rattled the receiver.

"'Identified as W. M. Sandras, formerly of 1924 West Seventy-second Street, New York. Sandras was the first husband of Mrs. Greer and had been for two years an inmate of the private sanitarium of Dr. John N. McWade, on Morningside Heights.' Got that?"

"Yes, sir. I can't tell you how—"

"Mark it 'Must!'"

"Yes, sir. Please accept my—"

"Tell Ferguson to run it 'as is.' Inside page. No scarehead."

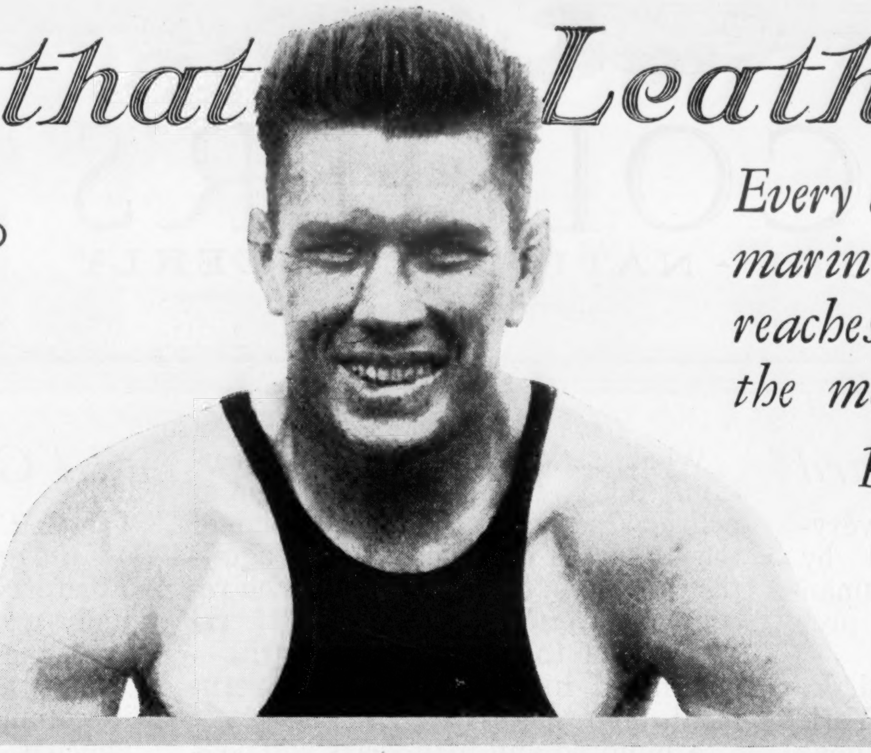
"Yes, sir."

"That's all!"

Watch that Leatherneck!

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

Every day Tunney, the ex-marine, gets better. If he reaches his goal, he'll be the most popular champion since Sullivan



Wide World

GENE TUNNEY, soldier, boxer, student, philosopher and sportsman, may never be heavyweight champion of the world. But if he ever arrives the wide gap between the days of John L. Sullivan and the present time will be well bridged, for Tunney will be the most popular king of the heavyweights since John L.'s brilliant reign.

No small part of the stuff you hear and read about the heroic or home-loving qualities of our champions is bunk. But Tunney happens to be an exception. Knowing him, the wonder is that he ever got so far along in a game where the killer instinct plays such a vital part.

Tunney was born in New York City on May 25, 1898. He was a young boxer in Greenwich Village when a few things began to pop on the high seas between the United States and Europe around 1917. War was declared before Tunney was nineteen years old, but it took him less than five minutes to cast in his lot with the marines in search of the most active service he could find. He was one of the early arrivals in France, where he did his stuff up to the final turn, and when the gunfire stopped he soon became light heavyweight champion of the Inter-Allied Armies.

For six years, since he discarded the gray-green of the marines, Tunney has been plodding upward. And this plodding has carried him over handicaps that would have broken any normal soul or at least wrecked any average ambition.

Resuming his trade in the marts of pugilism, he saw early that only a long building process would ever give him his chance to occupy the big throne. He was shy on weight, shy by fifteen or twenty pounds. He needed more speed and brittle hands made his progress even slower. There were times when he had to fade out of the picture for many months because of mangled hands.

But he refused to be discouraged. And while he lacked the killer instinct —the innate yearning to tear a rival apart and chuck the débris into a garbage can—he carried another quality of possibly even greater value. This was the ability to take his share of punishment and the courage to face impossible odds and still carry on.

Gene Tunney's ring character was placed beneath the searchlight in his various meetings with Harry Greb, one of the hardest men in the world to beat. In their first meeting the still somewhat crude marine drew a heavy cut over one eye in a collision with Greb's bobbing head. By the end of the third round he had lost two quarts of blood. From the appearance of the ring he might have been fighting in the Red Sea. He was badly weakened and almost blinded by the loss of blood and the crimson waterfall, and there seemed to be no chance that he could survive the storm for more than a round or two.

That Gibbons Surprise Party

GREB was then the light heavyweight champion of the United States, a rough, crafty and seasoned campaigner with two of the fastest hands ever seen in action. He made every possible effort to stop his challenger with enough punches to bowl over a skyscraper. But Tunney stuck to the final gong for fifteen rounds and, badly battered and beaten as he was, issued another challenge to Greb the next day.

They fought three times after that, and Tunney won every fight, each victory coming by just a trifle wider margin than the one before. He had proved in that first hurricane that he could face the storm and still keep his feet, and he proved later that he had developed speed and skill enough to outpoint one of the fastest and most elusive boxers of the entire lot.

It was in a step-by-step fashion that Tunney kept moving forward. He was charged with lack of aggressiveness, with too much caution, with too much attention to defense. But he was proving what a keen brain, a stout heart, clean living and a lot of concentrated effort can do. He was in no hurry to take the final citadel by storm.

His first big jump forward came in knocking out Georges Carpentier after Tom Gibbons had failed to stop the Frenchman. This was no epic deed, but it was something. It proved that Tunney, with his defensive skill intact, was also beginning to punch. It proved that he had made a definite advance in his profession. But it was not until the summer just past that the marine broke through the last of the minor barriers. His great chance came in a meeting with Tom Gibbons, the St. Paul heavyweight, the cool and shifty boxer who in thirteen years of fighting had never been knocked down, and who had lasted fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey.

Gibbons was picked by the majority of experts to win that fight. He had just knocked out Kid Norfolk, one of the best of the Negro heavyweights, and had sent his defi on to Harry Wills with no eager response from Dempsey's sable pursuer. The general opinion was that Gibbons was too good a boxer and too good a hitter to finish second in this meeting. But when they met before a big crowd at the Polo Grounds in New York City ring-side opinions began to change quite early when it was noticed that Tunney was making brilliant use of a good left hand and then cutting through with the right at every chance.

Gibbons was meeting a Tunney who had improved just 100 per cent within a year. He was meeting a bigger, faster Tunney with a much better punch.

The first tip-off had come at Miami the winter before, where the marine had trained and worked under a Florida sun as hard as any football player ever trained through the autumn grind.

"He's a new Tunney," remarked Walter Monahan, trainer of boxers, who had a Miami school of pugilistic art going on at the time. "He is faster, stronger and a far harder hitter than I ever thought possible. It's something wonderful the way this fellow has brought himself forward. He has learned how to hit and how to get his weight back of his punches. He will be a big surprise the next time he starts."

The Ring and the Book

ABOUT the third round Gibbons' face began to wear a worried look. He was meeting a better defense than he had looked for, and he could find no way of keeping that long Tunney left out of his own features. As round after round went by Tunney began to pile up a lead on earned points. He was piling up a greater lead than Dempsey had accumulated at Shelby, Mont., two years before. But where Dempsey failed to knock the St. Paul boxer off his feet, Tunney stopped the Western star for the first time in his career. He took his time, through hard and steady battering, until the weakened Gibbons was ready for the killing punch. The new Tunney had arrived to find only Harry Wills between him and a vacillating champion who seemed to be in a daze.

So here was a new character on the edge of the heavyweight kingdom. Here was one of the few boxers who had taken off the gloves to wear khaki at the first call. Here was one of the "story book" types in real life, a boxer who had never taken a drink, who had never smoked, who reads good literature inveterately and is at home in any circle.

Tunney has unusual qualities of concentration and unlimited determination to see a thing through. He is one of the best-looking of all the ring stars, standing something over six feet, a tall, pleasant-faced blond with an attractive smile and more than his share of magnetism. He has turned himself into a student and a philosopher, and his friendly, pleasant manner has made him a multitude of friends. He can discourse at length on topics that are supposed to call for a much higher brow than is required by the art or science of pugilism.

Science May Win

TUNNEY'S friendliness, his pleasant ways, his sportsmanship and other qualities, that seem to be somewhat apart from ring warfare, made him seem to many critics unavailable for the heavyweight kingdom. But through a slow, sure, steady process of training and fighting, taking them all as they came along, always in perfect shape for every trial, his brain and his courage combined to help him through until he had built himself into a much more formidable fighting machine than he first gave evidence of being.

With Dempsey stalking away from any serious scrimmage, gossip switched to the proposed clash between Tunney and Harry Wills, the brown panther who has been on Dempsey's spoor for the last five years. The doubtful quality of this match rests in the fact that Tunney would have to spot Wills at least thirty pounds, a terrific handicap with Wills' experience and strength.

Dempsey spotted Willard over fifty pounds, but there is a vast difference between the clumsy Willard and the experienced Wills. Wills is one of the most powerful men that ever put on a glove. His great strength enables him to draw a man in with one hand and hit with the other, and in close-order boxing the line between fair and foul is often as thin as a thread.

Tunney's best chance would lie in his indomitable spirit and an ability to box better than either Wills or Dempsey. And we must never forget that a marine is no opponent to take lightly in any form of warfare.

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Government is Laggard

"MEDICINE, surgery, everything that is directed by the human brain and human ingenuity, in twenty years has progressed except government."

Thus spoke Governor Alfred E. Smith during the recent New York primaries. "Al" Smith knows government as Edison knows electricity. His words express the sober judgment of one of the most astute politicians of this generation; they are not the demagogue's claptrap.

Push the calendar back two decades and Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House. Is the national government better to-day than it was in September, 1905? It would be hard to demonstrate the improvements.

Have the cities or the states learned how to conduct their public affairs more efficiently and more honestly during these twenty years within which science and industry have made such revolutionary strides forward?

Again the answer is "No."

Important changes have come about during these years, it is true. Women have won the right to vote. Nomination by primary is better than the old secret convention. The standard of honesty in the legislatures is doubtless higher than it was twenty years ago. Lobbyists are less pestiferous. The ancient alliances between political bosses and the saloons and vice have broken down.

These are gains, but they do not lessen the seriousness of Governor Smith's charge. The fact is that government has not kept pace with the improvement recorded in other fields of human effort.

Government is the laggard. The explanation is to be found in the fact that business and science have offered more attractive rewards than has politics. There are exceptions: "Al" Smith is a notable one. Andrew W. Mellon is another. His administration of the Treasury has been of incalculable value during these difficult years of funding the great war debts. But generally the more gifted men and women have avoided public service. Only in time of national peril has a government post seemed desirable.

What is the remedy? It will certainly not be found in the adoption of political patent medicines. None of the panaceas of twenty years ago—the initiative, the referendum, the recall, not even the primary itself, regardless of their individual merits—has lifted high the art of government.

A hundred and fifty years ago politics offered the largest opportunities to ambitious men. To-day the George Washingtons and the Alexander Hamiltons are managing businesses or conducting experiments in laboratories.

Progress will come when once more the public service gives first-rate men and women space to use their full powers. Already the drift of the past few years has created public problems difficult enough to challenge the best thought and the most loyal service which any man or woman has to offer.

Collier's believes that despite the inadequacy of pay and the irritation of "red tape" men and women of first-rate capacity should be "drafted" for public service. For, if government lags, the people cannot prosper.

No Sport at All

THOSE who are disgusted with prize-fighting as now commercially conducted have won a valued ally in Will Rogers. It means something when a regular feller like the gum-chewing lariat-hurler says: "How present-day prize-fighting ever got mentioned in the category of *sports* will always remain a mystery to most people."

Jack Dempsey's stalling as contrasted with Gertrude Ederle's heroic bout with the English Channel is the occasion for this outburst. As Rogers says, "If you are champion of anything, it means you are champion now, not one or two years from now. If Dempsey can't lick Wills to-day he is not champion."

Prize-fighting, in its "upper" levels at least, is no longer a sport at all, but a cold-cash, hot-air, overtalked and underplayed conspiracy of the Bum Sports against the Easy Marks. Perhaps a few men of the caliber of Gene Tunney could redeem it—but even that is doubtful.

A Great Achievement

THE Chicago Daily News is one of the great papers of this generation. For forty years and more it has gradually grown, bringing to the Middle West the soundest journalistic service. Honest news and honest opinion filled its columns. Through a period within which sensationalism, distortion and faking seemed to offer short cuts to riches and power the Daily News steered a straight course.

The man whose character was reflected in this famous paper was relatively unknown. He sought nothing for himself save the prosperity of his enterprise. And yet when a few weeks ago Victor Lawson died the leaders of the nation from the President down arose to do homage to his memory.

There's a lesson for all the world in such a man.

A New Glory of Greece

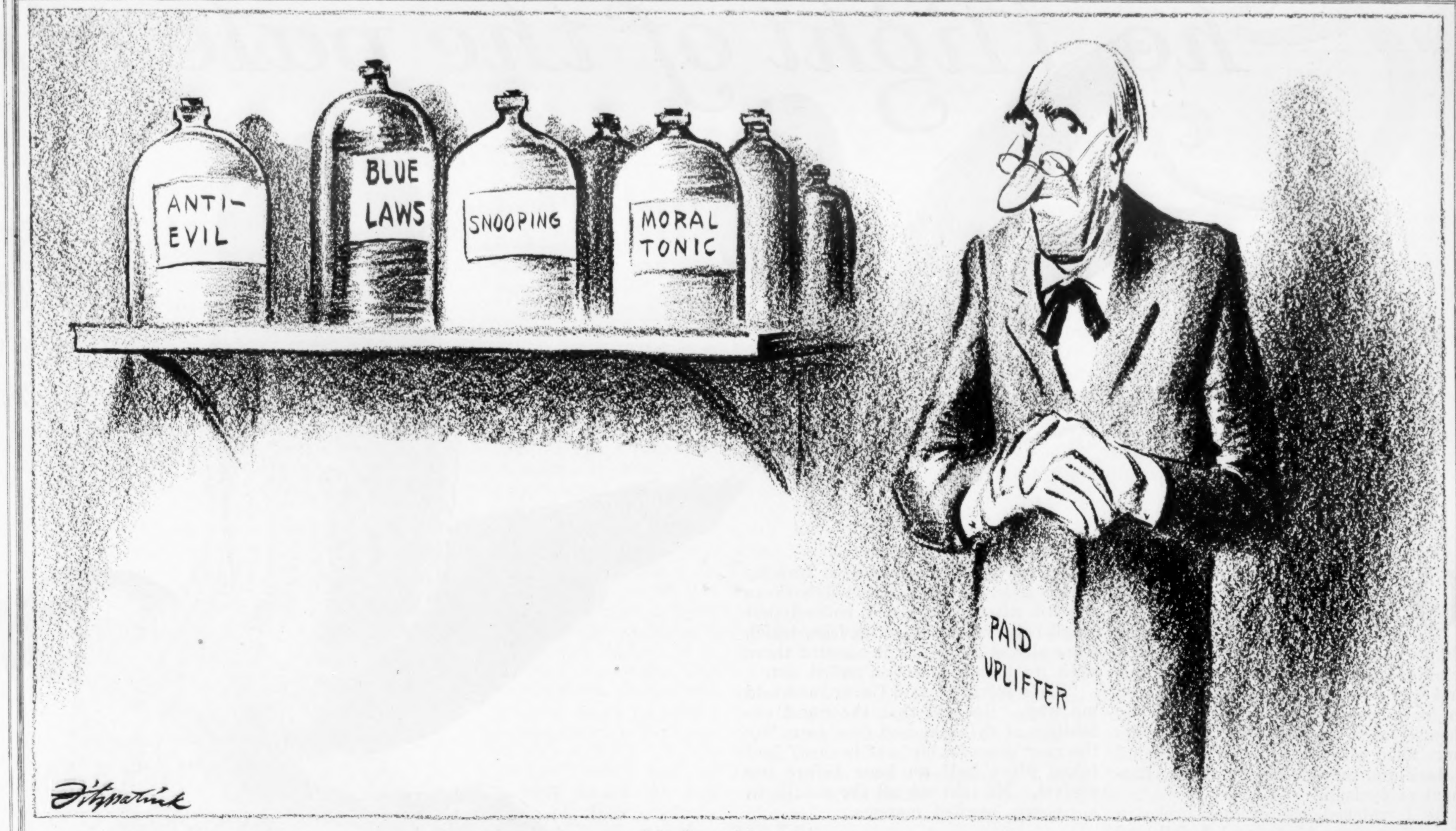
AN INDIANA engineer is to construct the $11,000,000 modern water works system at Athens, Greece. Where once marched the philosophers and heroes of the Golden Age he will build an American water system proof against epidemic, vermin, contamination or suspicion.

He will preach the doctrine and the glory of clean drinking water and household baths—and through it the commonest person of modern Athens will live longer and happier than the greatest hero who ever dug his untimely way into the Parthenon by the typhoid route.

The Bridled Tongue

THE wise men of every age have contributed to the world's literature bright little aphorisms on the priceless worth of a still tongue. But how's this one: "Before the word is spoken you must govern it; after it is spoken it must govern you."

The man who said that, Adolph Lewisohn, was an immigrant boy fifty-eight years ago. He has won riches here, which is not unusual. With them he seems to have acquired a great deal of wisdom, which is more unusual than it should be.



Modern Nostrums

"Let's Give a Dinner"

By BRUCE BARTON

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A DISTINGUISHED gentleman visited New York and the committee of prominent citizens decided that something must be done about it. Accordingly, all of us whose names are in the telephone directory received the usual engraved card:

"A testimonial dinner will be tendered to Sir Isaac Huggins in the Gilt Room of the Gilt Hotel. Send your check for $10."

Men go to dinners as they go to war, from various motives: some because they believe in the cause, some because they are afraid to be numbered among the missing, some for the excitement, some to get away from their wives. This night a thousand of us shook the hand of tired-looking Sir Isaac.

As the evening dragged itself out I had plenty of opportunity to think on two of my favorite convictions:

1. Among the evils that afflict the world very few are more vicious than the habit of too much eating. What a history of mankind could be written from the standpoint of too much food! How many wars have had their beginnings in clogged livers? How many persecutions grew out of gout? How often has indigestion made a decision which affected the destinies of nations?

The Emperor Charles V, the greatest figure in European history between Charlemagne and Napoleon, ate himself to death. "Kings seem to think that their stomachs are not made like other men's," his faithful attendant mused sadly. Frederick the Great had most of his outbursts and made his mistakes in judgment when full of eel pie. Every winter in Washington a certain number of senators and judges pass out. The kindly newspapers attribute their deaths to overwork, but it is doubtful if overwork in public office ever killed anybody. What kills public men is the public dinner.

2. There is too much speaking in the world and almost all of it too long. The Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, are three great literary treasures that will live forever. No one of them is as long as three hundred words.

With such striking illustrations of the power of brevity it is amazing that speakers never learn to be brief.

In the earlier ages of the world, when food was scarce and hard to get, a banquet was a real honor. The warriors of the tribe went out and killed a deer, and the hero sat down with them and ate. Have we outgrown this primitive custom? In a modern world are there not better and more noble ways of showing honor?

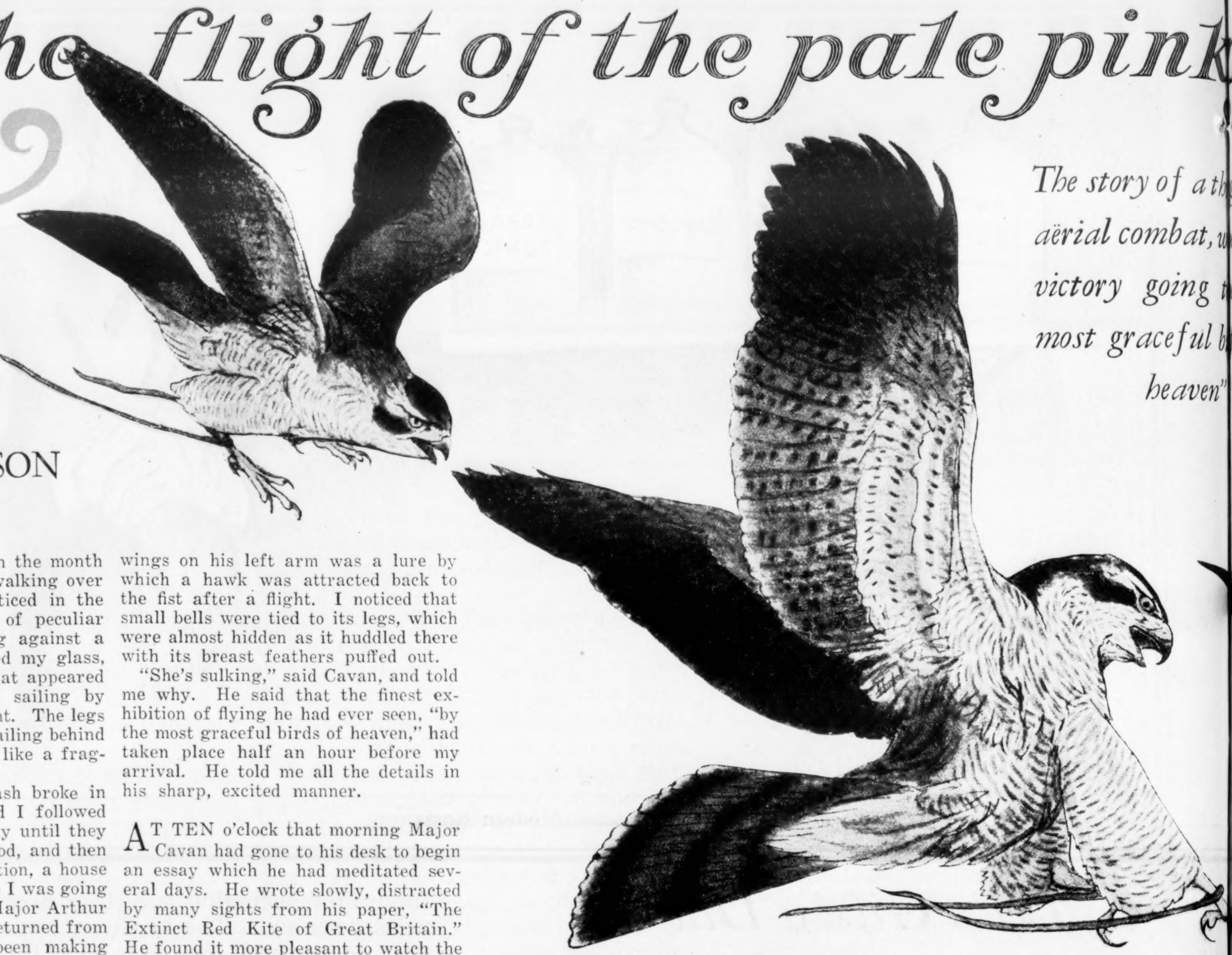
I have in mind a Fresh Air Fund whose motto is, "One dollar will send a baby to the country for a week." The ten thousand dollars which we spent on that public dinner would put a thousand babies in the country every summer for ten years. I have in mind my pet interest, which is Berea College in the Kentucky mountains, where meals are eleven cents apiece and room rent is sixty-five cents a week. Ten thousand dollars would keep ten mountain boys in that college forever. I have in mind a hospital where ten thousand dollars would endow two cots. Healing would go forth to bless two patients through the ages for the money we spent that dreary night.

I move for the banishment of public dinners and after-dinner speeches. I propose a new method of paying honor which shall result in the erection of tablets like these:

THE SIR ISAAC HUGGINS SCHOLARSHIPS
PROVIDED BY HIS ADMIRERS
IN TESTIMONY TO HIS EXALTED SERVICES
AND IN GRATITUDE THAT THEIR LIVES
WERE LENGTHENED BY ESCAPING A PUBLIC DINNER

The flight of the pale pink

The story of a th
aërial combat, w
victory going t
most graceful b
heaven"



By HENRY WILLIAMSON

ONE sunny morning in the month of May, as I was walking over a Devon hill, I noticed in the sky a tiny cloud of peculiar shape and color. Leaning against a wind-gnarled ash, I focused my glass, and was amazed to see what appeared to be a pair of trousers sailing by themselves at a great height. The legs were filled with air, and trailing behind a dark and narrow object like a fragment of eyelash.

As I watched, the eyelash broke in two; they were birds, and I followed them across a cloudless sky until they dropped into a distant wood, and then I walked on to my destination, a house in the valley beyond, where I was going to meet for the first time Major Arthur Cavan, who had recently returned from Norway, where he had been making photographic studies of bird life.

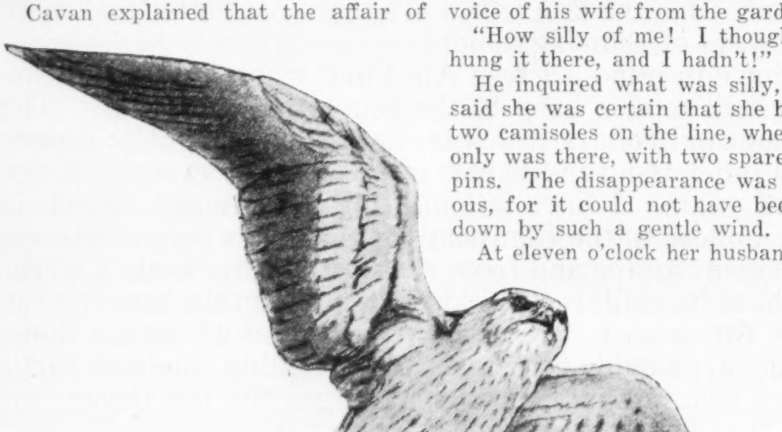
I had climbed a gate and was walking through the long grasses of a meadow to the low gray house when I saw a man standing under an oak tree and whistling while he looked among the leafy branches overhead.

A leather gauntlet was worn on his left hand and wrist, with an object that looked like a badly stuffed bird.

After we had shaken hands Cavan told me that he was waiting for one of his Norwegian goshawks to fly down from the tree. I looked up and saw a brown bird about two feet long from beak to tail perched on a bough. Its staring eyes were filled with a morose and sullen expression.

Cavan explained that the affair of wings on his left arm was a lure by which a hawk was attracted back to the fist after a flight. I noticed that small bells were tied to its legs, which were almost hidden as it huddled there with its breast feathers puffed out.

"She's sulking," said Cavan, and told me why. He said that the finest exhibition of flying he had ever seen, "by the most graceful birds of heaven," had taken place half an hour before my arrival. He told me all the details in his sharp, excited manner.



AT TEN o'clock that morning Major Cavan had gone to his desk to begin an essay which he had meditated several days. He wrote slowly, distracted by many sights from his paper, "The Extinct Red Kite of Great Britain." He found it more pleasant to watch the finches in the garden, the butterflies which danced their sun dance over the flowers, and his wife hanging out washed garments on the line which stretched from a laburnum tree to a hook in the wall above the window where he was sitting.

These garments waved in a valley wind not strong enough to ruffle a wren's breast feather or sway a floret of Sweet William. White blouses, two pale blue camisoles, a sextet of tiny handkerchiefs, the trousers and jacket of a pair of pajamas—all of silk. His wife went away, and he glanced at what he had written, and prepared to write another paragraph. He ceased a quarter of an hour later when the voice of his wife from the garden said:

"How silly of me! I thought I had hung it there, and I hadn't!"

He inquired what was silly, and she said she was certain that she had hung two camisoles on the line, whereas one only was there, with two spare clothespins. The disappearance was mysterious, for it could not have been blown down by such a gentle wind.

At eleven o'clock her husband got up from his desk and went out of the room and through the kitchen into the yard, where in a loose box used as a falconer's mews three hawks were perching, leashed to blocks. He slipped the leashes of one and putting on a leather gauntlet carried the kite on his wrist to a bow perch on the lawn. When he had fetched the goshawks for their daily airing, he returned to his desk.

The garden birds were scolding the pair of goshawks and the kite. He had brought two kites from Norway, but one had died. Barcud, the kite (Cavan had given it the old Welsh name of the red kite), sat miserable and still. She was thin, and ate less every day, for she was pining.

In the garden the miserable kite uttered a whistling cry which Cavan had never heard before. The goshawks were moving their feet on the curved willow perches and cocking eyes at the sky, but as they stared at every passing bird he had not thought of what bird was sailing out of his sight. He wrote:

"It is to be feared that this beautiful bird, of whom Shakespeare wrote 'When the kite builds, look to lesser linen,' has vanished from the land."

While he was pressing tobacco into a pipe he heard again the wailing whistle from Barcud and saw her flap her wings in an attempt to rise from her perch. The goshawks showed, by their dipping as though for a take-off, that they were disturbed by the presence of something in the sky.

He sprang up, and was stretching over the desk to lean out of the window, when he heard a sudden soughing of wings and saw a shadow sweep over the lawn, and as it vanished two clothespins dropped on the grass.

He jumped out of the window, and when his wife ran out in response to his shouts she saw the extraordinary sight of the lower portion of a pair of pale pink pajamas filled with air and borne from the earth by a big bird holding the fastening cord in its talons.

Now, I had known of that kite's existence for over a year. I saw him first during the previous spring, at the time of change of color on the forest's floor from brown to blue. Bees came to the bluebells hiding the dead leaves, and one morning, wandering under the pines which crested the oakwood on the hill, I saw in the beams of the sun rising above the line of the distant moor a big bird hawking them with the ease of a swallow. I had never seen a bird like this before, but when he turned and showed a long forked tail I knew him for a red kite! Morning after morning I watched this rare and solitary bird, as I lay on a bed of heather and bracken, in a sleeping shelter of pine branches. He roosted always in the same tree, perched on a particular branch. At the join of this branch with the trunk was a flat nest of sticks, to which he added honeysuckle bines and leaves every day, but I never saw a mate with him. I named him Glead.

DURING the days of watching I grew to believe that the hopes and desires of wild birds were equal with man's. I was convinced that Glead had an imagination, that he imagined he had a mate (a dangerous thing for man to do), and that the objects he brought to the empty nest were pleasing to her.

Every dawn he awakened as the soft white orb of the morning star was shrinking into a gold bead, as though melted in the pale light flowing to the zenith from the unrisen sun. He flapped his long red, narrow wings and looked at the dim and spectral trees of the forest and whistled and jumped off the branch to begin the day's search.

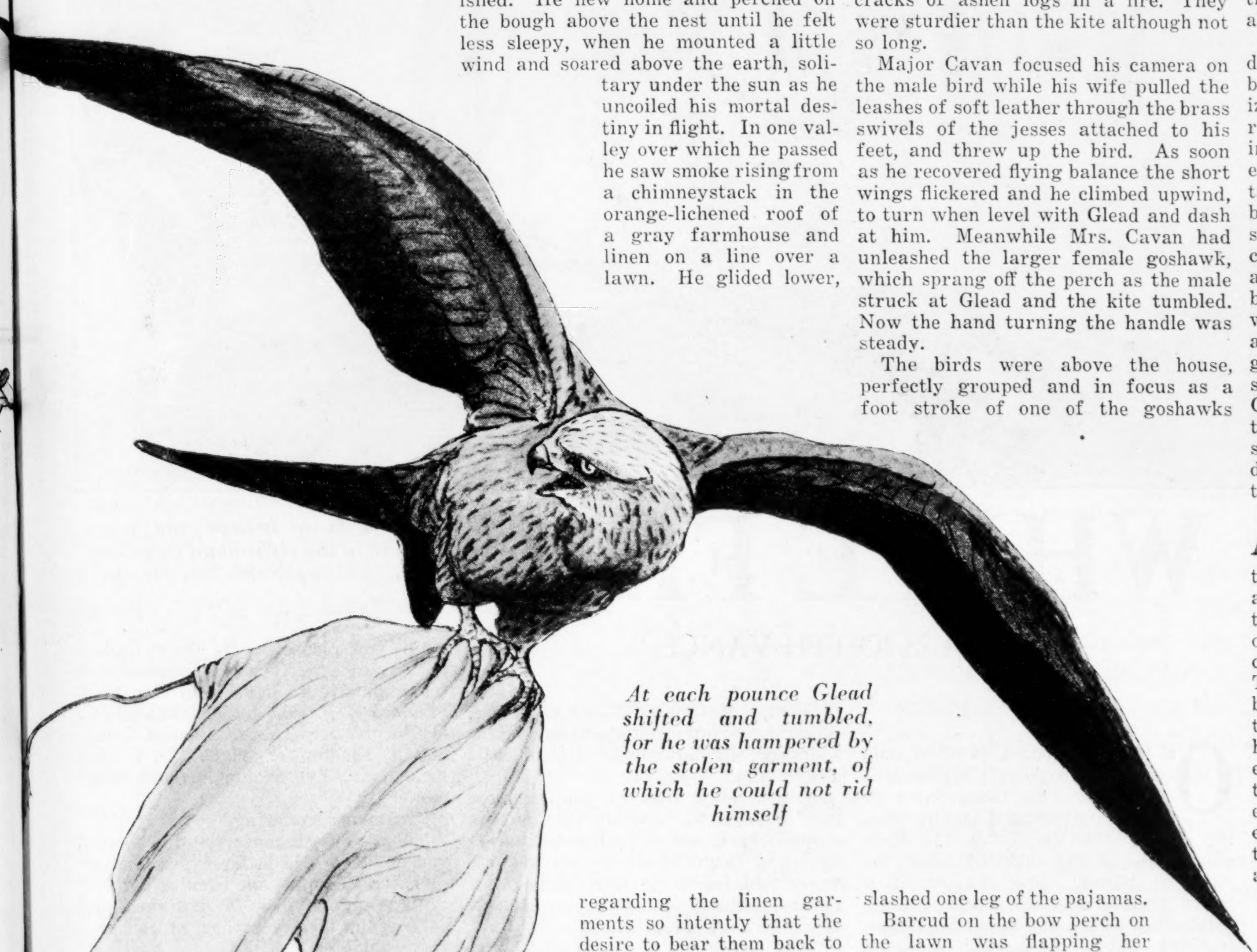
pajamas

Often Glead was a mile high in the sky, sweeping in wide circles and searching for another bird like himself. He soared without thrust or throw of pinion. Sometimes he rushed into vapor, when the sun was hidden from him, and whenever again he saw its shining disk and the wood below him a wild whistling cry fell from his beak. Never was there answer.

He broke his fast on a rat, which he filched from a magpie. The magpie's harsh chatter brought other magpies and a carrion crow out of the wood. They followed the kite and tried to peck him from below and dash upon him from above, while the crow sought to wound him with its open beak. Glead easily avoided the crow and flew leisurely to his tree to eat the rat on the old nest. It must have been several seasons old, for many of the sticks of the flat structure were brittle and grown with fungus and moss. They were elm, holly and oak and bore a load of decorations. Bines of honeysuckle, with the leaves still green, trailed across the four feet of its width. There were flowers—foxgloves, dandelions and orchids. Glead's taste was catholic, for he saw an adorning beauty in a crumpled square of white cloth marked in red letters PROPERTY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. The sun only knows where he got it from!

After his meal Glead cleaned toes and talons with his beak, and rearranged the flowers and the hand towel. He also carefully tore up the Times Literary Supplement, abstracted from my shelter.

The meal of the rat was a poor one, but when he had eaten nine bees, three beetles, a worm, a lizard and a buck rabbit (leaving only its ears beside the snare of brass wire pegged into the turf by a run) he was gorged and satisfied. He flew home and perched on the bough above the nest until he felt less sleepy, when he mounted a little wind and soared above the earth, solitary under the sun as he uncoiled his mortal destiny in flight. In one valley over which he passed he saw smoke rising from a chimneystack in the orange-lichened roof of a gray farmhouse and linen on a line over a lawn. He glided lower, regarding the linen garments so intently that the desire to bear them back to the old nest overcame his fear of buildings from which smoke arose. He swooped into the garden and snatched at one of them, ripping it from the clothespins which held it, and carried it back to his pine tree.



At each pounce Glead shifted and tumbled, for he was hampered by the stolen garment, of which he could not rid himself

Restless in the state of unlove, and soothed by the faculty of imagination, Glead rearranged his decorations. The blue camisole was torn into three pieces and adorned with dandelions, while by an unconscious movement the tail of a rat was poked into the mouth of a rabbit skull, so that when Glead flew off and I climbed the tree, I got the impression of a little, bald and boneheaded man smoking a cigar and reading about the sale of old books at Sotheby's on the last page of the Literary Supplement.

Glead returned to the farmhouse, meaning to get some more from the line, and as he circled above the roof and tree tops, preparing to make his swoop, he saw something which made the featherlets of his neck stand out in excitement. Upon the lawn he had espied another bird like himself. As he glided down a wailing whistle came up to meet him, for the tame kite had seen him, and his reply was so joyful that it was hoarse. Recklessly he swooped upon the line, hidden by the top of the window from the view of Major Cavan, who, seeing the extraordinary sight of his pajamas sailing off, apparently by themselves, gave a shout and ran into the garden.

CAVAN acted almost immediately the thought had come into his mind. In general outline and appearance when resting the goshawks resembled Glead, having hooked beaks, yellow legs and toes, and strong curved black talons for binding on to their prey. But in hue of plumage and shape of wings they differed. The eyes of the goshawks were fiercer and ringed with lemon rings, and their dull white breasts were barred with thin black lines, like the charred cracks of ashen logs in a fire. They were sturdier than the kite although not so long.

Major Cavan focused his camera on the male bird while his wife pulled the leashes of soft leather through the brass swivels of the jesses attached to his feet, and threw up the bird. As soon as he recovered flying balance the short wings flickered and he climbed upwind, to turn when level with Glead and dash at him. Meanwhile Mrs. Cavan had unleashed the larger female goshawk, which sprang off the perch as the male struck at Glead and the kite tumbled. Now the hand turning the handle was steady.

The birds were above the house, perfectly grouped and in focus as a foot stroke of one of the goshawks slashed one leg of the pajamas.

Barcud on the bow perch on the lawn was flapping her wings and wailing as she watched Glead trying to soar above the cuts of the savage goshawks, whose shorter and wider wings enabled them to rise over the kite and swoop upon him with wings half closed and tails shut, with toes spread and talons sharp as needles ready to rend his back. In swift spirals they climbed, and at each pounce Glead shifted and tumbled, for he was hampered by the stolen garment, of which he could not rid himself. Sometimes he stooped upon one of his enemies as the goshawk missed him; at other times he threw his head between his legs (as the camera afterward revealed) in an effort to tear away the entanglement on his feet.

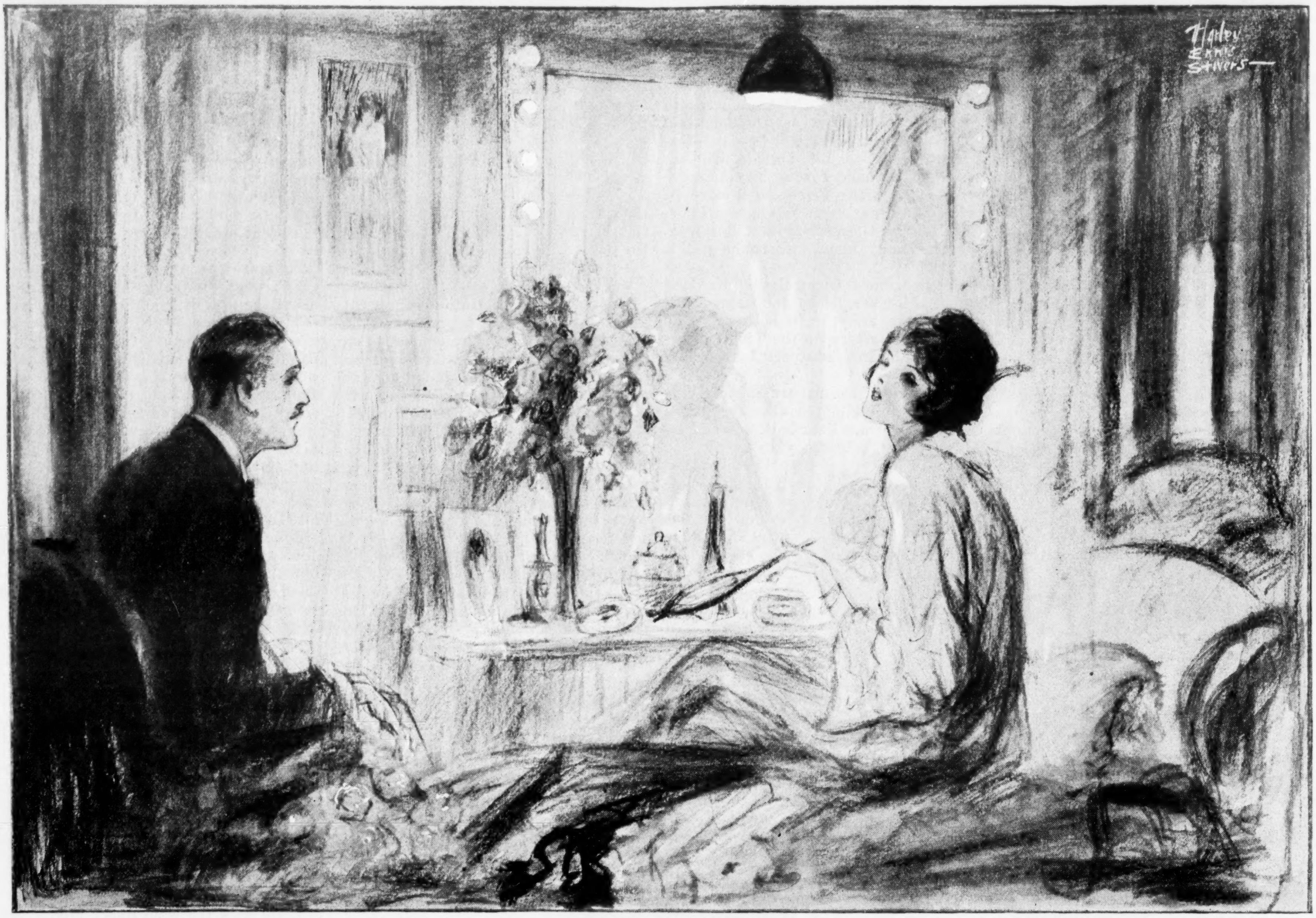
The combat, however, did not remain within camera range for long, and soon Cavan could straighten his back and light a cigarette in satisfaction. The satisfaction of the photographer did not stay with him many moments, but gave way to a feeling of dismay and apprehension for the safety of the wild kite, whose wailing had changed to screaming as he realized that his attackers were too strong for him. The female goshawk was the first to strike the quarry, knocking away many small feathers which the swallows and martins, wheeling in a flock above the hawks, descended to take in their beaks; and Cavan declared that they dropped these feathers and caught them again, twittering jubilantly.

Barcud was straining at her leashes as she tried to fly from the perch, and on impulse Cavan took out his knife and cut through the thongs of porpoise hide above the swivels, and the strings of gut holding the small bells to her legs, thus giving her perpetual freedom. Heavily in frayed pinions she flapped away, and as she rose above the roof the female goshawk fell upon her. She slipped sideways, and flew to join Glead. For many minutes Cavan watched the flight of the four birds, which ascended higher and higher until above the line of the valley Glead and Barcud found the breeze which has been the friend of all kites since the beginning of wings.

Infuriated by their failure to strike down their quarries, the goshawks combined to attack one kite at a time, realizing, perhaps, that the higher they rose the more chance they had of escaping. Beating their wings twice for every flap of the kites' pinions, their tails, like open fans, showing the dark bands upon them, they swerved in swift small rings above the wider and slower circles of the weaker female. They cut at her together, trying to bind upon her back or drive her to the lower air for which their dashing manner was adapted. Cavan watched them through glasses. After the failure of several stoops they left Barcud and attacked Glead, without striking him. He seemed to turn on his back and hold the trousers in their path, which they hit and dropped away from, while Glead flapped to poise with the wind under him.

AFTER a while they found a stronger wind, in which they seemed to ignore the goshawks. On pinions widespread and motionless, their forked tails open, tilting their bodies to get the pressure of the air at the turns, Glead and Barcud mounted higher at each gyration. The curves of their superb soaring were broken many times by flapping shifts to avoid the deadly dives of the baser hawks; but a few beats of pinions—each stroke of which commenced when the wings nearly met overhead and ended with the tips pointing to the earth beneath—placed them again in the track of their invisible airy wheels, and they soared thus until they were but tiny streaks assailed by specks which revolved and crossed the placid orbits of the twain. Major Cavan and his wife gazed until their necks ached, when they lay on the grass and watched in comfort. Smaller and smaller became the birds until the sight of four human eyes, aided by lenses and prisms of glass, saw them as motes of dust which merged into the blue.

These motes vanished from aided human sight, but something dropped into visibility, something pink and tattered, and after it the goshawks appeared, zigzagging down the sky. The male returned to the lure, and was fed, but the female flew into an oak tree and sulked there. Slowly the silk rags drifted earthward, far down the valley and out of sight, until Glead, followed by his mate—"the most graceful birds of heaven"—seized them in a triumphal swoop and bore them away to his nesting tree, where, in the late summer, four British kitelets were reared in safety, mocked in the forest by the cries of seven little green woodpeckers



"So I made believe you were there in the right-hand stage box—and simply let myself go"

WHITE FIRE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks an unprovoked quarrel with her husband. Lance Fairless, a friend of June's, next day asks Tabor to go to New York to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying that she has gone to New York. Tabor follows but does not find her at her regular hotel.

Next day Tabor calls on Jennifer. She returns the letters but refuses any money. On leaving her room Tabor sees Fairless and June enter the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags. He realizes June has lied to him and why.

He rushes out and after walking for hours in a pouring rain returns to the hotel. He sees Jennifer leaving and follows her almost to the river, loses sight of her and decides to drown himself. Someone pulls him back, and he loses consciousness. Ten days later he rouses to find himself in a theatrical boarding house being taken care of by Jennifer. She had also been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had forgotten her own trouble and saved him. Finding him ill she had secured rooms and introduced him as her husband, Tabor Drew. They decide to go on living under this arrangement though their relationship remains platonic.

Since Tabor's disappearance June has been enjoying secret meetings with Lance. They dine one night at a roadhouse where June receives a telephone message from the detective agency engaged by her that Tabor is found. A moment later Tabor enters the room. He insists that June get a quiet divorce and makes them promise to marry as soon as the divorce is granted.

Jennifer, upon Tabor's return that night, tells him that she thinks she had better go away. The reader realizes that they are in love with each other without knowing that the love is returned. She leaves early the next morning, and Tabor is left desolate, though Jennifer corresponds with him regularly during her work on the road in a play. Tabor moves into a house which he buys.

Some months later Tabor goes to see Mona Desmond, a young actress friend of Jennifer's. She informs Tabor that she knows all about his financial interest in Jennifer's work, which he has kept secret, and wants his help in getting a job with Arlington, the producer under whom Jennifer is working. He refuses.

He goes abroad and upon his return receives a letter from Jennifer saying she is doing the lead in a play, "The Ring," shortly to come to New York.

One evening on coming home Tabor finds June waiting for him. She tells him that Lance has fallen down on his promise to marry her and she wants Tabor's assistance in finding him. She wants to know if Tabor knows where Jennifer Challis is and says, "I am sure you will find Lance where she is."

IX

OF ITS own accord, in effect, and certainly without his conscious instruction, the index finger of Tabor's right hand took to tracing shapes of no import on the dark, glossy face of the table by which he stood at pause. The shadow of a frown puzzled over its eccentric independence. The rumor of his heart, too, troubled Tabor, it seemed so loud. After some time he became aware of a voice speaking, a thin and brittle voice which, he supposed, must be his own. "Why," he heard it dispassionately inquire, "do you say that?"

Not less attenuated, a second voice, presumably June's, replied: "It's a natural supposition, isn't it?"

One more meaningless design formed and faded under the tip of that finger. . . .

"Why?"

"For one good reason, because Lance has seen fit to spend most of his time recently, much more than he ever did before, away from home. I don't find it easy to believe that he has so much 'business' in New York to see to."

That voice of a far-away Tabor absently submitted: "Les affaires sont les affaires."

"That," dry accents answered, "is what I mean, precisely."

"Well?"

"Well, of course!"—a conscious, short laugh interrupted—"knowing as I do the sort of woman this Challis is—"

With a click that he could almost have believed was audible Tabor's wits snapped back into smooth coördination again; he forgot about his stupid forefinger and heard no more that other Tabor speaking out of the remoteness of his strange dissociation.

"And what sort of woman are you, pray, to sit in judgment on her?"

FOR one instant June blazed defiance to his heartless challenge; then her spirit wilted, her head dropped over hands that fumbled with the bag in her lap. "I'm sorry, Tabor; I didn't dream you were still fond of the girl."

"Was that ever a question to concern you?"

"I mean . . . You broke with her last Christmas, didn't you? One naturally supposed from that you had waked up to the mistake you were making."

"In fairness to Miss Challis, then, I must tell you she was the first to see that a mistake had been made and to withdraw of her own volition from an impracticable arrangement—which, I may say further, she would not have entered into but for my urging."

"Then you do love her!" June stood up. "Oh, Tabor! I am sorry—"

"If you please!" He drew back a pace from a gesture of commiseration too impulsive to have been measured. "I am trying to be patient, but—"

"Forgive me, Tabor. I know I have not a shadow of right . . . I only meant . . . You should have to suffer more."

"I am not suffering."

"That's only because you don't know, you don't care to believe what I know—that Lance has gone back to her."

"It is my privilege to question that."

"In your loyalty to her, of course—you would!"

"Do you actually believe I would not know—?"

"Do you suppose for a minute this girl would tell you?"

"But if we had, as you say, 'broken'—if our friendship were definitely at an end—why should she tell me anything? What would it matter to me what she did?"

"It would weaken her hold on you if you knew she'd taken up with Lance again—"

"Her 'hold'?—on me!"

"You lived with her a while, didn't you? That gives her a hold on you that women of a certain sort don't let men like you forget in a hurry."

Tabor's mouth tightened. "It is impossible that this conversation should continue. I cannot permit the honesty of Miss Challis to be libeled by you." He moved toward the door.

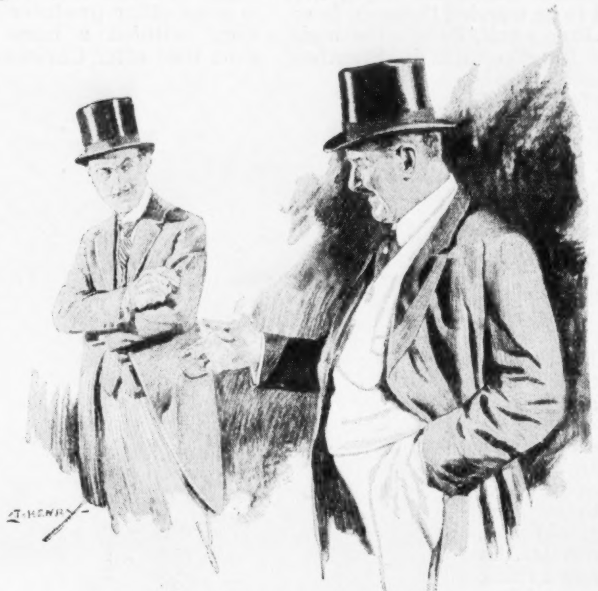
"Please, Tabor, please!" the woman wailed—"don't (*Continued on page 30*)

Money's Red Flag

THEY—thousands of men and women—have precious dollars saved through years of self-denial and courage. Shy and self-conscious, they are oftentimes so much embarrassed it is hard for them to ask their questions—questions which have haunted them for days—questions which have kept them awake wondering and worrying.

Once they get the notion that their dollars can be doubled or trebled in a short time, through speculation or luck, nothing but the loss of all or part of their treasure brings them to a clear understanding of the perils of investment. They need the danger signal—money's red flag of warning—the danger signal of unwarranted risk.

* * * * *



DOLLAR PIRATES!

"The first thing to do, Blackie, is to look at the map and pick out a town where smart people have money in banks. Somewhere in this big United States people have been saving up coin for years, just waiting for us to come and get it."

So said J. Rufus (Get-Rich-Quick) Wallingford, smiling and engaging character from the pen of the late George Randolph Chester. So true to life—his counterparts are to be found the world over. Bold in the open and cunning behind cover, they plunder alike the simple, the greedy, the rich and the poor.

According to Postmaster General New, the people of this country are robbed by dollar pirates of more than $1,000,000,000 a year in mail-fraud schemes alone! How much more is lost through other frauds cannot be estimated.

Don't let a Wallingford get *your* savings!

To the office of a big insurance company come pathetic stories of money lost in speculation and unwise investments. Dismayed men and women, when it is too late, tell their experiences of funds provided by life insurance or saved by thrift, lost in wild-cat schemes promising great returns, sunk in "sure thing" tips from well-meaning friends and relatives, or frittered away in stock speculation.

The pity of it is that the hardest blows often fall on those least able to bear them—on men past the age of self-support, on women with no business experience, on young people trying to get a start in the world.

The Eternal Temptation

Over and over again one hears, "Surely there must be some way that I can get more than 6% on my money with safety. I am promised—practically guaranteed—that a certain stock will pay 10% or more and probably double in value. Only a few people know about this. A friend has just told me and says I must act quickly or lose the chance. Shall I invest?" The answer, in most cases, is "NO—that is not an investment, it is a speculation."

The dollar pirates know that few of us would resist the temptation to get-rich-quick if we could feel sure that the golden opportunity had arrived at last. With that bait they lure their victims. They point to a few fabulously wealthy men and tell you that these men took chances. But they say nothing about the brains and the hard work which these men put in, along with their money. The victim listens, believes, plunges—and loses.

Records show that in all lines of business, good, bad and indifferent, large and small, the majority of new enterprises fail. And in the purely speculative, big-promise ventures the losses are appalling.

There is a definite danger line in investing money, and that line is located today at about 6%. This does not mean that everything below 6% is sound, nor that everything above is speculative, but—Money's Red Flag of warning appears at this level. Beware of the untried, unseasoned offerings. Remember—"the higher the rate the greater the risk." Remember also that those who have but little money to invest are the ones who can least afford to take chances.

Investing is a Profession

Without study and experience you cannot know the difference between safe investment and dangerous speculation. Investing money is a highly specialized profession based on a wide knowledge and constant study of many lines of business. None but experts know the comparative and ever changing values of various investments. Safe investments cannot be made on memory of *past* values.

Go to a bank and ask to be directed to the best man to advise you about investment. You will find yourself welcome in the best bank in your community, even though you have only a small amount to invest. The banker of today will try to protect you against fraudulent investments because general prosperity, which includes yours, helps the bank's prosperity.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The United States Government is trying to put out of business and put in jail all investment crooks and especially those who prey upon persons of small means—who can least afford to lose their money. Whenever you receive circulars or pamphlets or letters offering to make you rich over night, turn them over to the Post Office Department so that the Government may investigate, and, if necessary, prosecute.

Better Business Bureaus of various cities, bankers associations, national associations of manufacturers and other groups are issuing warnings against fake stock promoters. Many organizations are joining hands to prevent the stealing of billions of dollars by these financial tricksters.

Many of the foremost manufacturing plants are trying to protect their workers by issuing warnings in pay envelopes and on Bulletin Boards. Suggestions for notices will be mailed on request to interested executives.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will neither criticize nor advise as to any particular investment but will be glad to mail free a booklet, "How to Invest Your Money" dealing with the general problem of investing which may aid you to avoid financial pitfalls. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

White Fire

Continued from page 28

turn me off like this; don't refuse to help me—"

"I am sorry."

The tone was inflexible. Tabor's attitude remained an open invitation to the door, but the woman refused to recognize it.

"Perhaps I am unfair," she drearily conceded. "I'm sure I don't mean to be, but I'm simply distracted. If I have said anything to hurt you, I'm sorry. If I have misjudged this girl you're in love with, I apologize. But don't refuse to help me if you can."

The shake that Tabor gave his head was not of refusal but of baffled comprehension. "Is it possible?" he mused aloud. . . . "Do you wish me to understand, June—assuming, for the sake of the argument, it should transpire that Lance has turned from you to another, to any other woman—you still want the fellow, even against his will?"

THE woman who had been his wife gave him a look of pure amazement. "Can you stand there and pretend to know what love means, and doubt it? If pride and self-respect had anything to do with love, do you suppose I could have humiliated myself like this?—to you, of all men! What about yourself? Have you forgotten you are one of the Philadelphia Wynnes, and yet . . . Oh! I didn't mean to say that." She wrung her hands and besought charity with a moving countenance. "The mere fact that I could be tempted to say anything so certain to antagonize you ought to show how more than half beside myself I am. There—don't say anything more—I'll go now. Only say, if you should by any chance see or hear anything . . . "

"I shall not fail to send you word," Tabor promised with a slight, formal bow. "But tell me where to find you."

"I'm stopping at the Walpole for a few days; I don't know how long. Or a note or telegram addressed in care of May will be sure to find me. And—thank you."

Hanging back at the street door, June added: "And try to think more kindly of me, Tabor. You said a while ago you didn't wish to punish me any more. Well, remember I've been cruelly punished already; and somehow I have a feeling my punishment is only beginning. Try to forgive me."

"Is there something to forgive?" His look of weary wonder was unaffected. "It all seems so long ago. . . . I am unaware of holding you in any malice to-day, June; I am merely, and I don't say this meanly, sorry for you."

THAT was sincerely said, but to say it cost something, for he was suffering. He dragged, as they drag who are partly crippled, up to his room and an unhappy night, with the poison which June had planted there rankling in his bosom and giving him no rest. And in that bad hour when darkness makes its last stand against dawn, that dead hour whose night is like despair in its true essence, he got up and went to his study, to sit shivering at his desk poring with tired eyes over Jennifer's letters, seeking what he could by no means find, one word to back him up in his rejection of the unspeakable thing which June had asked him to accept as not only credible but probable.

He would not believe it; in this life, none the less, he knew, everything is possible that may be postulated of the hearts of men. Had he not that same night seen June trailing her pride in the dust like a broken wing? And memory held too many souvenirs, words of Jennifer's freely given at times when she had been anxious to explain herself, as well as inadvertent allusions, that witnessed to the absolute dominion over her being which infatuation for Fairless once had exercised. And if once, why not once again? There are affections which fasten themselves upon the soul as cancers fasten upon the flesh, which the surgeon's knife may hack away in mass but never wholly extirpate.

"Oh, dear! we do make funny muddles of our lives, don't we, Tabby?"

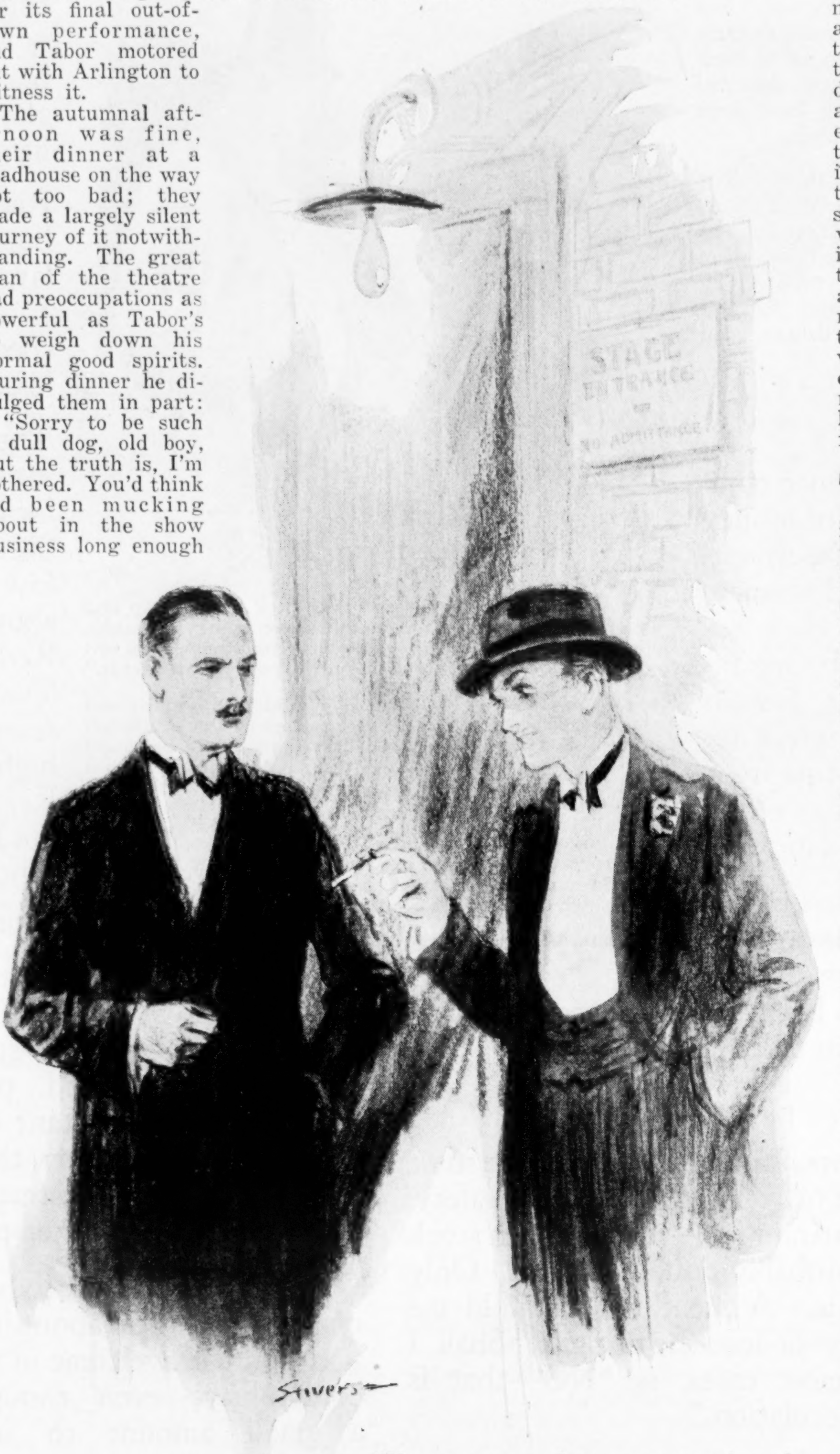
The riddle of those words in her last letter tormented Tabor for days; five, indeed, had to be worried through, in sequence to June's call, before the night when "The Ring" opened in Stamford for its final out-of-town performance, and Tabor motored out with Arlington to witness it.

The autumnal afternoon was fine, their dinner at a roadhouse on the way not too bad; they made a largely silent journey of it notwithstanding. The great man of the theatre had preoccupations as powerful as Tabor's to weigh down his normal good spirits. During dinner he divulged them in part:

"Sorry to be such a dull dog, old boy, but the truth is, I'm bothered. You'd think I'd been mucking about in the show business long enough to know better, but I'm always jumpy like this on the eve of an important production. That's why I had to cut out the nerve tonic for life. I used to soothe myself with rum so liberally that I couldn't tell what was happening to a piece on its first night and had such a head on me the next day I didn't care whether it had gone over or not. Nowadays I merely crawl into my shell and snap the head off anybody who has the cheek to speak to me in a civil manner. To-night I'm in a state that, in the old days, would have been the signal for a two weeks' binge."

"Not induced by late reports from 'The Ring,' I hope?"

"Too bad to disappoint you, but due to nothing else in the whole wide world. Not to put too fine a point on it, we're liable to find ourselves in one hell of a jam before midnight. Between ourselves, I've been banking on this piece to run the winter through and level up my losses on the flops some of my other productions are bound to make. I've leased the Town Theatre for forty weeks; and we've got to open there Monday night or keep the house dark at a loss—because I've nothing else ready to stick into it—or else sublet to some other producer and leave 'The Ring' without a home till, probably, some time after Christmas.



"You seem to have a taste for the women I'm through with. Stick around, maybe I'll chuck you another"

"And now, at the last call, I'm told Mortimore Fales, the leading man, has fallen off the wagon again and is hitting it up so hard he doesn't know half the time whether he's playing Cuthbert Stevens or Shakespeare. The chances are, depending on what sort of a performance he gives to-night, and whether Billy Coin thinks Fales can pull himself together if we ride herd on him a while—chances are we'll have to chuck somebody else into his part on two days' notice. Also, I understand, one of the girls in the cast is threatening to turn cute on us, in which case we'll have to replace her too. Otherwise, and aside from the fact that the scenery to fit the Town stage isn't ready and can't be inside a week, according to all reports, everything's perfectly jake."

"Which of the girls?" Tabor demanded.

"Oh, don't worry" Arlington chuckled. "Not the apple of your sedate and Quakerish eye, I don't mind telling you that much. But I'm just superstitious enough not to want to tempt Fate by naming the young lady out loud till after to-night's performance. Maybe she'll take a tumble to herself and act like a little lady if we don't let on. . . ."

To avoid parading their association and thereby provoking "the show business" to nose into his hidden concerns and, all too probably, unbury the relation in which he stood to Jennifer's fortunes, Tabor asked to be dropped at a distance from the Stamford Theatre, and made his tardy and inconspicuous entrance as a stray item of sidewalk traffic. Arlington had already gone on into the playhouse, with the delegation tagging which theatrical Broadway had sent up to "get an eyeful" of his newest venture, and which, aware that nothing would happen before the producer turned up, had swarmed in the lobby and on the curb to kill time, smoking miscellaneous rolls of tobacco, viewing the phenomena of small-town life with world-weary eyes, and talking recondite shop out of the corners of cynical mouths. Tabor, passing in with the last trickle of the paying public, saw no face he knew.

THE auditorium was dark and the footlights bright when he gave his seat check into hands that held a flashlamp and, following them down an aisle, edged in past several pair of indignant knees to a chair in the middle of a row, aware the while that somebody had come out before the glowing curtain to make an announcement whose nature was only to be surmised from fragmentary, mumbled phrases. Tabor identified the words "indisposition," "emergency," "disappoint the public," and finally "kind indulgence."

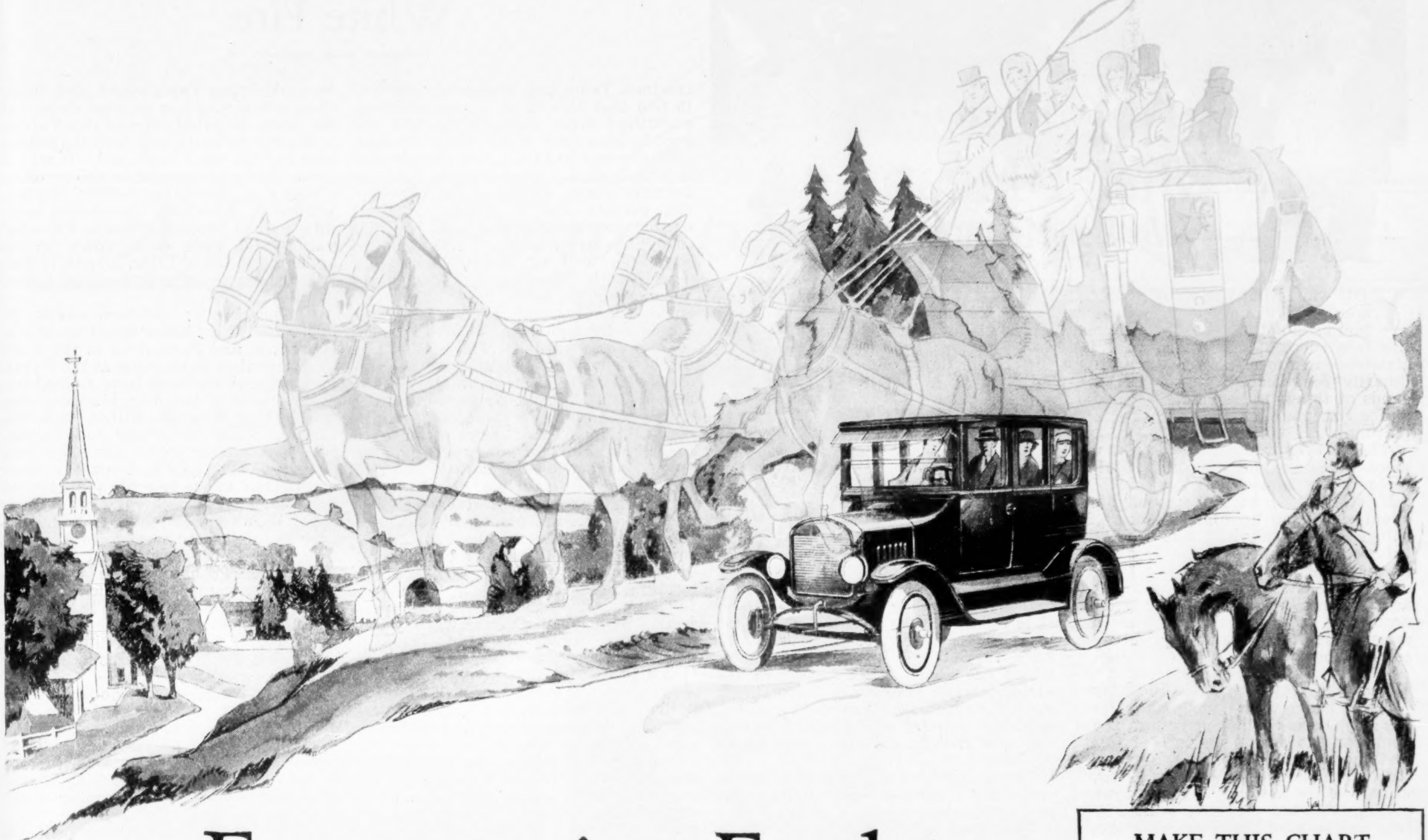
Then the speaker, a remarkably plain man in remarkably plain clothing, stopped short, swallowed hard, executed a jerky bow and, backing precipitately away, tripped over his own heels and vanished as though a rude hand had plucked him bodily back into the wings. An immediate, wicked fusillade back stage suggested a summary cure for all his woes, but proved, upon disclosure of the first-act set, to have been preliminary business of the play.

A consular residence in the foreign quarter of a Chinese city was being, as is customary, besieged by hordes of yellow fiends. Noble Europeans in white shirts open at the throat, riding breeches and puttees, some with grisly bandages round their heads, were firing their last rounds of ammunition through breached walls and loopholes in shuttered windows. One of them, a middle-aged body in an advanced stage of dinner clothes, was fuddling himself with whisky and pronouncing offensive strictures on the conduct of the heroic defenders.

ON a rattan chaise longue down stage one of the casualties lay silently suffering first-aid ministrations at the hands of the conventional padre and a young thing in a bedraggled dance frock, who made prompt occasion to show the footlights the pretty face of Mona Desmond. And when Jennifer, more graciously draped, came on during a lull in the siege operations the besotted gentleman said cutting things to her too, thereby establishing their relationship as man and wife; and Tabor was taken with premonition that the motionless figure of romance on the chaise longue would turn out to be the chap she was secretly but ever so innocently in love with. It was that kind of a play.

The one surprise, indeed, that the first act held for even so indifferently hardened a playgoer came when the wounded man roused in time to play a scène-à-faire with Jennifer—a scene whose tenderest passages were fated, of course, to be overheard by the drinking husband and lead into a passage of heavy emotional tension whose crisis would fail when the final onslaught of the Chinese was defeated through the well-timed arrival of American

(Continued on page 32)



Free-running Fords

What every Ford owner should know about *"light"–"medium"–"heavy"*

THE Ford owner who is tempted to use *heavier* oil than Mobiloil "E" should remember the old adage, "The food you eat today, walks and talks tomorrow." *The oil you use today determines the size of tomorrow's repair bills.*

The Mobiloil Board of Engineers holds no brief for light, medium or heavy oils as such. The Board's sole purpose is to specify the *correct* oil for each make and model of engine. Its years of study and tests prove that heavier oils than Mobiloil "E" do not give such good results in Ford engines.

If heavier oils gave better results in Fords, the Vacuum Oil Company would be glad to recommend them. For the heavier grades of Mobiloil—correct for other engines—have won laurels the world over. One was used throughout the U. S. Army Round-the-World Flight.

But for the Ford engine a lighter oil of high lubricating quality is needed. No heavier oil than Mobiloil "E" should be used. Mobiloil "E" flows freely and is readily atomized into a mist of oil which penetrates every clearance and covers all frictional surfaces with rich protection. It is ideal for the Ford transmission and clutch. Any excess on reaching the Ford combustion chambers is quickly expelled, thus making troublesome carbon almost a rarity. *In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.*

There are no climatic conditions in the United States which require the use of heavier oil than Mobiloil "E" in a Ford engine. And the use of heavier oil to increase compression in worn engines will usually result in troublesome carbon deposit and unsatisfactory operation.

He wants your STEADY trade

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil makes his bid for your future business by recommending the best oil the market affords. You can be reasonably certain that he follows the same methods with his tires, his accessories, and his service. You are apt to find that *everything* he offers will make you want to come back for more.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

The sign to Ford thrift

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.			A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.						

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From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

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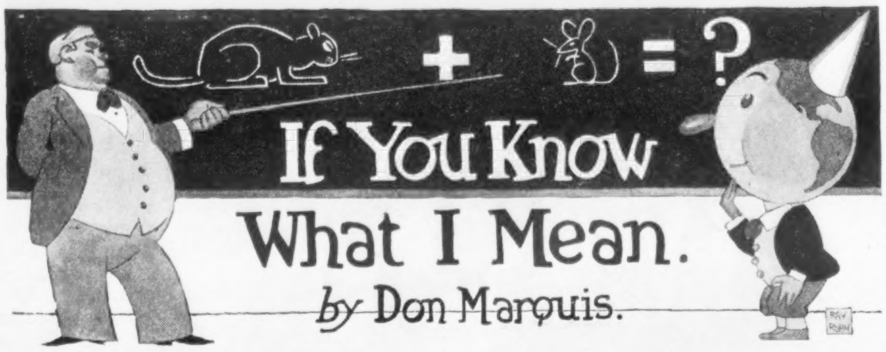
For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis.

YOU want what you want when you want it—but do you want it after you have got it? Yes? Then your life is a success; otherwise, a failure. Existence in America to-day is extraordinarily complicated; there are thousands of things to yearn for, work for, suffer for, plan for, spend your life in getting.

There never was a time when it was more necessary for the individual to discover for himself, and within himself, what it is he really wants, and avoid cluttering up his existence with things that he only half wants, or with things he gets because he sees other people going after them.

I believe most of the people of my acquaintance are busily engaged in acquiring material and mental and social properties that they tire of as soon as they possess.

WISHES are horses, and the beggar who has a strong enough wish may ride. Be careful what you want, for if you want it badly enough you will certainly be able to get it. Be careful what you want, for you may discover when you are well on your way toward getting it—when you have wanted it so long and so hard that you can scarcely escape getting it—that you won't want it at all after you really have it. And be careful not to allow the ideas of other persons as to what you *should* want influence you one way or the other.

MY OWN life is likely to be a failure because I allowed myself to be influenced by other people to such an extent that I finally quit striving after the thing I wanted most; I inhibited the wish, I grew a cyst about it; the essence of it still escapes into my dreams sometimes, but I doubt as to whether it will ever become a mundane reality.

At the age of eleven I wanted to be a prestidigitator.

To enter a drawing-room, bowing and smiling, and casually remove a young alligator from the sleeve of my hostess as I greeted her—what could be more thrilling than that?

To lean across the table at a dinner party and, requesting the lady opposite to open her mouth to its fullest extent, to take from between her jaws a corkscrew, a live white rat and two pigeon eggs—what could be merrier, or more calculated to make one sought after socially?

Indeed, what could be more *useful*, civically? For I intended to dedicate my Art to the service of the community and make it a part of the equipment of a Great Detective.

To this end I also studied ventriloquism, and I think I might have made good as a ventriloquist, but that just as I was getting the hang of it, after several years of practice, my voice began to change.

THIS is what I really wanted, but I was steered away from it. But I intend to take it up again in a few years and devote the rest of the middle age and all of my old age to it. The wish is still hidden somewhere in my being, for, as I have said, it escapes into my dreams.

One of these dreams is that I am being presented to the King and Queen of England and Their Majesties say in chorus:

"We certainly *are* glad to have the opportunity of meeting *you*, Mr. Marquis!"

I draw a 44-caliber revolver from a subtly hidden holster and fire twice, once at Her Majesty's bosom and once at His Majesty's heart. The court is paralyzed for a moment, aghast, even indignant—and then it is seen that the rings of smoke from the pistol's muzzle have turned into wreaths of violets which are gently wafted through the air and settle fragrantly and daintily upon Their Majesties' crowns. Laughter, applause, wonder and admiration, jollity and delight fill the room in an instant.

The Queen begs me to stay to luncheon, when I surpass myself with corks and bottles and sticks of celery.

The King insists that I stay on to tea.

The only way I can get out of the palace at all is by resorting to the Vanishing Trick.

THIS is the sort of thing that I was born to do, but I weakly allowed myself to listen to other persons, and I have missed happiness and success. Even if I take it up later the chances are that I will never be as good as I might have been.

I have allowed too many things of secondary importance to come between me and this that was my first true love. But when I die and go to heaven I intend to put in a large part of eternity perfecting myself in this happy and innocent Art.

WHICH brings me back to my point—we should not let life on this earth become so complicated that we postpone the realization of our Dearest Wish until we get to heaven. The probabilities are that life on this earth is for some purpose or other—otherwise, why should the Cosmic Urge bother about presenting it to us?

Figure out just exactly what it is that you want, that you want most, and don't let the other stuff throw you off it; get as much practice as you can at it here, against the time when you take it with you into the hereafter.

YOU see, seriously—and forgetting my own grotesque self-revelation, which was just put in to make you read this far—what I am urging you to do is to wish for something that you won't be ashamed of when you have to take it along with you into the hereafter.

And you can get even by urging the same thing upon me. . . .

NINE hundred gallons of alcohol were discovered recently near the New York Police Headquarters—but discovered by federal agents, not by the New York police.

A NEWSPAPER report tells of a Chicago preacher who has committed the entire Bible to memory. It is to be hoped that this will not inspire his church to bind him in black leather and put him on the shelf.

White Fire

Continued from page 30

marines. Tabor was moderately startled to find that this by no means seriously punctured lover was clothed with the good-looking flesh of Mr. Nigel Tormay.

That name had been, now one stopped to think of it, conspicuously rare in Jennifer's later letters of the Minneapolis period; and it seemed, at first, matter for wonder that she had not thought it worth while to mention that Nigel, as well as Mona, had found a berth with "The Ring." Tabor found it amusing to watch the young man make his way, and not without fair success, through the unfolding succession of scenes with whose lines and business he was so sketchily conversant. Though memory in respect of both did fail him at times, and he declined to haunt the prompter's neighborhood, and Tabor more than once suspected him of improvising, he seemed seldom to be at serious loss and unfailingly covered his worst faults with every appearance of ease. New matter, which the genius of Cuthbert Stevens had invented to lend a sense of common mortal life to the old stuff of melodrama which was his chosen medium, Jennifer was using in a way that made it seem the peculiar projection of a spirit at once warmly human and sorcerous—unique.

TABOR might have thought himself victim of a delusion which his own desires had brewed, but could not reject the evidence which the audience gave. Jennifer was called before the curtain several times after the second act, and after the third was still taking calls when Tabor worked out to the aisle and asked his way to the stage door.

Arlington waylaid him there and refused him entrance.

"I had a hunch you'd be snooping round at about this stage. Wait till the curtain's up, if you don't mind, old boy. It's a short act, but a big one—I wouldn't for the world have anything happen to upset that young woman before she goes on."

"I know no reason why to see me should upset her," Tabor meekly submitted. "However, you may be right."

The great man passed a hand through his arm and drew him aside, out of range of inquisitive ears. "Well?" he smilingly inquired.

"She has made good, hasn't she?"

"I am here," Arlington with emphasis stated, "to tell the World she has, likewise the Times, the Herald, the American, and every other rag that carries a critic on its pay roll. You ought to feel pretty good."

"I'm not complaining. What about this new leading man?"

"Oh, Tormay?" Arlington indifferently replied. "He'll do, I guess. He will have to do a whole lot better, of course, but it looks as though we'd have to set the opening back a couple of days, anyway, and that ought to give him time to get on speaking terms with his lines."

"I thought he was doing fairly well, everything considered. How did you happen to have him on hand?"

"Tormay?" Tabor fancied a hint of hesitation, but discovered that the producer was delaying to set fire to a cigarette. "He's one of Billy Coin's finds. Billy saw him work out in Minneapolis a while back, when I sent him out there to clock Jenny Challis from behind a false mustache, so she wouldn't know she was under observation. And Tormay happened to be hanging round the theatre the other night up in Ithaca—don't ask me how or why: it ain't in nature for an actor out of work to do any of his heavy loafing away from Longacre Square—the night Fales went to sleep on his cot in the first act, and snored till the house howled and they had to ring down."

"And you didn't replace him on the spot?" Tabor marveled.

"Burchell Brown and Stevens were all for that, wanted to close down till we could dig up some other lead of Fales' draft; but Billy Coin thought maybe he could bring Fales round, and talked them into giving him another show. All the same, he quietly tipped this Tormay youngster to trail along with the production and see what happened. It was no good then, of course, asking either Stevens or Brown to believe anybody without a Broadway reputation could fill a pair of shoes Mortimore Fales left vacant—I'd have come down on the notion like a ton of brick, myself, if Billy hadn't been too wise to breathe a word of it.

"To-night was different—with the house sold out, Challis tuned up to concert pitch, and Fales dead to the world by dinner time in his room at the Davenport. Somebody must have slipped him the bottle they found by his side, what was left of it, while Billy's back was turned. Then Billy told me Tormay had been sitting in on the show ever since Ithaca, but out in front, of course; and the boy swore he could pull this one performance through, anyway; so there didn't seem to be anything to do but believe in fairies and trust to luck. Thus far, what with grit and gall and Billy Coin coaching him in the wings, he seems to have turned the trick; and I'm so foolish with gratitude I'm going to give him another chance when we open in Town. I know it's plain insanity, but—what would you?—this is the show business."

"What," Arlington abruptly demanded, "did you think of your second-best protégée to-night?"

"Mona?" Tabor thinly grimaced, and demurred. "Well . . . I presume it was Mona you had in mind during dinner when you said one other member of the cast was worrying you?"

"It was," Arlington snapped—"It was. I'm not any more. Her part's not so heavy we can't stick another bit of fluff in to sub for her with a few days' rehearsing."

"You don't think perhaps a good talking to—"

"She's had it already, and more than one—Billy Coin, Brown, Stevens—"

"I mean from you."

"My poor, dear friend!" the producer cried in reproach—"do credit me with having seen enough of life to know breath spent reasoning with a jealous woman is breath wasted."

"'Jealous'!"

"Oh, well, envious, if I must be a purist—envious of Jenny Challis. Mona 'knew her when;' now, at a time when she's fancying herself heaps, all of a sudden she sees Jenny forging ahead up a grade too steep for Mona ever to hope to make. That's what makes the show business one mad whirl of excitement and everything—the heavy percentage of human nature that enters into it."

From the stage door somebody respectfully called: "Mr. Arlington? Curtain's going up."

Stationed well back in the shadows of the wings, Tabor watched, from an angle novel to him, through a door that stood open on the third-act set, a Jennifer in whom self-confidence had been made firm play to a superb finish a last act superbly written.

THE corridors of the dressing-room were lively with voices and scampering feet. He didn't hear Jennifer approach, but all at once he knew that she was in the doorway, and turned to her his shy, apologetic smile. In the same breath she flung in, unceremoniously slamming the door in the faces of half a dozen followers, and threw to him both hands.

"Tabby!" she cried, and again, with the same breathless catch, "Tabby!"

To know the radiance of her countenance for him was to feel doubts lift like mists that smoke away in the smile of a new sun.

But it were neither fair to her nor safe for him to presume too far on that. The girl was merely carried a bit out of herself, and most pardonably. Tabor bent his lips to hands that clung to him.

"You're really glad to see me, Jenny?"

(Continued on page 34)

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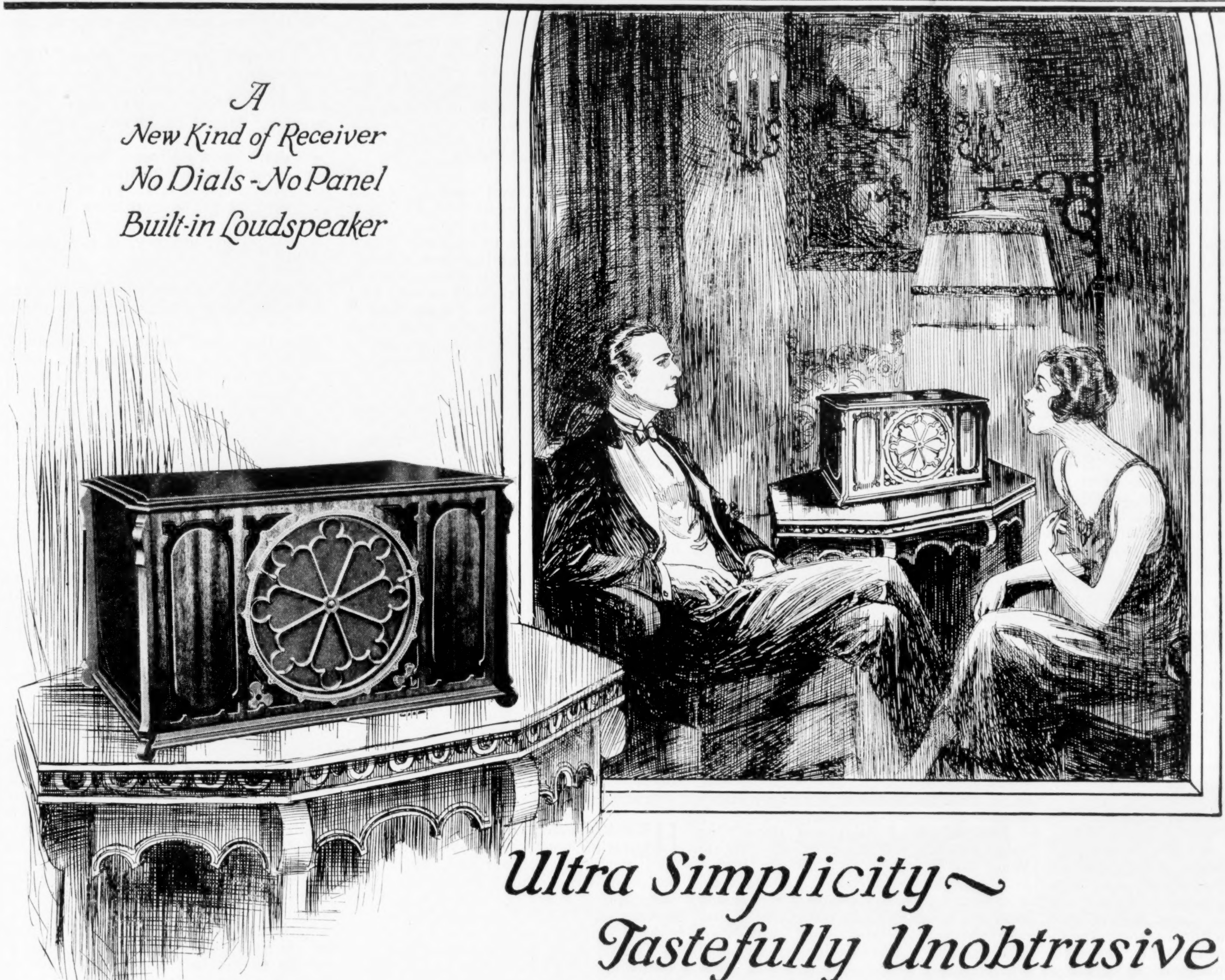

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CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

A FRIEND of mine, Dr. William E. Ritter, who has taught zoölogy in the University of California for twenty-five years, has been spending much of his time of late in the monkey house of the zoo. He was trying to find out if monkeys are as intelligent as they seem to be.

If you have ever watched a monkey at feeding time you will have noticed how finicky he seems about his food. He picks over the pieces, feels of them, scrutinizing them with apparent care, tastes one and throws it away, tastes another and swallows it. Every now and then he stirs the whole ration around with his hand, and proceeds with sorting and selecting again.

You may also have noticed that a monkey, given a potato or a banana, will scrape off the skin with its teeth, or if given a dirty piece of bread or fruit will wipe it off on his fur.

Dr. Ritter got permission to feed one of the monkeys. He gave him fifty neatly cut square disks of sweet potato, all just alike in size and shape, all equally edible and properly peeled.

But that made no difference to the monkey. He pawed them over just the same, and carefully scraped off with his teeth the surface of each bit of potato before eating it.

What Have You Seen?

"THE meaning of this?" said Dr. Ritter. "Countless generations of monkeys removed inedible or non-nutritious or bad-tasting substances from the faces of fruits, nuts, roots, insects, etc., by the combined action of their hands and mouths. The natural, ancestral preliminary in monkeydom to eating a thing is to strip it of its outside.

"The monkey does select from a miscellaneous mess of food the most appetizing morsels. But he also sorts and selects from mere habit when there is no sense in it. Monkeys are vastly more subject to this sort of thing than men—and that is saying a good deal."

The method of observation and experiment used by Professor Ritter in his study of the monkey mind can be employed by anyone who is interested in animals. Have you noticed actions of a dog, cat or other pet which seemed at first sight to indicate intelligence, and yet on closer observation turned out to be due rather to instinct or ancestral habit? Does a bird make unnecessary nests or a squirrel store up stones instead of nuts? If so, write to Collier's about it.

YESTERDAY a man I met at the club during lunch told me he had solved the water-supply question for his summerhouse in the mountains by putting a hydraulic ram in the small stream running through his farm and this kept the tank on the roof full all the time.

"What's the efficiency of the machine?" I asked. I knew the ram uses such a lot of water to raise a little.

"One hundred per cent," he answered. "The water all ran to waste before; what I save now is so much clear gain."

This way of figuring would shock an engineer, but I was thinking about it when I looked at the broad Potomac that flows in front of my office. It was a hundred yards wide and running so fast that when I tried to keep up with a floating chip I soon fell behind, although I had expended more energy than I like to use up in hot weather.

Pontooning the Potomac?

COULD not this flowing energy somehow be used to save mine? Why not put paddle wheels in it and use these to run dynamos and fill storage batteries with the electricity and put these in electric sedans? There's my radio battery, too, that needs filling up.

Of course a water wheel on each bank would not give much power, but why not put a bridge of pontoons or a lot of them across the river and place a wheel between or behind each? Of course this undershot wheel is the most wasteful of all, but who cares when the water is all wasted, anyhow?

This idea struck me as so bright and original that I thought—as every American does—of getting it patented. And then I went home, and having a few minutes to wait for dinner, I picked out from the shelves, according to my custom, a book as remote as possible from my day's work.

The volume I happened upon this time was the "History of the Gothic War," by Procopius of Cæsarea, and—you know how often when you have an idea in mind you strike something about it in the most unlikely quarters—I discovered that my "discovery" was tried in 537 A. D. by Belisarius when Rome was besieged by the Goths. It was, therefore, not patentable, but was it not workable? O. C. Merrill, executive secretary of the Federal Power Commission, figured it out for me as follows:

Suppose we had a continuous chain of water wheels extending across a river a thousand feet wide, fifteen feet deep, and running at a rate of five miles an hour. Each wheel is sixteen feet in diameter with blades six feet long dipping a foot and a half. If the velocity of the wheel is half the velocity of the current, then the total power derivable from such a thousand-foot current motor is only 425 horsepower.

It would obviously be cheaper to buy and run a gas or steam engine. Since the entire energy of the current of the stream is 6,000 horsepower, sixteen such installations would theoretically be sufficient to exhaust it and to convert the river into a pond. The river, not having energy left to move with, would hang around Washington and fill up and this would make it uncomfortable for us living here.

So I wash my hands of the Potomac. It may roll on for all me. (It rolls on.)

White Fire

Continued from page 32

"Glad! I'm so happy, Tabby, I just can't believe it"—she gave a sobbing laugh—"so happy I'm crying, and that hurts. When this damn' stuff gets wet it runs into your eyes and smarts like fun." A reckless sweep cleared one chair. "Sit down, Tabby dear, and don't mind me for a minute. I'm all right, only too much a baby."

She settled before the mirror to mop away rills of fluid mascara that ran from heavily plated lashes.

"If I'd only guessed. . . . Why didn't you let me know you were coming out to-night? You never even wrote one word of warning on the card that came with your lovely roses, Tabby. So I just had to pretend you were out front and play for you anyway."

He felt that he was grinning foolishly, but didn't much care.

"Did you, truly?"

"Of course. I'd been meaning to wait till I was sure of you in New York, but to-night, with everything such a frightful mix-up, and that beast Fales out of the cast and Nigel giving such a makeshift performance in his place, it began to look as if there mightn't be any first night in New York. So I made believe you were there, in the right-hand stage box—it was empty, but didn't you notice how I was playing to it?—and simply let myself go."

"Even if I hadn't been here to be so honored," Tabor submitted, "you must be satisfied it was worth your effort."

"Oh, dear! I don't know, Tabby. Now that you're really and truly here, it's almost too much happiness for one heart to hold." The girl swung about from the dressing table, her painted face once more presentable. "I was pretty good, wasn't I, Tabby?"

"To me," the man protested with the simplicity of entire conviction, "you were nothing short of magnificent."

"Oh!" Jennifer sighed, and put out a hand to rest over those which Tabor had clasped upon a knee, and smiled, and rapidly winked, and wagged her head. "Don't make me cloud up and weep again, please. I can't stand it."

"And even if my opinion is biased and nonprofessional and so valueless—"

"It's all I care about."

"Even to the exclusion of Mr. Arlington's?"

"Tabby! Do you know him?"

HE HAD been on the qui vive for that question, even had paved the way for it with low cunning. Now that it fell the most critical analysis of which he was capable read it altogether artless. Mona, then, had been true to her word, had not yet betrayed him.

"I made it my business to scrape acquaintance," Tabor serenely equivocated. "With your career apparently so much a matter of his good will—it seemed the least I could do, to try to make a place for myself in your world as a friend at court. Happily enough, as to-night has proved, you stand in no need of any such influence. Arlington is more than pleased—almost as thunderstruck as I am, I shouldn't wonder."

"I'm glad," Jennifer quite soberly said. "To do a bit better than your best hopes for me—that's the only way I know of to repay you."

"To repay me!" he remonstrated uneasily, pricked by his black conscience.

"For giving me faith in myself, that time I hadn't any. You'll never know all you did for me with the lectures you used to read me, Tabby; and then your letters—it was funny, the way they used to turn up and buck me when I was blue and lonesome and ready to chuck in my hand. Don't tell me anything more about Arlington or anybody: I just want to make friends with you all over again. It's been such a long time. . . ." Tabor was constrained to submit to a captious inspection. "How well you do look! And years younger. . . ."

"Oh, come now!"

"I mean it; you do, really. As if you'd been up to mischief and it had done you no end of good. Tell me, Tabby"—Jennifer's regard took on a whimsical color, as much as to say that the playfulness of the question to come was open to question—"honest Injun!—you didn't go and fall in love with somebody while you were over there?"

"No fear. There comes to every man a time when he no longer cares to make himself ridiculous."

"That's all right, then. Only you're not to talk such rot." The girl interrupted herself to scowl at the door: a persistent hand was knocking. "Damn! Why can't they leave me alone? And I've only just found you—after all these years!"

"You can't keep them waiting," Tabor pointed out. "After all, I'm not legally your father. And I ought to be getting back to town, and you'll be coming in to-morrow. May I count on you for dinner?"

"I don't know—I mean, of course you can. But where we'll dine and how all depends on rehearsals. I'll call you up as soon as I get in and know anything definite. But we'll have some sort of a meal together, anyway, if it's only at Childs'."

TO LEAVE the theatre without looking up Mona for a word or two would be to offer her a constructive discourtesy which that small mind, in its probably shrewish humor of days to come, would be apt to construe as a mortal affront. But her dressing-room door was guarded by a pert Negro maid, who deemed it one of her duties to be high-handed with elderlies, and told Tabor, over her shoulder, that Miss Desmond was into a con'frince with Mistuh Arlington and couldn't on no 'count be disturbed. And a relieved Tabor was making his way toward the open air when a cheerful voice hailed him from still another dressing-room whose door stood ajar.

"Tabby, as I live and breathe and have my reason!" Mr. Nigel Tormay, seated before a mirror and expertly cold-creaming his amiable features, kicked the door wide and with a large gesture bade Tabor enter. "Come here this instant, you little devil, and tell Dada what the dickens you mean by this, hangin' round the dressing-rooms of playactresses and tryin' to sneak away without being caught. The idea!" He jumped up to thump Tabor's back with an elbow. "Can't shake hands, Tabby," he explained with a change of tune—"mine all gormy—but I'm jolly glad to see you and all that sort of rot, what! Do stop a minute and tell me I'm a priceless wonder. Nobody here—only a brace of low friends. This is Mr. Crissey, our stage manager"—the plain body in plain clothing, who had announced the substitution of Mr. Tormay for the indisposed Mr. Fales, got awkwardly to his feet and folded Tabor's hand in a humid clasp—"and this is an old pal of Jenny's and Mona's you ought to know. Mr. Wynne, Mr. Fairless."

Lance, lounging in a chair tilted back to the wall, did not budge out of that pose of lazy elegance. His long eyelashes drooped a little lower to exaggerate an effort of soul weariness, and he drawled with lips that he didn't trouble to disembarrass of a cigarette. "Oh, yes. We've met, thanks."

"So we have," Tabor evenly agreed. "And if I'm not mistaken, it's high time we met again. I want a word with you presently, by your leave." He turned coolly from a stare that kindled with a sudden gleam, and dropped a friendly hand on the well-greased shoulder of a dressing-gown. "I do sincerely think you're in many ways a wonder, Nigel—if perhaps not priceless—"

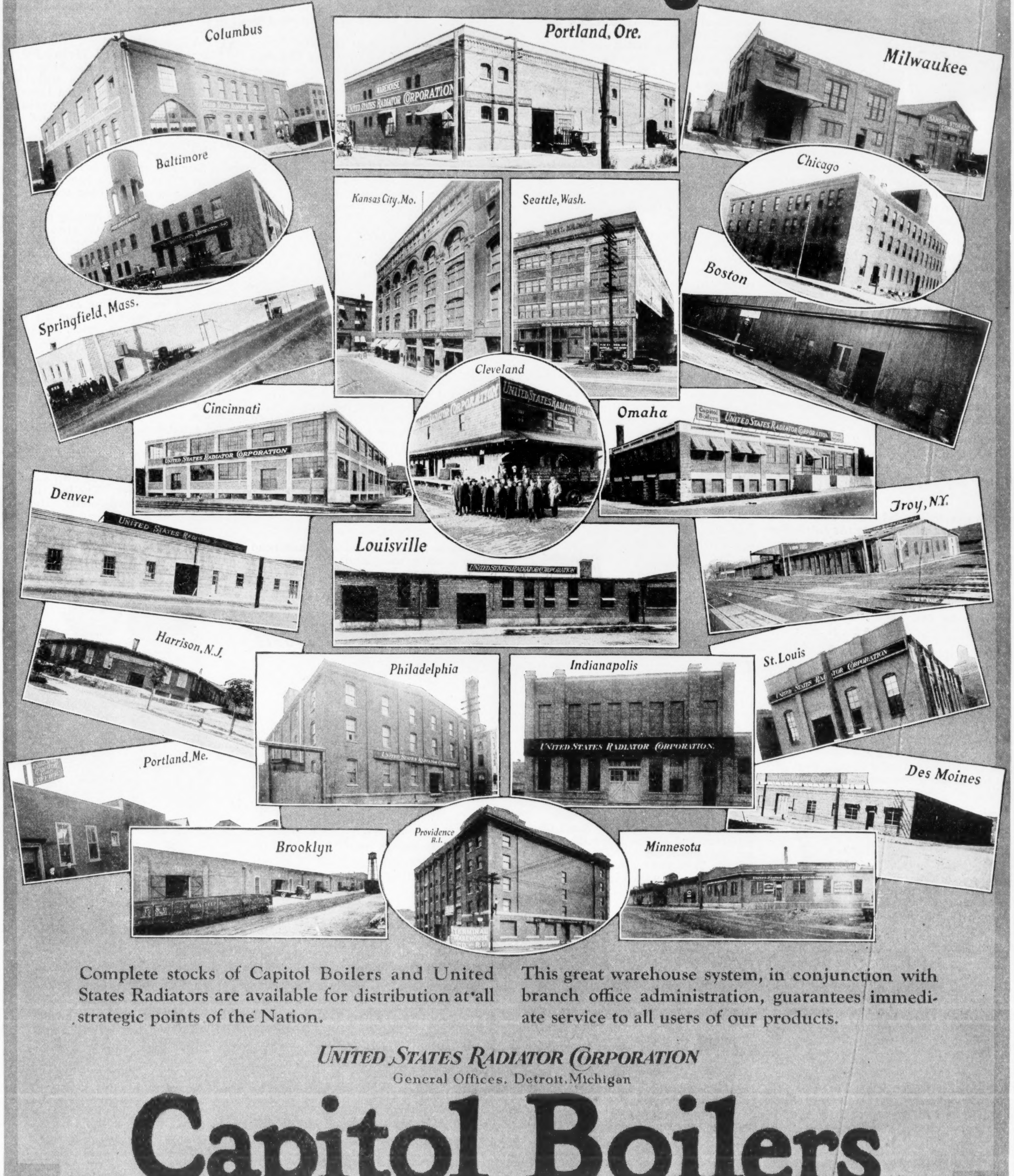
"Let's not talk about my price, if it's all the same to you, old soul," the young man without shame objected. "No nice topic for polite conversation, if you ask me. Makes one feel so fearfully self-conscious and all that."

"Rotten conscience you must have, Nigel," Fairless in languid malice observed.

"You'd be surprised," Tormay darkly assured him. "Not that I mind, except when I wake up all alone in my little white cot, and everything's dark, and I

(*Continued on page 36*)

A National Heating Service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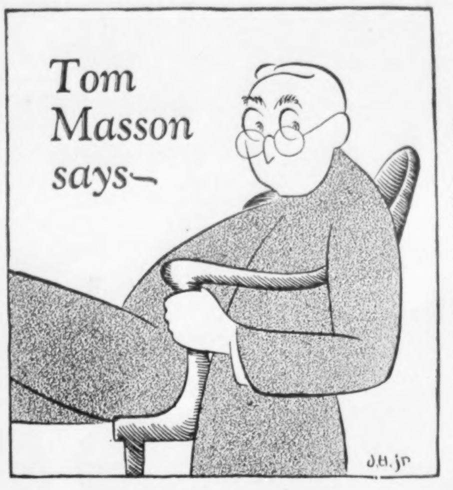


IN THE *United States the murder rate is forty times what it is in Switzerland. It is hardly worth while to murder anyone in Switzerland, however, as there are so few newspapers there.*

* * *

Turks are now imitating Americans by wearing straw hats instead of fezzes. Perhaps they will also imitate us by cutting down the number of their wives, say to three or four.

* * *

Success tends to tyranny. The most expert motor drivers make the best road hogs.

* * *

One more war, and we will have so many anniversaries that nobody will have to work any more.

* * *

It is now proper for the furnace coal shovel to remark to the lawn mower: "After you, Alphonse!"

* * *

"You certainly did travel light," said the Modern University to the Little Red School House.

"Maybe that is why I arrived so often," replied the L. R. S. H.

* * *

We measure the breadth of our civilization by the height of our traffic towers.

* * *

The people who tried to kidnap Mary Pickford and got fifty years have learned that it is one thing to hitch your wagon to a star and another to try to hitch a movie star to your wagon.

* * *

One of the smallest radio receiving sets in the world is on a shirt button. But if you want to use it, you must call up the laundry company.

* * *

World courting depends upon how much love you can put into it.

* * *

The "left overs" of Sargent, the painter, brought nearly $800,000 at auction. This may encourage some of us to get out those old porch chairs and paint a few original designs on them.

* * *

According to statistics, there are as many rats in England as there are people. But the rats can't get away.

* * *

The fleet of war vessels left over are declared to be too unseaworthy for use. Why not employ them as harbor excursion boats?

* * *

Judging from the heresy trials, every fundamentalist feels that he is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of scrappiness.

* * *

Flying machine explorers report that parking places on the great white way to the north pole are almost as scarce as they are around dry-goods emporiums.

White Fire

Continued from page 34

start thinking. Hello, Tabby! You off so soon?"

"Sorry. Must trot if I'm to get home by my bedtime," Tabor smiled. "But before I go, I'm afraid I've got to deprive you of Mr. Fairless for a few minutes, if you don't mind."

"Bless your heart, I don't mind. I don't know what he wants in here, all the time getting under my feet—it isn't me he's stickin' round to see home. You take him away and lose him, and I'll remember you in my prayers to-night."

Fairless made no offer to rise, and Tormay, intercepting a clash of stares, drew a long face of mock wonder. "I'd clear out and leave you two the room, every inch of it, if I were dressed, but—"

"Many thanks, but I've no doubt we'll find a quiet corner somewhere without too much trouble." The mutinous eyes of the man in the chair at length gave to the steadfast challenge of Tabor's. "Coming, Fairless?"

He did not exert himself to filter his tone of its contempt.

"Do no harm, I suppose," Fairless consented with a made yawn, "to find out what's on your mind—and if it matters."

There was still too much stir in the neighborhood of the dressing-rooms, the stage was being hurriedly dismantled by a crew of hands the dark gulf of the auditorium alone yawned an invitation that held out hopes of privacy. But when Tabor turned that way he was met by the energetic Mr. Billy Coin, who suspended pursuit of some urgent errand long enough to wave a hand and call: "Mr. Arlington's out front, Mr. Wynne—told me to tell you he was lookin' for you." So Tabor sheered off to the stage door.

It delivered the two to an open space of land walled in on all sides by rear elevations of buildings for the most part, like the theatre, given over to commercial uses. Aside from two long-waisted scenery trucks parked there in readiness to receive "The Ring's" wardrobe of the road, it was deserted. Dimmed headlamps and the glow which the stage door spilled lent the spot all its meager illumination other than a dusky refraction of shine from the mid-town sky. Tabor halted.

FOR one long moment, however, he found it anything but easy to curb his tongue to such moderation as alone would serve his purpose. The business he had to broach wanted a diplomacy hardly at the command of a man in his state of mind. He debated and rejected two or three openings while Fairless held a pose of bored patience. Then, as Tabor was about to begin, the younger man had the impudence to produce a cigarette case and, before helping himself, offer its contents to Tabor. The courtesy being ignored, he made his own selection and struck a match. "Well?" he prompted, eying Tabor over the flame. That winked out, taking with it the ruddy vision of his face. The coal on the end of his cigarette remained, a red, sardonic eye. . . .

"I saw June the other day," Tabor heard his voice shake; and that did nothing to better his control. "She called on me—"

"Did she?" Fairless jingled some coins in one of his pockets. "Affection's a beautiful thing, I always say."

"About you, of course."

"Oh?"

"It seems she wired you from Reno promptly on receiving her decree, and you failed to answer."

"Is that so? Let me see. . . . No," Fairless mockingly announced: "I really do not recall any such telegram. What was it about? Did June say?"

"She is waiting for you to make good your engagement to her—and the word of honor you pledged to me."

"How's that?"

"Am I to take that as your answer?" Tabor demanded.

"My dear man! What the devil are you talking about?"

"I am to understand, then, you refuse to fulfill your covenant? That's the answer you wish me to communicate to June?"

Fairless gave a sigh of resignation. "If you will be more explicit—"

"June is waiting for you to redeem your promise to marry her, given in my presence. Are you or are you not prepared to do so?"

Tabor heard an ironic chuckle.

"Not dreaming of anything like that—not by any manner of means so mad—thank you!"

"Permit me to remind you, then"—Tabor's temper was hardening under this extreme provocation—"the promise you propose now to dishonor was given in exchange for mine to spare you the public ignominy of being called into court as corespondent and exposed for what you are, a man who cadges money from the women he seduces."

"That be blowed. June's got her decree, you tell me. Then the case is closed—you can't reopen it to enter any trumpery allegations for the defense."

"Nothing can prevent my entering suit in Pennsylvania on my own behalf, denying the validity of the Nevada decree and petitioning for an absolute divorce from June on statutory grounds. And if you persist in this attitude, I shall do so without fail."

"And what becomes then of your high-minded solicitude for June's good name?"

"If you force me to take action, rest assured it will be with her consent."

"Oh, well!" Fairless laughed a little, and dropping his cigarette set a heel on its fire. "If you two are bent on washing your dirty linen in public, I guess I can stand it. Naturally, if I'd dreamed you expected me to go through with the promise you mention, or that you'd expected it for any purpose other than to prevent June's kicking up a scene in that roadhouse, I'd never have given it. And if you're going to pretend to take it seriously at this late date—why, then, sue and be damned to you!"

A sudden rage had Tabor by the throat. Unable to trust his tongue, he nodded stiffly. And Fairless, peering through the shadows, marked the white tension of his features and once again chuckled.

"And, by the bye, Wynne. You seem to have a taste for the women I'm through with. If you care to stick around little longer, maybe I'll chuck you another."

WHAT happened then Tabor never clearly remembered. He saw Fairless reeling backward and catching at the air. The knuckles of his right hand were stinging, and he lifted them and stupidly perceived that their skin was broken and smeared with some dark wetness. Then Fairless, as his shoulders touched the raw earth, rebounded to his feet and charged back, swinging wild fists and spitting blood and curses. A blow found Tabor's jaw and rocked him to his toes. Nothing coherent followed.

He came to himself held by both arms from behind. At a little distance Fairless was stretched out with both arms crooked over his head. Tabor could hear him whimpering. Some person whom he couldn't by that light identify was kneeling over the fallen man; and the stage door was vomiting excited men.

Arlington's hand fell upon his shoulder and Arlington's voice, shaken by deep amusement, adjured him: "Don't hit him again, old boy—he's had enough." His arms were released then, and he stood trembling and looking to Arlington in dense wonder.

"Did I do that?" he incredulously queried.

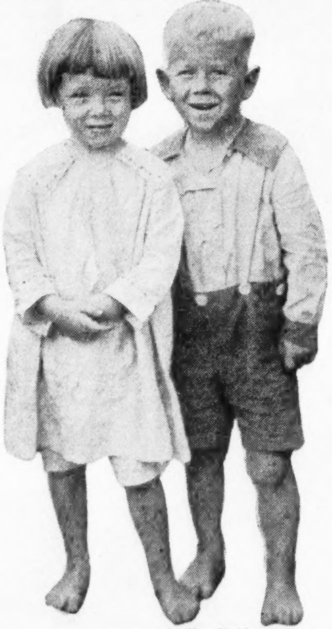
"If you didn't, who the hell else d'you think did?"

"But I—I never in my life before struck a man in anger."

"Then I hope for your own sake you never strike another. The last time you landed on that bird—well! He must have thought a mule had kicked him."

(*To be continued next week*)

The Lions Catch Them Young

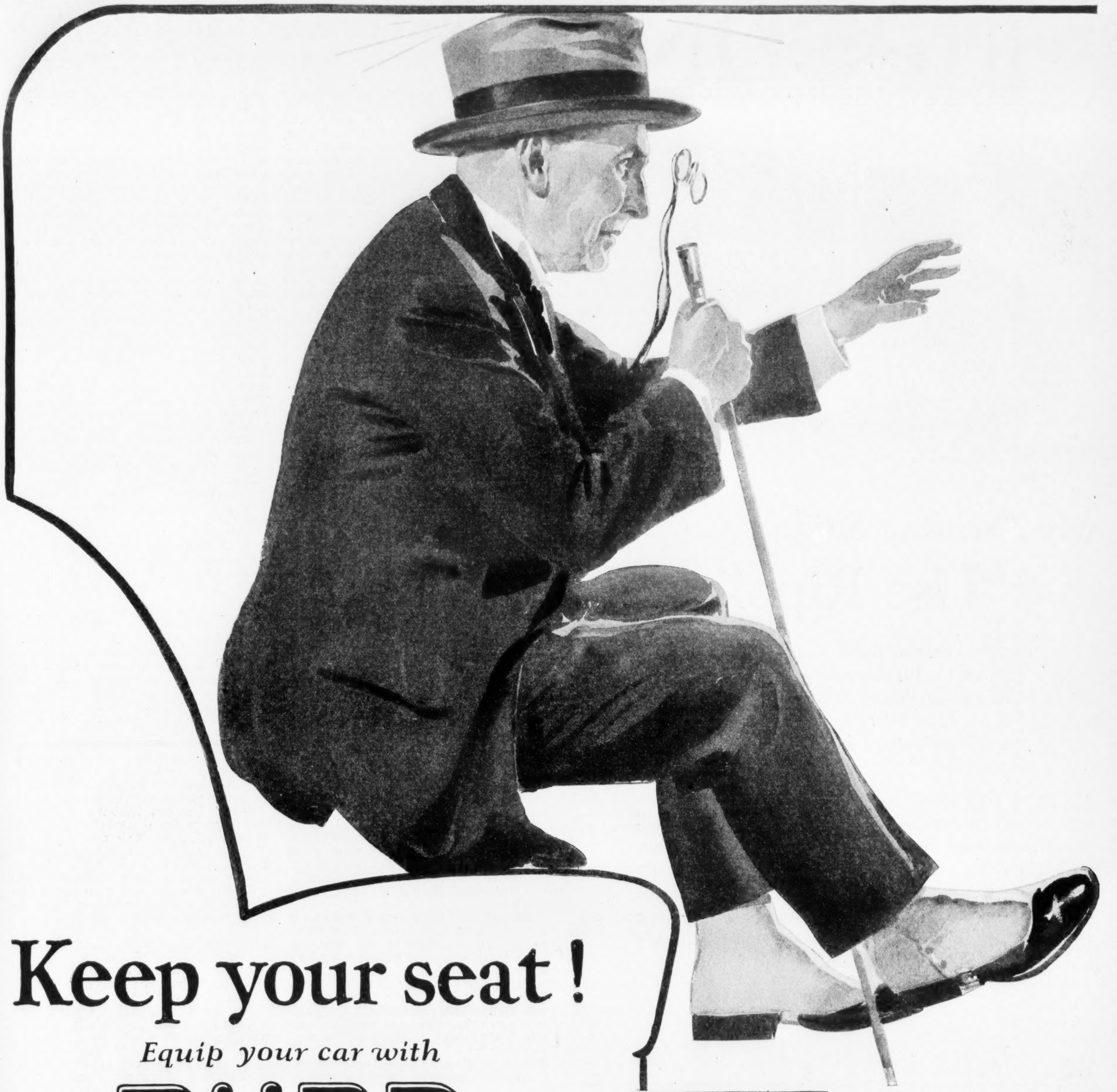


Goodloe, Valdosta, Ga.

THERE is a certain luncheon club organization, with 940 clubs and 46,000 members in the United States and Canada, whose aim is building better citizenship. One day last January, Howard W. Schroeder, a Wichita, Kan., business man, a member of that organization, got hold of a copy of Collier's "Moral Code for Youth." Mr. Schroeder was then and there seized by an idea. Upon what better foundation could any organization undertake the building of better citizenship, he asked his family. He said as much to the Lions Club at its next meeting and Wichita Lions placed 600 framed copies of the Moral Code for Youth in the schoolrooms of their city and county.

The Wichita Lions took the idea to the recent annual convention of Lions International. That convention indorsed the Wichita plan and has pledged every Lions Club in the United States and Canada to put the Moral Code for Youth on the walls of every public school in every city and county where Lions are organized.

If you too are interested in building better citizenship you should know more about the Moral Code for Youth. For information address Collier's, The National Weekly, Editorial Extension Dept., 250 Park Ave., New York City. Large illuminated copies of the code sent free to teachers and educators.



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It's very exasperating to have the top of your head connect violently with the top of the car; and it's wholly unnecessary. You ought to speak emphatically about it to the maker of the car, or the owner of it.

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A steel cable is used instead of a belt; it lasts longer; requires no "servicing"; doesn't stretch. It works so snugly in the housing that dirt and grease doesn't clog the mechanism. It can be put on any car, at small cost. Burd High Compression Ring Company, Rockford, Illinois.

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Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers are manufactured by the same organization that makes the world-famous Burd Piston Rings. Into Burd-Gilman Shock Absorbers is built the quality that makes Burd Piston Rings so popular with motorists everywhere.

THE ORIGINAL SNUBBING DEVICE WITH THE STEEL CABLE

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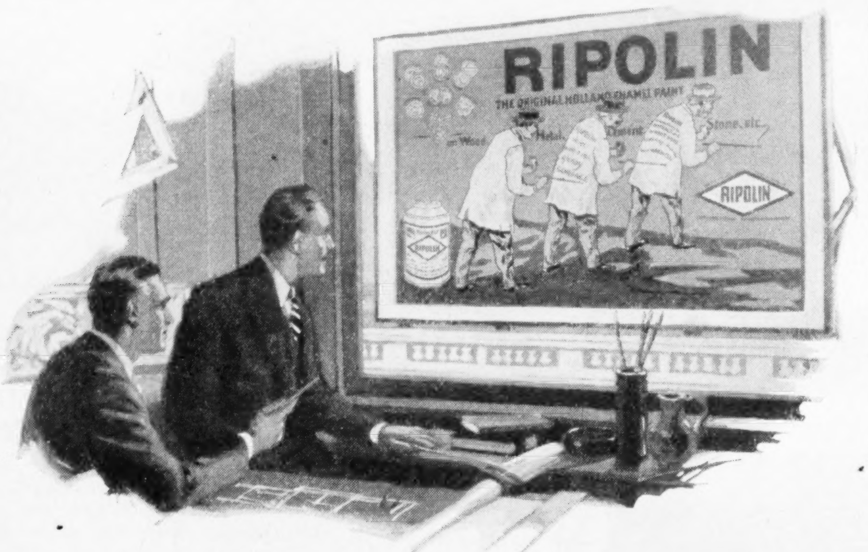
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My Architect Said:
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"And I'm glad that I followed his advice. My painters used it throughout the interior, in the living room, dining room, bed rooms, and the baths. They finished the white pillars on the porch as well as the trim. I couldn't ask for a better result."

Your architect—architects, the world over—will say the same thing when it comes to enameling of any kind. Their enthusiasm for Ripolin, the original Holland enamel, comes from its use on the best examples of their art—the most famous buildings and the finest homes in Europe and America. They recognize Ripolin as the *only* truly international enamel.

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America needed an enamel like Ripolin—that's why we secured the manufacturing rights from the Ripolin Company in Holland. My friends tell me we have done a real service to the paint and varnish industry—

And any manufacturer worth his salt has a sincere desire to be of service.

Adrian D. Joyce
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The Glidden Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"We Come as Honest Men"

Continued from page 14

a single man," he asks, "apart from a few dreamers, who conscientiously believes it possible to do away with private property in twentieth-century Europe? The founders of Russian communism are beginning to see the error of their violent upheaval. They made the mistake of trying to put their theories into practice. There remains but one doctrine for Europe to adopt—the democratic doctrine."

It came home to me strongly as we talked that France had little to fear from a dictator who bases his policy on the rights of the private citizen. Surely America has nothing to fear from a radical who adheres so closely to the precepts of democracy. Both nations may regard with optimistic equanimity the debt negotiations in which from now on Joseph Caillaux is likely to play a leading part.

He Uses the Word "Pay"

ABOUT these negotiations—or rather about what he hopes to accomplish by them—he talked to me with reassuring frankness. When I walked through the parted draperies which lead to his apartments in the Louvre I already knew M. Caillaux's personal feeling about the debts. He believes, as all Frenchmen do, that they have long since been paid in blood. And no one has expressed this national feeling more cogently than Joseph Caillaux:

"War is waged with iron, coal and men. France gave the men. The bodies of 1,385,000 of her sons are scattered over her battlefields while Great Britain, Italy and the United States together lost only 1,550,000 of theirs. The blood of our nation flowed generously in the common cause. In return we had to ask our allies for iron and coal. They gave them. I am mistaken, they sold them to us."

That is the way the Frenchman feels, the way he always will feel. And if we had just spent a hundred millions rebuilding states and cities destroyed by a common enemy we might feel the same way. We might wish to postpone as long as possible the payment of our "debts." But Caillaux's mind as he starts on the great financial adventure of all time is not heavy with these thoughts. He did not say one word to me about sentiment. He did not mention Germany. He did not whisper reparations.

He said: "It is important that we try to understand each other. Your country is young. Mine is old, very old. Such troubles as you have are nothing more than passing worries. You will digest the glut of wealth which has suddenly been thrust upon you just as you will escape the contamination of Europe's poverty. You have youth on your side, and the axis of the world is moving your way. America is industrial. France is almost wholly agricultural. In our lifetime only the young and industrial countries have grown and prospered.

"I don't know what the future may hold. I have high hopes. But at present France is not an industrial nation and cannot suddenly become one. That fact we must take into consideration in figuring what we can pay.

"Then," he added very quietly, as if he were discussing a question of factory depreciation, "a large fraction of France's wealth has been destroyed. It is impossible to prepare figures that show the total of this destruction. Some say it is a third. I say, counting the man power, it is half. And that we must consider in determining what France can pay."

Always this same emphasis on the word "pay." Even in stating his liabilities, which every business man has a right to do, it was clear that his interest in them was only as they affected his ability to pay his debts.

I knew that such an attitude would carry a long way in Washington, and I said as much. I prophesied that the American commissioners would, in fact, accept any reasonable proposal that would satisfy the man in the street.

Caillaux was especially keen about this American "man in the street." He knew that I had recently completed a tour of forty of the forty-eight states and he was, for the moment, more interested in asking about the attitude of the American people, especially in the small towns, than he was about talking "debts." He seemed to understand, as the wise American politician understands, that in America the people and not the officials decide.

"Your people are accustomed to direct taxes," he said, "mine are not. It is absurd to say that the French people do not pay taxes, but they pay them in the Latin way, mostly indirectly. Our people are already complaining that these taxes are too numerous and too high. I shall not heed. I shall raise them. But there are certain taxes which a government should feel cannot be levied. The taxpayer should never be driven actually to resist paying. We have to consider our man in the street," he concluded, "not only the Paris street, but the street of the small town. I cannot go any further or any faster than he will go. I have to think of him and of the parliament. These things affect what we can pay and how fast we can pay it."

There can be no doubt of the soundness of Caillaux's ability. But there will always, I suppose, be doubt in some quarters as to the soundness of his character. The next few months ought to tell.

As for the past, we may as well bury it. Nobody knows the whole truth about those stirring times. The war made accepted practices unacceptable. It also made arbitrary and unjust action, taken in the name of patriotism, possible and easy. Caillaux suffered from both of these changes.

He suffered quite as much from his own household. He himself was hot-tempered, unconventional, daring and tactless. He was, in those days, a poor judge or a careless one of men. His wife, a beautiful and provocative woman, has a genius for the dramatic.

The Caillauxes, husband and wife, have always been good "copy." We Americans admire this quality in our own heroes. We can understand it in Caillaux. And as for his believing that France ought to have a dictator and that that dictator ought to be Joseph Caillaux, I, as one American, think he is everlastingly right.

It Took Courage to Come Back

I HAVE been in twelve European countries since the war and latterly have spent a good deal of time with dictators. I am not afraid of a whole flock of them *for Europe,* especially intellectual dictators like Caillaux.

As he himself says, "It depends upon the mentality scattered sparsely in divers countries to bring back to life those epochs of clearness which our ancestors knew when they struggled for the independence of America, and then in 1789 spread a new gospel of dignity and human nobility. They, the individuals of disinterested mind, are the source of all human progress on this earth. They alone can determine the development of humanity."

Strong men, strong intellectual men—that is what Europe needs, what France especially needs. That is why she lowered her pride and called back Joseph Caillaux to tell her what to do. It was brave of her to call him, brave of him to come.

I was in Paris the day he arrived. Some people thought he would be stoned in the streets. He received the greatest personal reception that a Frenchman has had since Joffre's return from the Marne. He was mobbed, but by the hosts of his new-found friends.

That night two thousand people broke bread with him and listened to his words. Other thousands told their friends what I told mine, what I am still telling them: "Here at last is hope of peace."

If I Were a Lawyer

Continued from page 13

in advance. No matter what happens, they must first have their retainers. If they lose the case, they will present another bill. If they win, a much bigger bill.

Every court case to the lawyers connected with it is just a game. The average lawyer is little concerned with what may happen to his client. His ambition is to outwit or outguess the lawyer who is on the other side. Few law cases presented to the courts by lawyers are ever argued or decided on their actual merits. The records of what happens in the courts, viewed in the plain light of common sense, are simply ridiculous.

For example: In the supreme court of a Western state effect was given to a common-law rule presuming all females to be married, which resulted in the presumption that a girl of five was a married woman.

In the supreme court of Illinois a conviction was set aside because the American Express Company was described in a pleading as an association instead of a corporation.

There is on record a Minnesota court ruling that a mule is a mule and that a man who stole one could not be convicted under the statute providing judgment for horse-stealing.

With neither lawyers nor courts does justice seem to be of any weight as against the forms and usages of the law.

Now, if I were a lawyer, and could see no way of placing myself in a more useful occupation—

I would try to use more common sense. I would do my utmost to keep my clients out of the courts. I would endeavor to advise them along the lines of decent ethics, rather than pointing out to them legal tricks by which they might evade the law and pervert justice.

I would try to be more honest. Remembering that it was part of the oath I took when admitted to the bar that I would "uphold justice," I would undertake no case where if my client won I could not feel that the ends of justice were being served.

I would do my utmost to help simplify the laws. Instead of trying to utilize the antiquated machinery of the courts for my own financial profit, I would do all in my power to hasten court action and simplify legal procedure, for—as a member of the bar has put it—as matters stand to-day "the cost of judicial proceeding under our complicated and antiquated system practically closes the doors of our courts to the masses." Going to law to-day is seldom a matter of getting justice. It is gambling for a favorable opinion or verdict, and the side with the biggest bank roll generally wins the gamble.

Being a lawyer to-day is nothing to be proud of. The bar, with its perverted ethics, its dilatory tactics, its methods that waste the public's time and money, is rendering little service to the community. As one of our distinguished educators, Dean Vance of George Washington University, says:

"Bluntly put, the American lawyer is a failure. In no other civilized country are the laws so ill administered as in the United States."

If I were a lawyer, taking heed to such strictures as these, I would sit down and review my whole career. I would take up, case by case, the matters I had handled and review them in detail. Instead of reckoning up their value by the financial return they had brought to me personally, I would ask myself questions like these:

Did my services help bring justice to someone who had been ill used?

Was the community benefited by the verdict I helped bring about?

Was my client actually benefited to the amount I charged for my services?

Was my conduct in each case strictly honest?

Would I, putting myself in my client's position, have regarded what I did with thorough approval?

As in many other trades and professions, there are in the law many time-honored tricks and habits that permit of no ethical defense, yet so accustomed have lawyers become to making use of them that they never stop to consider how grossly wrong they are. Every young lawyer, before his soul becomes too calloused, ought to try to analyze his profession from the viewpoint of honest, intelligent ethics. He ought to try also to analyze the work of the lawyer on the basis of public service.

If all lawyers would do this, I suspect we would have far fewer lawyers—or if they stayed in the profession, they would reform many of their ways.

What Do You Think of Lawyers?

WHETHER you agree with Johnston or not, we would like to hear from you. For the best three letters in 300 words or less which reach us before November 1st, we offer $25, $15 and $10. No letters returned. Address Collier's, Contest Editor, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

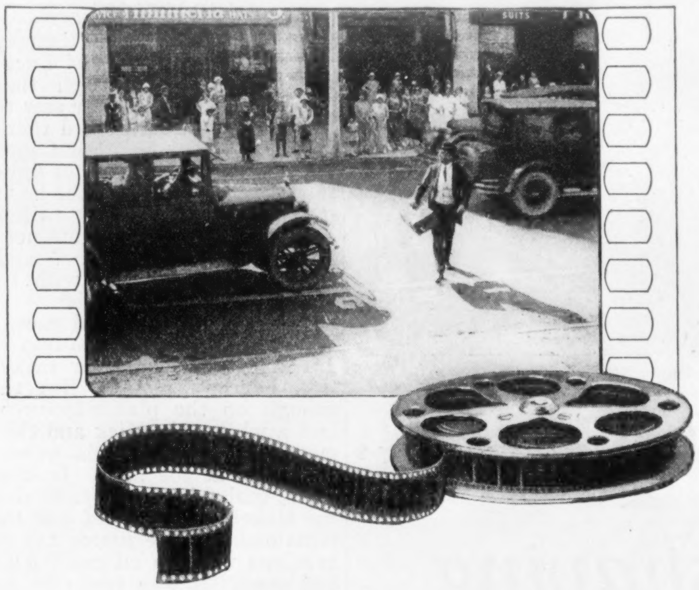
GEORGE WESTON

knows a little boy who was brought up so nicely by his aunts but who later succumbed to an unfortunate inheritance and two-fisted his way to success. There was also a particularly nice girl . . .

The Old Summerton Temper

In next week's

COLLIER'S



FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

"Play Safe"

As a contribution to the safety movement, General Motors has produced a one-reel motion picture called "Play Safe."

It is now being exhibited under the auspices of the United States Interior Department and the American Automobile Association. It bears the endorsement of President Coolidge.

More than 2,000,000 pedestrians and motorists have seen the picture to date. Be sure to see it when it is shown in your neighborhood.

Copies of the film are available to schools, automobile clubs, safety councils and other organizations interested in the prevention of traffic accidents and the conservation of human life. Address the Public Safety Committee, General Motors Corporation, Detroit.

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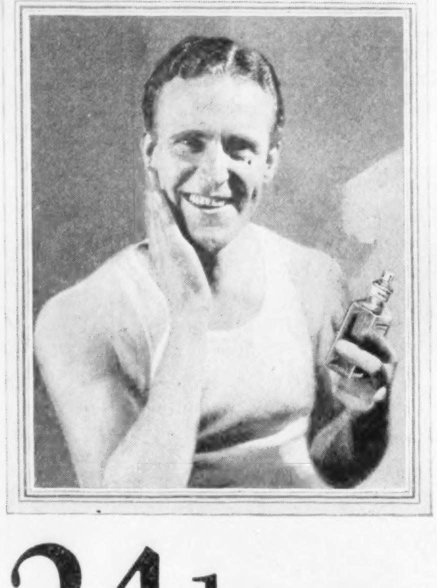

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YOU know how your fingers approve the velvety feel of your skin after your morning shave with Williams Shaving Cream.

No lucky accident about it, either. Williams Cream was specifically made to leave your skin *conditioned* as well as smoothly shaved.

Wouldn't you like to keep that "just-shaved-with-Williams" feeling all day long? Read the offer below. This offer will allow you to enjoy an after-shaving comfort that you may have thought impossible.

Made expressly for after-shaving

Williams shaving specialists created Aqua Velva, a pure amber liquid, to *keep* your skin as soothed and velvety as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. So successful were these specialists that Aqua Velva has become as necessary a part of the well-appointed shaving kit as the cream, brush and razor.

Designed solely for use after shaving, it benefits your skin in these five ways:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
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The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada).

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

For a limited time, we will send you a handsome one-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps. This size costs us much more than 4 cents.

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The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 39-B, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

Enclosed is 4c in stamps for the 1-oz. bottle of Aqua Velva.

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COLLIERS 9-26-25

Glory

Continued from page 19

was still moving among his charges, gradually sank in so that men became fatalists and even the women grew resigned.

The sea tossed mountainously and the wind screamed over the liner's superstructure, then through the driving smother ahead an officer saw the flicker and wink of a light, and there was no more fear of panic. For Captain Ramsay told them all that that light marked the entrance to the harbor he was heading for and it was only an hour away. All of which Big Mick did not know as he bent and straightened and heaved in the semi-darkness, with the water rising slowly to his waist.

No one trimmed coal now. It was too fearful a thing to go into the bunkers and too grueling a task to force iron barrows along. But there was enough on the plates below water to last a while. Big Mick and the Frenchman and two stewards were all that were left at the fires. In the engine-room, sealed by water-tight doors from the stokehold, the chief and the second remained and one junior ran along the gratings with an oil can. All the rest had gone. It was easier to die in the open.

Captain Ramsay took the Calvanian between the harbor heads and into the bay beyond, where the waves subsided to swells and finally to nothing but uneasy muttering water. He took his ship driving past stumpy tramps—ships at anchor and tall-masted sailing vessels riding at the buoys. And he rang down thankfully for slow speed. And then he stopped the tired engines. And he beached the Calvanian neatly on the sand so that she tipped slightly to one side and then was still. After that he gave certain orders about rockets and flares to bring assistance from the shore only two miles away. Then he went down to the boat deck, smiling, to reassure his charges it was over.

In the stokehold the Frenchman and the stewards had gone as soon as the jar of the keel on the sand had been felt. Only Big Mick, drunk with toil, was left. And it was he who drew the fires and made things safe for those above in case the water should reach the boilers. After that he leaned against the bunker door and wondered if there was any rum left in the jar, though he knew it was useless to look in the dark. He coughed continuously now.

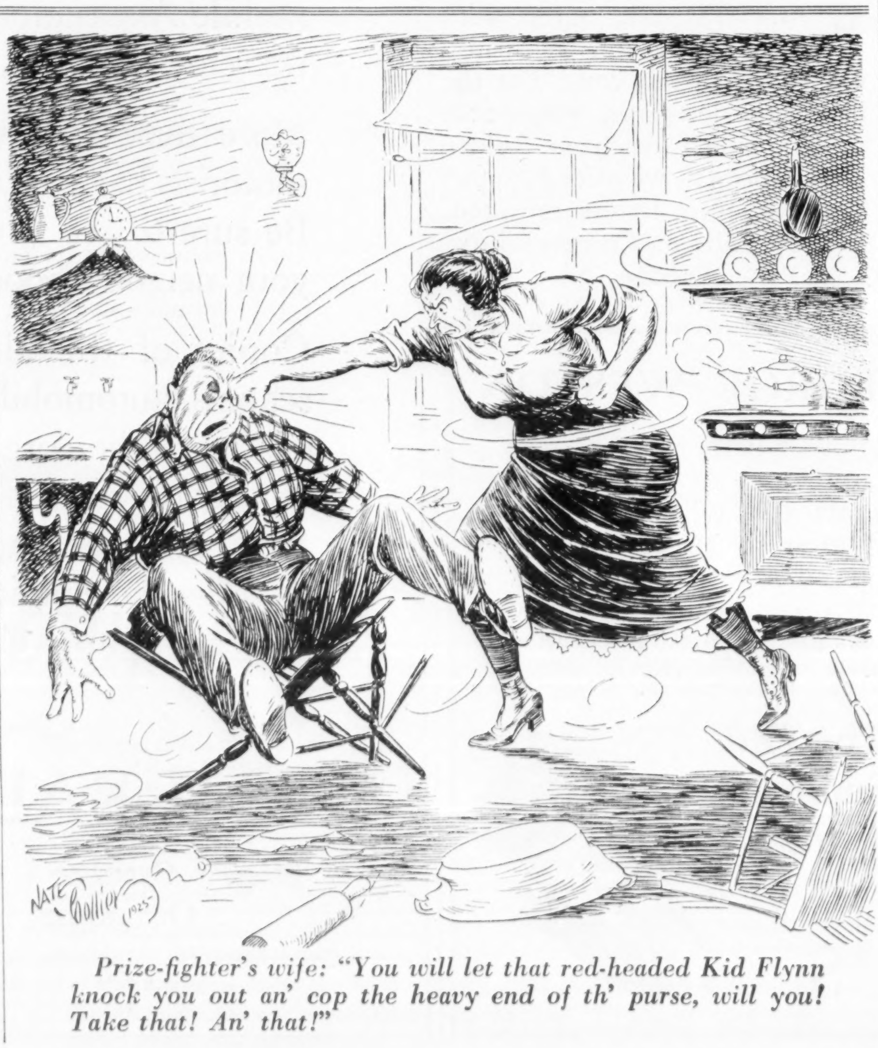
On the promenade, after the classes had repaired to their respective decks, Captain William Ramsay received his congratulations. The brigadier general rushed forward with outstretched hand, his bald head glistening in the lantern light, his eyes glowing.

"Good work, sir. Good work," he stuttered. "A near shave happily averted. You went through it like a hero, sir. Does you credit." And, indeed, no one could deny that the calmness of her master had been a great thing for the Calvanian.

The women came, prattling prettily and admiring him. He felt his touch of pompousness coming back. He had handled a bad situation well. He was a fine sailor. His chest swelled a trifle. He knew he looked fine in his uniform. He knew also that the famous journalist who was present would spread his name a long way. He answered the women as was his wont. There had been no real danger. He had seen to that. He was William Ramsay.

The famous journalist was at his elbow, hand thrust out, assuring him he would be famous by next day. There would be a purse too, of course, as a token of appreciation, almost surely a gold watch. It was the usual thing. And Captain Ramsay felt it was just, and expanded unconsciously. He had a right too, in a way, for he was a good sailor.

But no one thought of Big Mick leaning against the bunker door below and spitting up blood and cursing foully by the light of a hurricane lantern lashed to a stanchion. And Big Mick was not thinking about congratulations. He didn't want them anyway. He wanted rum at that moment and was speculating whether he could get some from the steward. It was certain he wouldn't get a purse or a gold watch. Which was not fair at all.



Prize-fighter's wife: "You will let that red-headed Kid Flynn knock you out an' cop the heavy end of th' purse, will you! Take that! An' that!"

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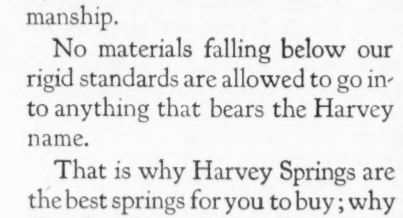

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Harvey RACINE

How Heroes Do Their Stuff

Continued from page 15

younger men were strong for killing French and Caulkin at once.

Inspector French, having traveled so far, did not purpose to be hurried.

He made a sort of speech or series of speeches composed of short remarks telling who he was, why he had come and what he wanted to know. He also explained who would come after him, if he were interfered with.

Did any of his hearers know aught of the deaths of Radford and Street? Yes.

French then proceeded to take depositions from a number of the Eskimos; and these sworn to and witnessed, he called the whole tribe together and spoke some more.

The Eskimos heard that there was a white man's law touching on murder and stealing. Murder and theft meant that the white men would appear. Those who had killed or stolen would be taken away and would never return.

French noted that the audience seemed deeply impressed. Of course what really made the impression was, aside from French himself, the warning that one who killed or stole would be taken away and would never come back. The Eskimos were appalled by the thought.

It was clear to French from the account of eye-witnesses that no jury would convict the men who had killed Radford and Street. The testimony was unanimous that Radford had provoked the fight by striking a native and threatening to throw him through a crack in the ice. The Eskimos had stabbed Radford to death because they were certain he was about to kill their companion; and Street was struck down as he ran to seize a rifle. There was no evidence to combat a plea of self-defense and French made no attempt to arrest the actual slayers. His instructions were to get the evidence, weigh it carefully and decide. In his decision he was to consider not only the ends of justice in this particular crime but the attitude to be inspired in these tribes. He must show good faith to exact good faith.

These instructions French carried out. But now how was he to get home?

In Desperate Straits

HERE was the patrol in one of the least accessible spots on earth. It had taken them fifty-four days to reach it. Their food was entirely gone. They did not even have enough ammunition for the return trip. That is, assuming they found game to shoot for food.

The natives said that three ships had been wintering in the ice 300 miles to the westward. French reached the ships after nine days' hard travel, only to find that they could not spare him supplies.

The patrol pushed on fifty miles further to an isolated Hudson's Bay Company post at Bernard Harbor, arriving June 11th.

By this time the rivers were flooding the coast line, the ice was breaking, and further travel was impossible.

The patrol settled down for the summer. On October 28th they started back to Baker Lake. It required thirteen days to cover the first 150 miles.

The Eskimos, experienced travelers, were astonished when the white men reappeared at Bathurst Inlet. And here Inspector French left the Eskimo seamstress with relatives, for, as he put down in his diary, "we do not know what is ahead of us and have a long way to go."

Again all supplies were close to exhaustion. Seals could not be hunted on the thin ice and hunger soon forced the patrol to strike off overland in the hope of finding deer.

No live deer, but the natives had been hunting in this region and the patrol found dozens of frozen deer carcasses, torn by wolves and semi-putrid. But for several days they had only this fare.

Again wolves hung on their flanks, "the biggest specimens of timber wolves I have ever seen," noted French. The camp was attacked and one sled dog was killed. The wolves kept near enough to scare off any game and their presence made the dogs unruly.

Short rations; ragged clothing; no coal oil to cook with; no timber to burn. The old cycle was back upon them. The temperature ranged from ten to thirty below zero.

On December 13th the last of the putrid deer meat was fed to the dogs in small portions and after that the dogs went hungry.

Matters were desperate. The only hope lay in an attempt to reach a cache of food left two years before 110 miles away on the Thelon River. Could they get there before hunger, illness, cold and exhaustion overcame them?

One sled was abandoned; the dogs were too weak to haul it. On December 17th, after the dogs had gone four days without food, five dogs were killed and fed to the others. The next day the dogs, still ravenous, stole and ate a much-needed bag of skin clothing.

On December 22d, five of the more exhausted dogs were shot and fed to the survivors. The men still had fifteen pounds of frozen deer meat.

In the clear weather large herds of deer could be seen ahead of them, but the crunching snow warned the animals and the herds would start up and dash away before the patrol could crawl within rifle shot.

This last refinement of cruelty to be endured by them while they were starving almost broke their spirit.

The two white men became too sick to travel. A snow house was constructed for them and French sent the three Eskimos out in a last desperate search for game.

By a great providence the Eskimos came upon a herd of musk ox and shot twenty.

The dogs were driven to the carcasses and allowed to sate themselves, after which they were able to draw a load of the meat back to the snow house.

Christmas dinner.

After eight days at the snow house they had strength to push on; but on reaching the cache on the Thelon River they found that wolves had been before them and they were able to salvage only a few pounds of flour and some tobacco.

But their sleds were piled with the frozen musk ox meat and the chance of reaching Baker Lake looked good.

January 15th. Temperature 60 below zero. A sled had to be burned to keep them from freezing.

January 16th. Three dogs killed to keep the others alive.

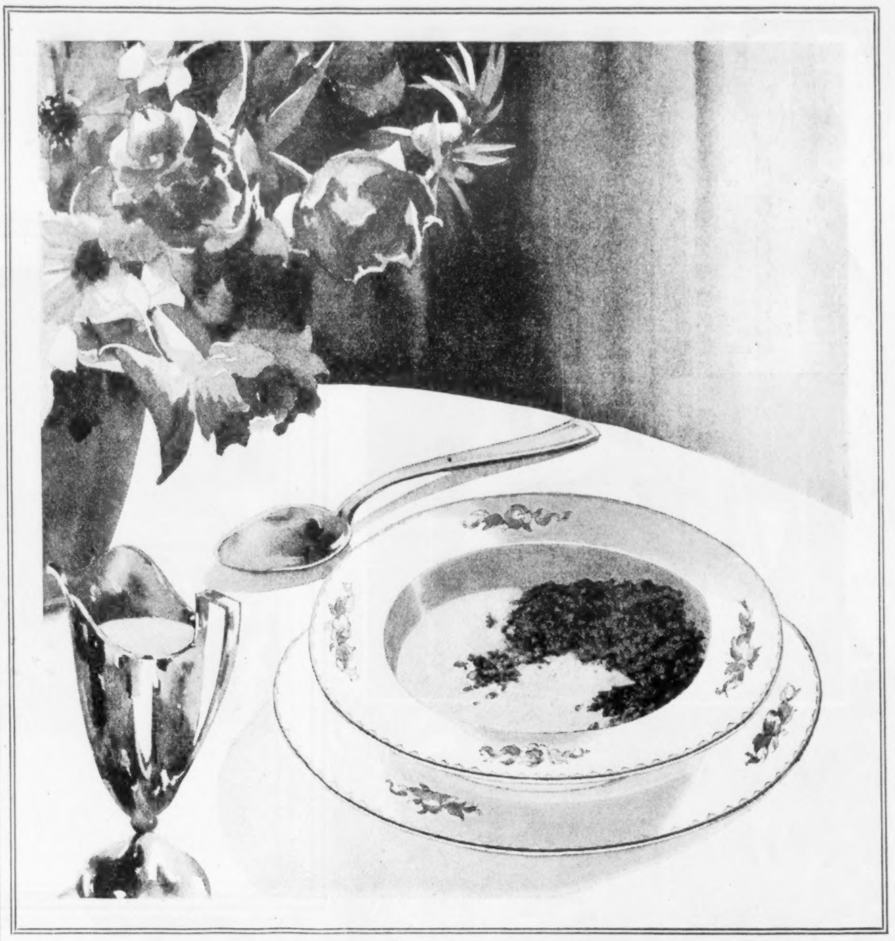
January 18th, 19th and 20th. The men's knees were like water. Only soup to eat. It kept them alive, though none of them felt the slightest difference after swallowing it.

January 21st. They came over a high hill and saw fifteen deer on a flat below them. "We shot ten after some smart maneuvering." This saved the lives of French and Caulkin in two ways. The Eskimos had been under the impression that the patrol was going in the wrong direction. But, with the crisis passed, French noted in his diary: "Native Joe tells me that the other two wanted to take some of the meat and leave us."

Four days later the worn men came to the Hudson's Bay Company post on Baker Lake. After two days to thaw out, they reached their own base with two more days' travel.

They had been gone 321 days but—they were Royal Northwest Mounted Police. After a fortnight they resumed regular duty on their thousand-mile beat.

"Corporal Doak's Prisoner," another true story of the Northwest. Mounted Police, appears in next week's issue



Millions choose this famous food

for flavor—for energy—for balanced nourishment

GRAPE-NUTS was made, first of all, to be good to eat—a delightful food! And it *is* delightful! Millions love the nut-like flavor stored up in these crisp, golden kernels. In Grape-Nuts, the food value of wheat and barley is carefully conserved and the characteristic flavor developed. All the goodness of this delicious grain combination is brought out for your enjoyment.

Our modern diet is often deficient in some of the essentials to health. If we were all food experts, we could select each meal to give all of the food elements in the right proportions. As it is, we get too much of some, too little or none of others. That means that some function of the body is impaired—in some respects we are literally starved. There are authorities who say this is the basic cause of all sickness.

Grape-Nuts supplies food elements which are often deficient in the average diet. It gives dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy, iron for the blood, phosphorus for the teeth and bones, protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite! Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a well-balanced ration!

It is a *crisp* food! A food you like to chew, giving teeth and gums exercise which authorities agree is the fundamental necessity for sound, beautiful teeth.

The special process of baking prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—gives you the food elements you need with the least digestive effort. If you prefer a light breakfast, Grape-Nuts with milk or cream gives you the essentials—the energy for a morning of hard work. If you start the day with a heavier meal, eat Grape-Nuts for its vital food elements, then turn to other foods with a ready appetite. Buy a package today at your grocer's, or accept the following offer.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

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Grape-Nuts
IN THIS FOOD IS NOURISHMENT YOU NEED
Post Health Products
C. W. Post

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.

C. W. 9-25 G.N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

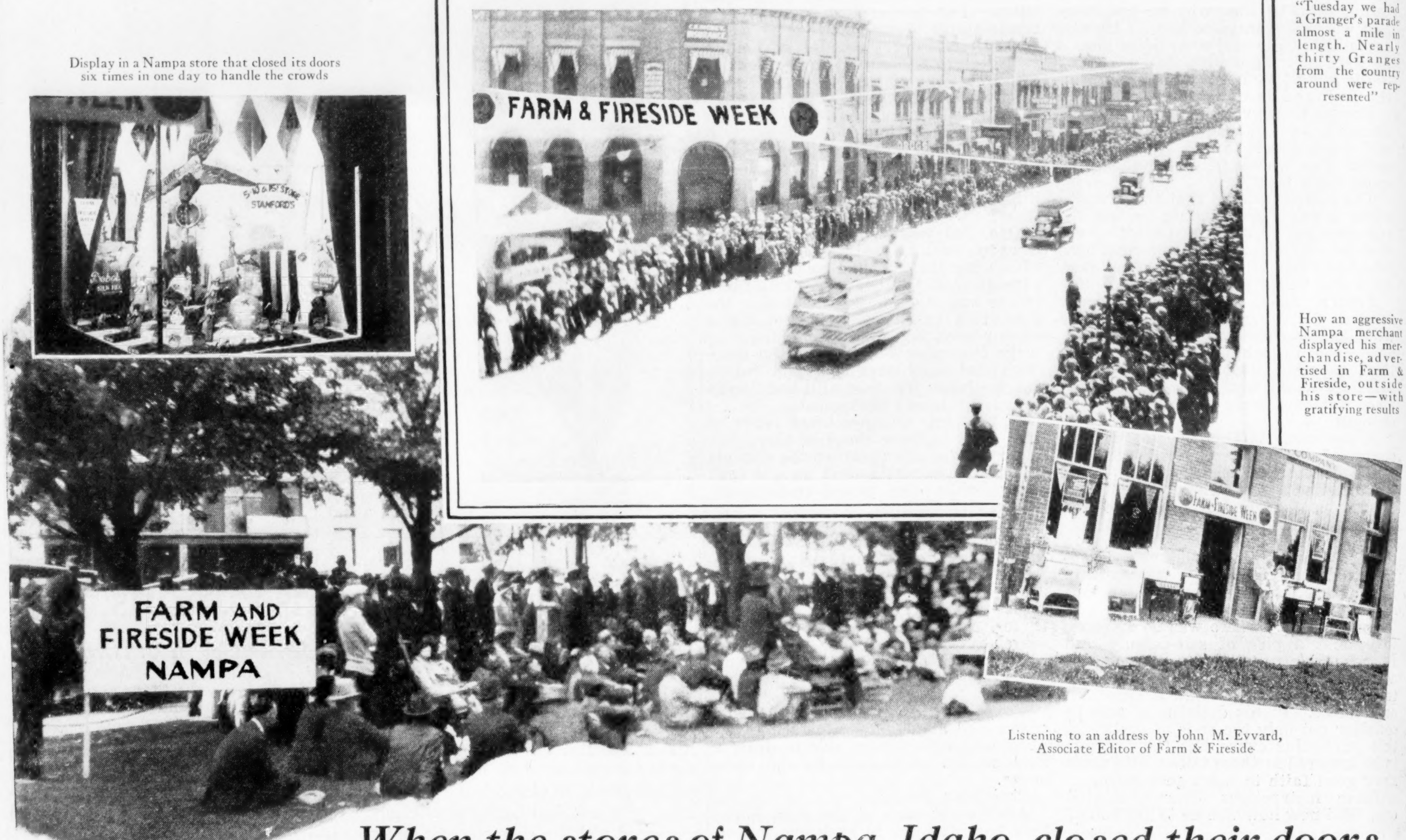
Name..............................

Street..............................

City..............................State..............................

In Canada
Address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

The *greatest merchandising*



Display in a Nampa store that closed its doors six times in one day to handle the crowds

"Tuesday we had a Granger's parade almost a mile in length. Nearly thirty Granges from the country around were represented"

How an aggressive Nampa merchant displayed his merchandise, advertised in Farm & Fireside, outside his store—with gratifying results

Listening to an address by John M. Evvard, Associate Editor of Farm & Fireside

When the stores of Nampa, Idaho, closed their doors against the crowds—and did a $90,000 six-day business

WHEN the merchants of Nampa decided to "put on" a Farm & Fireside Week, it was a foregone conclusion that it would be a rouser. Nampa is that kind of a town.

Results, however, astonished even the most optimistic of the merchants.

Nothing in the history of small-city merchandising quite compares with Nampa's crowded week of business.

Thousands of farmers from a radius of 30 miles poured into town. Stores were forced to close their doors several times against the crowds to prevent injury to those inside.

A big increase in sales

Stores of every type, from the smallest to the large Nampa Department Store, profited.

Total sales for the six days were approximately $90,000. This was an increase of about $34,000 over normal business.

Says one of Nampa's foremost merchants, "This Farm & Fireside Week was one of the biggest weeks in the history of the town."

A plan that always works

Other towns have held Farm & Fireside Weeks with equally gratifying results. Other merchants, in all lines of business and in all parts of the country, have held Farm & Fireside Weeks in their individual stores. And all have been enthusiastic in their reports.

Farm & Fireside Weeks are invariably successful because they are part of a plan based upon sound merchandising principles—a plan backed by one of the most powerful selling forces in rural America.

This plan will help *you* to get new business, build a larger volume of sales, and increase your net profit.

What it does for you

The Farm & Fireside plan will enable you to reach cut into a big, rich market—the farm families in the country surrounding your town—and get more and more of this valuable trade.

It will put to work for you the tremendous selling power of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine.*

In more than a million farm homes this great magazine is read. More than a million families regard it as a guide to better ways of farming and better ways of living.

You can, if you will, use the powerful influence of Farm & Fireside among farm families in your surrounding country to build bigger business for you. The Farm & Fireside plan works for the individual merchant just as well as for a group of merchants or a whole town.

Send for the Plan Book

If you wish to join with other merchants in your town to do what Nampa did, or if you wish to hold a Farm & Fireside Week in your store alone, we shall be glad to co-operate with you. The Farm & Fireside plan is as easy and simple to use as it is sound in principle.

Our new 36-page book, "*To Help You Get More Farm Trade,*" tells you how you can make it work for you.

It is full of actual experiences of other dealers, many of them in your line of business. It shows you how you can get the same results that they have secured. We supply this book to responsible merchants upon request. Send for it now. You will find the coupon on the opposite page convenient.

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM &

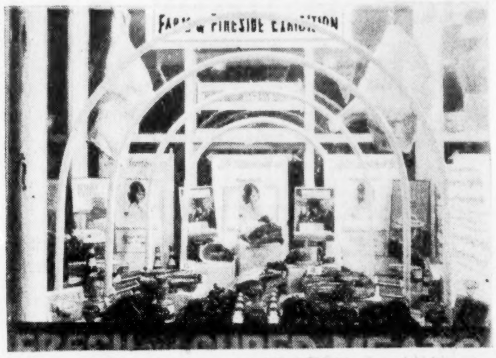
The National Farm Magazine

event in small-city history!

FARM & FIRESIDE WEEK

"Mardi Gras night blocked the streets for hours. It was one of the biggest crowds in the history of the town"

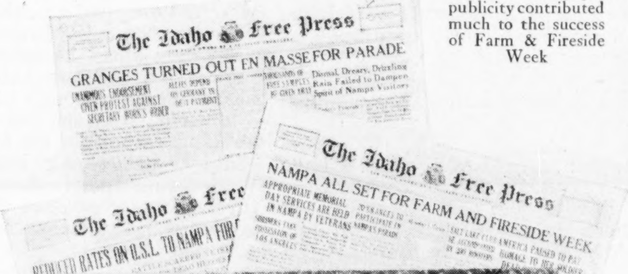
"The town was crowded with visiting farmers and their families who thronged the stores and down town district"



Striking display in window of Nampa retail meat shop. Trims like this paid Nampa merchants big during Farm & Fireside Week

Six baseball teams of the Union Pacific League held their first tourney in Nampa during the week

Generous newspaper publicity contributed much to the success of Farm & Fireside Week



The Idaho Free Press

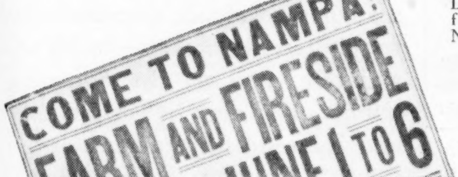
GRANGES TURNED OUT EN MASSE FOR PARADE

The Idaho Free Press

NAMPA ALL SET FOR FARM AND FIRESIDE WEEK

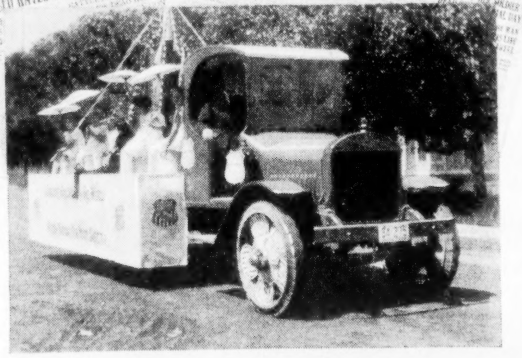
The Idaho Free Press

REDUCED RATES ON U.S.L. TO NAMPA FOR

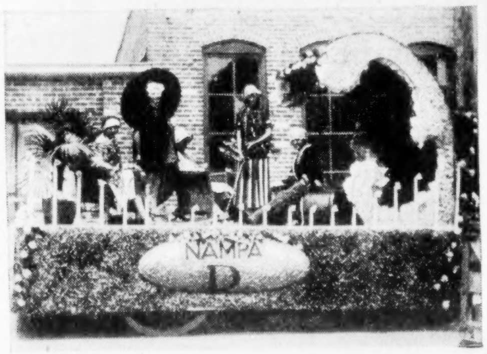

COME TO NAMPA!
FARM AND FIRESIDE
JUNE 1 TO 6

FARM & FIRESIDE EXHIBITION

An effective Farm & Fireside window display—an example of the taste and energy exhibited by Nampa merchants in "putting over" the greatest of all Farm & Fireside Weeks



A Union Pacific System float. Reduced round trip fares to Nampa during Farm & Fireside Week were in effect from points on the Union Pacific System



One of many floats representing Nampa retail stores

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

- Absorbine
- Aermotor Company (Auto-Oiled Windmills)
- Agricultural Gypsum
- American Fence
- American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
- American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
- American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
- American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
- Anthony Fence
- Bag Balm
- Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier
- Boss Stoves and Ovens
- Boston Garters
- Brown's Beach Jackets
- Buckeye Incubators
- Buescher Band Instruments
- Buick Motor Cars
- Burpee's Seeds
- Burroughs Adding Machines
- Californians, Inc.
- Caloric Furnaces
- Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
- Certo (Surejell)
- Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
- Chilean Nitrate of Soda
- Colgate's Toilet Preparations
- Congoleum Rugs
- Conn Band Instruments
- Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
- Crescent Tools
- Crosley Radio
- Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The
- Cuticura Preparations
- Dandelion Butter Color
- De Laval Separators & Milkers
- Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants
- Delco-Light Pump
- Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
- Dietz Lanterns
- Dodge Automobiles & Trucks
- Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
- Dunlop Tires
- Durant Cars
- Durham-Duplex Razor Company
- Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
- Essex Cars
- Eveready Flashlights
- Eveready Radio Batteries
- Federal Farm Loan Bonds
- Ford Automobiles and Trucks
- Fordson Tractors
- Forhan Company (Forhan's For the Gums)
- General Electric Company
- General Motors Corporation
- Glastenbury Underwear
- Glover's Mange Remedies
- Hall, Hartwell & Co., Inc. (Collars, Shirts & Underwear)
- Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
- Hart-Parr Company (Tractors)
- Hartshorn Shade Rollers
- Harvey Hickory Single-trees
- Harvey Ride Rite Automobile Springs
- Henderson Seeds
- Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
- Hudson Cars
- Ingersoll Watches
- Instant Postum
- International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
- International Motor Trucks
- International Tractors
- Jell-O
- Kellogg's Corn Flakes
- Kelly-Springfield Tires
- Kow Kare
- Le Page's Glue
- Lee Union-Alls and Overalls
- Letz-Dixie Feed Grinders
- Louisville & Nashville Ry.
- Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
- "Lysol" Disinfectant
- Marlin Firearms
- Mellin's Food
- Midwest Radio Company (Miraco)
- Monarch Ranges
- Multibestos Brake Lining
- Multibestos Clutch Lining
- Multibestos Transmission Lining
- Natco Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
- National Fence
- Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
- Nesco Royal Granite Enamel Ware
- Oshkosh B'Gosh Overalls
- Paramount Ranges
- Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires
- Pepsodent Tooth Paste
- Perfection Oil Ranges
- Perfection Oil Heaters
- Perfection Oil Water Heaters
- Postum Cereal
- Quaker Oats Company (Oats)
- Radiola
- Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery)
- Reo Speed Wagons
- Rowles Red Pepper Rub
- Royal Fence
- St. Jacobs Oil
- Savage Firearms
- Schwarze Motor Horns
- Si-monds Saws
- Smith Brothers Cough Drops
- Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
- Stearns Electric Paste and Roach Exterminator
- Stevens' Firearms
- Sun-Maid Raisins
- Swift Products
- United States Fence
- United States Tires
- Vellastic Underwear
- Victor Talking Machines
- Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
- Wright's Bias Fold Tape

FIRESIDE

Read in more than 1,000,000 farm homes

Mail this for Plan Book

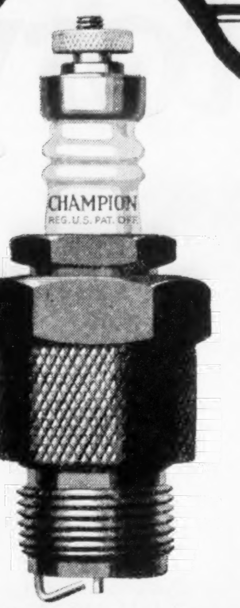
Retail Sales Director, Suite 4-B
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me without cost your new book, *"To Help You Get More Farm Trade."*

Name..

Address..

Business..



PREPARE for Winter Driving

Hundreds of thousands of motorists have enjoyed better car performance during the past summer because they changed their spark plugs as recommended during *Champion National Change Week* last May 3-9.

If you have not renewed your spark plugs this year, install a full set of Champions now and enjoy easier starting and more power and speed during the coming winter.

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio
Windsor, Ont. London Paris

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars 75 cents. Ask your local dealer for Champions.

CHAMPION

The Shah's Silver

Continued from page 7

Suppose he would come down to breakfast next Tuesday—that would be her birthday—and reach casually down into his vest pocket with the following speech, "Pidgey, we're on Easy Street now"—only Daddy wouldn't say it so simply. . . .

Somebody bumped into her, turning her halfway round. A bundle popped out of somewhere and scuttled across her feet as a hasty little man scowled up at her under a brownish Leghorn hat. She had an impression of brown wrinkles, bilious brown eyes and a mouth that might have been cut by an amateur with a dull tool. " 'Scuse me!" His apology was almost like a curse as he seized his bundle and scuttled away.

She abandoned her dream and turned in to Cull's doorway. Mike Callahan, wearing a blue collar and a very new straw hat, stood before her, showing a grin as wide as a gate.

"Looka the collar," mused Pidgey. "What's the society stuff? Usher at a colored wedding, maybe?"

"Like it?"

"It's sweet." She admired the collar, which lent him a touch of brightness.

"Say, Pidge, I've got a swell invitation for you."

"Others have said that."

"But this one's good. De Witt Felcon's in town."

"When did he come?"

"When his wife left."

"And I suppose he's hired the third floor of the Hotel Harrison just to give me a ball."

"No, siree. Old Felcon doesn't waste any money on balls, not even golf balls. But he's invited himself to dinner at your house to-night."

PIDGEY'S heart fell. This sounded sinister.

"What for?"

"Well, you see, old Witty and I have got to be regular buddies. I've had the job of following him around for a week—he's here on the quiet. You'll like him, Pidge. He's a lot funnier than Ed Wynne. And he's an interesting specimen too. Do you know that De Witt Felcon is one of the greatest Oriental collectors in America?"

Pidgey didn't know it, but an ill wind seemed to rise around her.

"He's just given a million dollars worth of Byzantine antiques to the Metropolitan Museum in New York—that's the scale he works on. He's crazy about everything Oriental. And when he read about your Persian silver—I guess you remember that article in the News—he got hot on the trail. Yesterday I told him I knew you folks well, and he's been after me like a pointer pup ever since. So this morning I called up your mother and asked her if I could bring him round—just informally, you know. She was kind enough to ask him to dinner."

"Gosh!" The moan seemed to rise from Pidgey's toes. "Why didn't you tell him it was a fake?"

"The News doesn't print fakes," he informed her severely. She glared at him.

"You owe me an apology, Mike Callahan!"

"Men don't apologize any more. You know if they started to weaken it would put feminism on the blink."

"I wonder if Mother's gone dotty too?" she asked, half to herself, and turned abruptly away.

Her spell of worry broke all records this time, and when the 4:11 arrived at 5:02 the sight of her father's large, benevolent senatorial face did nothing to reassure her. As he came swinging past the gate, a worn handbag on one side, a loosely furled umbrella on the other, she flew to him and knocked off his hat in the energy of her affection. She drove him home in the family car and guiltily awaited an opening for her confession. Daddy was concerned with large public matters, yet he patted her lovingly.

"You see, Pidgey, this city is bound to grow; but the shortsightedness of our legislature and the dishonorable conduct of the railroad interests—"

"De Witt Felcon's coming to dinner," she broke in roughly.

This seemed to jolt him out of his train of thought, and a wistful, hopeful look came into his seamy face.

"How in the world did that happen?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, Ma's been making a great spill over Mrs. Felcon. She's blackmailed him, I guess. Anyway, he's coming."

Senator Dawson was silent the rest of the way home.

Before the doorbell rang that evening, announcing an important guest, a single leaf had been put into the dining-room table which glowed with summer roses, gracefully supported by five pieces of curiously wrought metal. They really did look impressive, thought Pidgey, who had arranged the decorations, and for an instant she imagined that the tale was true and that the Shah had traded them with her mother for three jars of raspberry jam. Then her father, who had changed his gray suit for a blue one, came down and put his big arm around her waist. Curiously—since he seldom noticed anything in the house—he cast his eyes upon the Shah's silver.

"It looks mighty pretty. Where did we get that?"

"We've had it for years, old dodo." She was glad that she could tell her father the truth and nothing but the truth.

At seven came Mike Callahan, bringing Mr. De Witt Felcon, and at a glance Pidgey recognized the cross little man who had dropped a package on her shoe. He wore the same brown suit and Leghorn hat; when he removed the hat he revealed a strange baldness—a naked horseshoe ran around his skull, leaving a black wisp at the top.

"Understudy for the Mikado," thought Pidgey, but shook hands graciously. With an instinctive flair for human nature, she saw at once that his manner of barking at everything—bowwow—was a well-cultivated business affectation meaning to frighten his opponent into respect for his diminutive stature.

"Bowwow—this town's all right—everybody pulling the wrong way, that's all. Bow. Senator, that's a good cocktail. Thanks, I will. Make it a small one this time. All pre-war stuff, what?"

"Not exactly," explained the senator. "I believe in obeying the law, within the law. But according to my interpretation a law is not morally a law unless it has been indorsed by a majority of the people."

"Bow. That's good. That's fine."

THEY moved at last toward dinner, and Pidgey, whose mother allowed her no more than a sip of our national beverage, felt that she had swallowed a vatful. The Shah's silver twinkled and shimmered before her eyes. Everybody seemed to be gazing at it morbidly, as witnesses gaze at Exhibit A in a criminal trial. But when she turned to Mr. Felcon she found that he was showing no interest at all in the Oriental curios which had brought him there.

Mr. and Mrs. Salsifer, whom Mrs. Dawson had invited hurriedly in order to give a ceremonial touch to the affair, and Miss Lottie Pettigru, whom she had summoned to banish her bogey, "an extra man," did nothing toward lending that intimate touch which, in Pidgey's estimation, was the very thing Mr. Felcon had sought. "Ma's spilled 'em again," she reflected, and did her best to entertain the illustrious stranger.

"I've met you before," she was saying into the humorous, bilious eyes. "But I'm afraid to tell you for fear you'd up and stab me with a pickle fork."

"No, you didn't," he insisted, grinning all over. "You don't think I'd forget a face, especially—"

"It wasn't my face. It was my foot. You dropped a bundle on it this morning right in front of Cull Brothers' jewelry store."

"Gosh! Was that you? I guess I was too mad to look."

FROM COAST TO COAST
INDEPENDENT

OIL
Buy at this sign

"Here is Good Gasoline"

—Says the Spread Red Eagle

THE Spread Red Eagle on the black triangle is the insignia of the Independent Oil Men of America. Under this sign the good local reputation of each member is nationalized and made known to the general public.

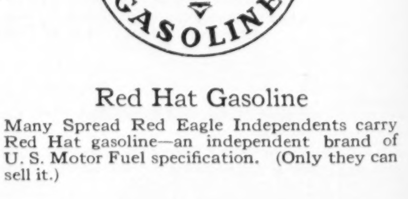
When you see this sign you are sure of friendly service and good gas and oil no matter what the name of the local brand sold. You know that the Independent Oil man has a definite responsibility to fulfill in his locality—to his association, and to the traveling public. You may be certain that here is an independent unit of the mighty force of independents whose economic, free competition has maintained quality and price at a fair level.

Steer for the Spread Red Eagle.

RED HAT GASOLINE

Red Hat Gasoline

Many Spread Red Eagle Independents carry Red Hat gasoline—an independent brand of U. S. Motor Fuel specification. (Only they can sell it.)



NOTE: Independents of high character are invited to membership in the Independent Oil Men of America—624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., a non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interests of Independent Oil.

"What was in that package to make you so nervous? Two hundred pounds of thousand-dollar bills?"

"Ha! Bowwow! Two suits of summer underwear. How's that? Came in such a hurry I didn't bring a change."

"You might have borrowed some of Pa," she suggested, and thought that rather good, since the senator would have made four of the capitalist.

"Heard your father over the radio the other night," said Mr. Felcon, "and he seemed a size too big for me. The Truth and Nothing but the Truth. Good idea nowadays. Novelty. Truth. Rare. Does it run in the family?"

"Sort of," she replied, eying him keenly. Was he groping for that hidden treasure, her goat? But his face was brown, serious, wrinkled, giving her courage to go on. "If Daddy hadn't told the truth, he'd be in the Senate to-day. He was considered the ablest lawyer in the state when he went to Washington, and he just accepted the senatorship so that he could tell the world about what the P. & F. is doing to strangle this section. They worked two terms to kill him, and when he stood up in front of that investigating what-you-call-it and told them what he knew they pulled the wires some way—search me, but that's how I got it—and here he is. Welcome home."

"SOUNDS a lot like the life of Diogenes. Bowwow. Glad to find an honest man this side of heaven. I'll tell you one thing, young lady. Carloville may not be as large as Chicago, but she produces some of the tallest liars in the world. I come down here looking for facts, and I get the Arabian Nights." Pidgey tried not to wince. "Ananias Club has run the Kiwanis out of business. Bowwow." He made a rapid change of tack and asked, "Go to school?" She felt a trifle under seven.

"Oh, no. I've been out for centuries. I'll be nineteen next Tuesday."

"The hell you say—excuse me. Wouldn't take you for a day over sixteen. But you can't tell about these flappers nowadays. They know too much. Huh! I shut up like a clam when my daughter comes home from college. Afraid she'll know—" Suddenly he stopped, and for the first time his eyes rested on the line of vases at the center of the table.

"What did you go and put silver on them for?" he asked in a curious tone.

"Silver? I—" She was swallowing imaginary baseballs.

"Vandalism. Bowwow— Don't you realize that the El-Ghouli luster brass is never silvered? It's the finish that makes them famous. If you'll take that tinsel off, you'll find a patina on 'em like a baby's cheek. Yes, sir."

Here was news indeed! He reached across and began twirling one of the slender vases between his fingers.

"You're mighty lucky to have the whole set," he went on. "Give my eyeteeth for those five. Yes, there's a way of getting that damned silver off. Vandalism. Guess the Sultan must have had an awful jag on the morning he gave those away."

"It was the Shah," said Pidgey faintly.

"Well, maybe so." He put on a pair of large eyeglasses, the string of which he wore over his ear. "In the mosques they call 'em Nool-ad-Din. Remarkable! They're sacred vessels, you understand, and I don't see why you didn't have your heads chopped off, carrying 'em away. Nobody but a Moslem's supposed to touch 'em. Think your father would sell?"

"You'd better ask him," she fluttered. "You see, there's a curious story—"

"Yes, yes. Read all about it. Of course my collectors would have to look 'em over to see if they're genuine. But I don't think you can fool *me* on El-Ghouli luster." Again he reached out and pawed the nearest vase.

"Aren't they ex-quisite!" cried Mrs. Salsifer, who had caught him in the act.

"H'm!" said De Witt Felcon, which was as much as telling her to mind her own business.

To Pidgey the rest of the dinner was a whirl of delightful colors, a spectral glory in which she was called upon now and then to ask and answer questions. It was not until they had gone to the drawing-room for coffee that she got another chance at De Witt Felcon.

"Mr. Felcon," she plunged in, "I don't know much about antiques, and I got those things because I liked them. They're really mine, you know, and if you want them I'll make a swap with you."

"All Carloville wants to swap something," he barked. "Now what's yours?"

"Well, you've come here on a big railroad suit. Everybody knows that. And you've probably got a string of lawyers a mile long. They're from the East, and they probably don't know half as much as Daddy does about the P. & F. He's watched it and scrapped it to a standstill for years and years. You say you want somebody who can find the truth and tell it. Well, Daddy can do that. With your money and his brains—excuse me, Mr. Felcon—I don't see how the railroad will have a rail left to stand on."

"I see," hiccuped Felcon. "So you want to swap your father for a collection of jugs." He narrowed his old gray eyes and laid a fatherly hand on her knee before the shrewd question, "How much do you think that lot is worth, Miss Dawson?"

"I—I couldn't say offhand. I told you I didn't know much about antiques. What do you think you'd offer, cash?"

"A dollar and a quarter." De Witt Felcon's face didn't move a muscle.

"A—what?"

"Dollar and a quarter. That's what you paid for 'em, wasn't it?"

"You mean to say they're fakes?"

"How do I know?" he bit the end from a cigar—one of his own—and spat it into the fireplace. "I'm just like you—don't know an antique from an anthill. But when this Irish friend of yours—fine boy—told me about the $1.25 brasses and the fish story you handed Stella, I said to him, 'By ginger, I'd like to meet that girl.' You see"—it required several puffs of smoke to get the rest out—"I don't understand antiques, but I admire brass."

"If you admire brass"—now she looked him firmly in the eye—"I wish you'd consider Daddy as a lawyer."

"The truth and nothing but the truth," he mused.

"Well, even I can tell it when I stretch myself."

"I guess so." He smoked and reflected and seemed to lose interest. Then, "If he's inherited any talent from you, I'll back him against the New York Central and throw in the Union Pacific."

"Then you'll try him?"

"For a dollar and a quarter."

What did he mean by that?

HIS answer remained a riddle until late in the evening, when her mother, finding her on the stairs quarreling with Mike, rushed at her, kissed her on both cheeks, and whispered rapturously, "What *do* you think? Mr. Felcon's taking the judge on as his attorney."

"I sort of thought he would," replied Pidgey in her most matter-of-fact tone.

"And now," said Mike, when again they were to themselves, "you aren't going to bust me any more for telling him and bringing him here."

"Of course," she agreed, "if I hadn't offered to swap Daddy for the silver he wouldn't have thought of him."

"Atta diplomat!"

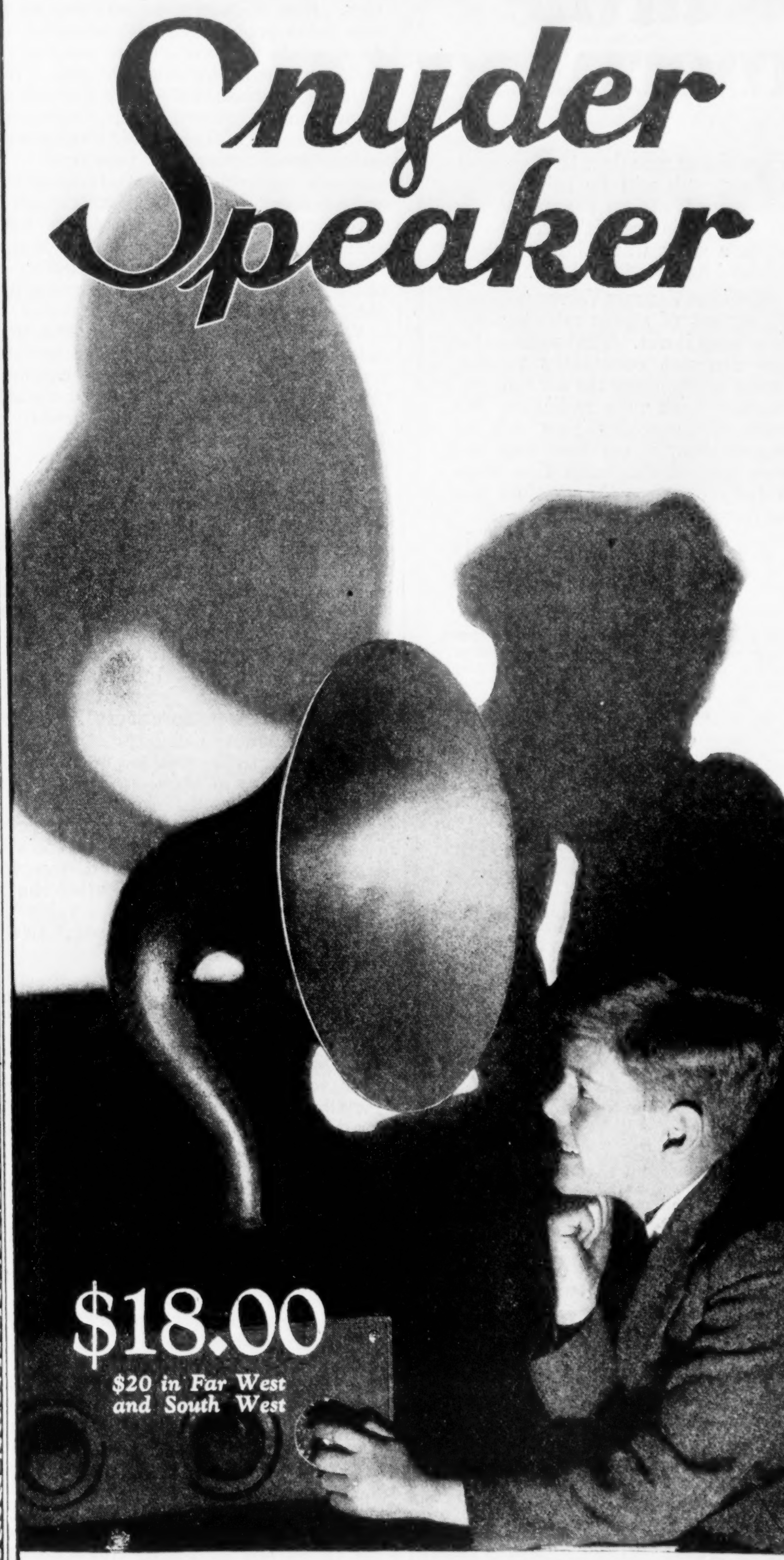
"And, Mike dear." She drew a little closer and gave him one of the looks that seemed to melt his bones. "You're coming oftener now, aren't you?"

"For my apology?" He tried to speak lightly.

"Here it is," she whispered and put one of her slim, tantalizing arms around his neck. "I've been mean and horrid to you and got everybody in wrong. But I *did* get Daddy a job, didn't I?"

"Yes, Pidge," he said.

Not even after her marriage did he explain to her that De Witt Felcon had engaged Senator Dawson during his visit in New York a week before the dinner party. For Mike was Irish and knew that there is a certain kind of woman who does best when she thinks well of herself.



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Women are "Dry"—but Helpless

Continued from page 10

prohibition in their once-dry communities. But it cannot be so long as politics rules prohibition enforcement, as it does while United States senators select our prohibition officials. When citizens, by their votes, are able directly to punish or reward the prohibition enforcement officials in their communities, enforcement may be practical. The ancient, indirect, Russian, long-distance enforcement system, with its carpet-bag enforcement officials, must go before ever there can rise again the hope of these women for help in the defense of their homes, sons and daughters against alcohol.

What I have told above regarding the opinions and state of mind of these women in once bootleggerless communities is only one of hundreds of amazing facts concerning women and prohibition disclosed by the questionnaire.

"What Every Woman Knows"

THE secrets of the home appear in the questionnaire results. "What every woman knows" about the presence of liquor in her home and at her fireside, about lawbreaking not only among men but within the social circles of the community and within the confines of the country club, may be readily sifted out of the great mass of opinion that has been so carefully selected by over 1,000 trained question askers on Collier's staff.

Such a mass of opinion has never before been gathered in America. It throws a new light on the entire prohibition question. We have here the voice of American motherhood and American womanhood, of the home and of the unmarried young woman, who takes her opinions from the lively social life of youth all about her.

What these women show of their feelings and their thoughts throws a gleaming light on new problems; indeed, what they show presents America with the utterly new problem of how to preserve the faith of our women, our new voters, in a government that is still man-controlled, and, in the opinion of the women, manhandled, at least in respect to prohibition enforcement.

Over 63 per cent, or almost two thirds, of the home makers of America, America's mothers, are not satisfied with conditions as they are. These women were not asked to pass on the merits or demerits of prohibition itself; of the value of wetness or dryness. They were asked in the first of the three queries of the questionnaire:

"Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?"

This question was put to them throughout the land for the purpose of discovering their contentment or lack of contentment with the workings of the prohibition law. Fewer than two of every five of them were satisfied; over three out of every five felt that prohibition affairs were going wrongly.

When they were asked the second query: "Is the law enforced in your locality?" more than half of them—14 out of every 25—said "No." Use this fact as you will, our women are telling us that FEDERAL prohibition *isn't* working. Later on in this article we shall encounter a group of women who will tell us that LOCAL prohibition *is* working.

A majority of the motherhood of America, asked whether the law appeared enforceable, answered "Yes." In some districts this majority opinion regarding enforceability is fairly high; in others it is very low.

Down in the South it reaches as high as 73.3 per cent of all women who believe the law can be enforced, and in a dozen inland states, which the bootlegger has failed to penetrate in force on account of country roads or of a demand that depletes his supply before he can reach the interior from the borders, this faith in possible enforcement reaches a height of 77 per cent. But the all-American majority of women in all territory, wet and dry, who believe that the law can be enforced is 68.8.

Let us turn to the Southern women. They show that a great tide of liquor of some sort—undoubtedly corn liquor—is sweeping their communities. Only 40.7 per cent of them are satisfied with conditions. Only 43.8 per cent of them say the law is being enforced. In view of the fact that 45.1 per cent of *all* the women in the United States, including those from the wettest states and wettest cities, say the same thing, it would appear that the mountain stills of the South are bombarding the South with booze. Of all the groups of women, however, the Southern women rank very high, showing a heavy percentage of faith in the law; 73.3 per cent of them believe it can be made to function, as against a score of 68.8 per cent by women of all the nation.

The portentous disclosure of the answers to the three questions is that the women say that the federal government, with its politically controlled, senatorially picked enforcement unit, has not made the country dry and three out of ten—almost one third—of them believe it never can make the country dry or stop the supply of booze that seems to be still flowing. With the remainder of our booze supply wiped out, perhaps we might win over to confidence in the strength of our federal government the final one third of our women who to-day are hesitating.

The NOISE OFF-STAGE

in next week's COLLIER'S is made by NUNNALLY JOHNSON. It's the story of the courtship of Kitty Warder and you'll admire Mr. Hemstreet's technique when he comes a-courting.

The New England conscience in regard to booze is not confined alone to women of New England. Their percentage of dissatisfaction, expressed in response to the question, "Are you satisfied with present conditions?" is 63.1 per cent.

It seems astonishing that this same degree of discontentment should be shown by the women of 14 of our greatest and wettest cities, but the fact remains that about this same figure measures this dissatisfaction of the women of our metropolitan centers. However, either the metropolitan woman shows more sophistication and can't be fooled as to law enforcement or else the law is really enforced more strictly in New England than in the great cities—which is probably the case—for only two out of five city women say the law is working, while almost half of the New England women say the law is enforced.

Just as the questionnaire has proved to be a test of the presence of liquor in the South, so it has been used as a test of border rum running.

In the Northwest there are four states that have only land borders with Canada—Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho. Only 34.5 per cent of the women in this territory say they are satisfied with conditions, while fewer than one half of them say the law is being enforced.

Women along the Mexican border show sentiments that differ little from those of their sisters along the Canadian line. Only one out of every three of the women along the Mexican border expresses satisfaction with conditions, while over half of them, like the Canadian border women, say the law is not working. The confidence of the Canadian border woman, however, exceeds that of the Mexican border woman by 6 per cent.

Do Some State Laws Work?

THERE are glaring proofs in this questionnaire that home-controlled prohibition, enforced by home-elected officials who can be kicked out of office by voters on Election Day, is really working here and there in the United States in spite of long-distance enforcement by Washington, carried out not by elected officials but by politically picked strangers who are ultimately responsible to some United States senator or politician who privately named them for their jobs.

There is a group of states where the folks had decided before national prohibition—some of them long before—to go dry by constitutional amendment. Here's the list: Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and West Virginia. (Florida, constitutionally dry, is unconstitutionally wet, as are Ohio's cities. Idaho and Montana too show unsatisfactory conditions.) Other dry states already mentioned were dry by statute, passed by lawmakers; 17 states were dry by popular vote.

What do women in these constitutionally dry states say regarding prohibition? They have *local* enforcement under the *highest* law of their states by *state* as well as by town officials. They do not have to depend on distant Washington. Are they content with conditions? Their answers are a jolting proof that home-controlled, home-exercised prohibition can be made to work. Next to the highest percentage of satisfied women is found in these 13 states.

The city of Denver, the only city of over 200,000 population by the 1920 census (except Detroit and Portland, Oregon) that lies in the constitutionally dry zone above mentioned, shows a contentment of motherhood in regard to prohibition conditions that ought to make it a 100 per cent home town. Seventy-six per cent of the women in that city say they are content with conditions. Compare this with the all-American contentment of women of 37.9 per cent. Eighty-three per cent of the Denver women say the law is being enforced. Only 40 per cent of the women in the 13 other great cities say the same.

Denver women are almost 100 per cent convinced as to the possibility of enforcement; only 8 per cent of them think the law won't work. With their score of 92 per cent of optimism, the married women of Denver, voicing the opinion of the city's motherhood, are in a class by themselves. Their confidence exceeds even that of the women of Kansas, a pioneer of dry states, who show about 89.2 per cent of optimism, and of the women of Maine, another dry state, who also show 81.5 per cent of assurance in the workability of the dry laws.

The vote of the women of Denver shows it to be the driest city in America. Just to complete the picture of dry Denver, almost 50 per cent of the replies from Denver men show the law is working in that city, while only 32 per cent of the men of all the country, from early returns, believe that prohibition is being enforced in their communities.

Which is the wettest city in America? The results of this questionnaire among women show that St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, and San Francisco contain the largest proportions of women who are dissatisfied with conditions.

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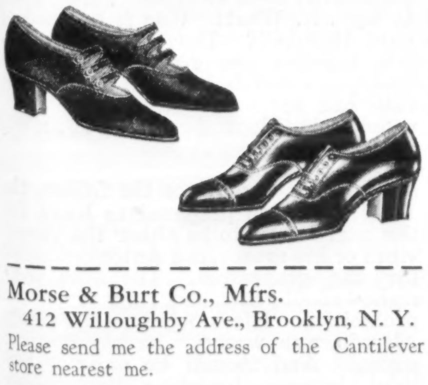

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San Francisco leads St. Paul in this respect, with 78.7 per cent dissatisfied, as against 77.1 discontented in St. Paul.

In other words, only 22.9 per cent of St. Paul women were satisfied with conditions, while San Francisco women showed a satisfaction of only 21.3 per cent. The contentment shown by *all* women in the Unites States, remember, is 37.9 per cent, which may be taken to indicate the great extent of dissatisfaction and perhaps the comparative wetness of these two cities.

The women of these two cities also lead in declaring that the law is *not* enforced in their localities. Seventy-seven per cent of the San Francisco women see no enforcement, almost 72 per cent of the St. Paul women.

In answer to query No. 3, "Do you consider the law enforceable?" the women of San Francisco, St. Paul and Philadelphia lead the women of all 14 cities in their pessimism. Fifty-seven and four tenths per cent of the San Francisco women do *not* believe the law workable. No other group of women show such a low degree of optimism as the women of the Pacific coast town. The women of St. Paul and the women of St. Louis and Philadelphia are about evenly divided on the question.

There is an amazing difference between the opinion of St. Paul and Minneapolis women. Though the city halls of these two communities on the Mississippi River are only ten miles apart, and though the suburbs and portions of the manufacturing districts are merged, the women of Minneapolis present a far different picture from that of the St. Paul women. Fifty per cent of the Minneapolis women are satisfied, as against the 22.9 per cent of St. Paul women. The Minneapolis women rate very high, with a score of 62 per cent saying the law is enforced, as against only 28.5 per cent of St. Paul women who believe the law is being enforced. The hopelessness of St. Paul women as to possibility of enforcement is about 50 per cent. In other words, only one half of them trust the law, while 75.7 per cent of the women in Minneapolis believe it can be enforced.

This difference in opinion may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that some years ago influential local officials of the Minneapolis district were arrested and punished for working with bootleggers and a federal judge killed himself in his office because, as his farewell note explained, his court had been turned .into a police court. No open scandal has appeared, however, in St. Paul, though wetness seems to St. Paul women to be generally prevalent. Minneapolis officials, presumably, have learned their lesson.

In Philadelphia, where General Smedley Butler, the United States Marine Corps officer, started out over a year ago to destroy vice and booze by marine methods, the women show a contentment with conditions in their locality of only 25.5 per cent, as against the all-American percentage of 37.9.

Philadelphia, by this score, as already shown, ranks among the first three lowest cities on this point. Only 42.2 per cent of Philadelphia women say the law is being enforced, as against the all-American average of 45.1. The belief in possibility of enforcement among Philadelphia women is only 48.2 per cent.

Some Hope for Chicago

WOMEN in the two Southern cities of Atlanta and New Orleans show the same optimism in regard to the enforceability of the law as do all their Southern sisters. Thirty per cent of Atlanta women are satisfied with local conditions and 44.7 per cent of the New Orleans women. Sixty-eight per cent, or over two thirds, of the Atlanta women say the law is not being enforced, while 50 per cent of the New Orleans women see non-enforcement in their town. But over 60 per cent of the Atlanta women and over 75 per cent of the New Orleans women are of opinion that the law can be made to work.

Between New York and Chicago the former would appear to be the drier, or, perhaps, the women of the former may be the more easily satisfied. The score of contentment for Chicago women is 38.1 per cent; for New York women 50.9 per cent. Forty-nine per cent of the New York women say the law is being enforced, while only 38.4 per cent of Chicago women say prohibition is succeeding in their locality.

But the hopefulness and optimism of Chicago women as to the law's enforceability far outdoes that of New York women. The score of Chicago women who believe the law is enforceable is 64.7 per cent; of New York women only 56.9 per cent. The all-national score on this point, to recall the figure, is 68.8 per cent, which shows New York women as serious doubters.

Even Washington is Wet

WASHINGTON, our national capital, is far from dry, according to the women. Only about one third of the women say they are satisfied. Fewer than one third of them say that Washington is dry and that the law is being enforced. Thus a two-thirds vote says Washington is wet. When these Washington women were asked if they believed the law enforceable only 50.5 per cent said "Yes."

This means that the women at the seat of government have less hope of enforcement than have the women of all except three of our thirteen other great cities. Their 50.5 hopefulness ranks amazingly far below the 68.8 per cent hopefulness of *all* American women.

A larger ratio of Washington women voted "No," when asked if they thought the law could be enforced, than was shown in any other major group of women in all America. They are among the most dissatisfied women and the *most hopeless* of *all* women in our land.

Perhaps these Washington women, close to government and to politics, are in a position to see at first hand the paralyzing effect which party politics is having on the operation of the federal prohibition law. Perhaps even the small optimism of these Washington women is based on the fact that, being close to the center of prohibition enforcement, they see more readily than do most of the other women of the nation how we might obtain prohibition in America by squeezing politics out of it.

The most contented women in any of the states are found in Kansas, with a score of 76.1 satisfied. The least contented women are those of North Carolina, where steaming stills and flowing moonshine cut their contentment of conditions down to the extremely low score of 16.2. The next lowest scores for contentment are shown in Idaho, with 21.6 per cent, and Montana, with 25.7 per cent, both "constitutionally" dry states. These women from the West are sisters in discontentment with women of the wet states of Maryland (score of discontentment, 26.1 per cent), and Delaware (26.4 per cent).

Women find the most enforcement in Kansas, 76.4 per cent of women in this state reporting that the law is working. The least is in Maryland, where only 26.7 per cent of the women say the law is being enforced.

In answering the question "Do you believe the law is enforceable?" the Kansas women led other large groups in the divisions of states in answering "Yes." Eighty-nine and two tenths of them said they believed the law could be made effective. The most pessimism among women of the states was shown in Delaware, where only 42.7 per cent had hope of enforceability, which means a majority of 57.3 per cent of pessimism.

Only two other states besides Delaware showed a majority of hopelessness. Over half of the women in New Jersey and over half of the women in Maryland despair of enforcement. In view of the fact that only 31.2 per cent of *all* women in America indicate such despair, the wetness of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, and the lack of hope for future dryness, are indicated beyond any doubt.

NOTE: *The conclusions and figures in Mr. Shepherd's article, prepared with the assistance of certified public accountants, are based on the number of questionnaire answers tabulated up to press time for this issue.*

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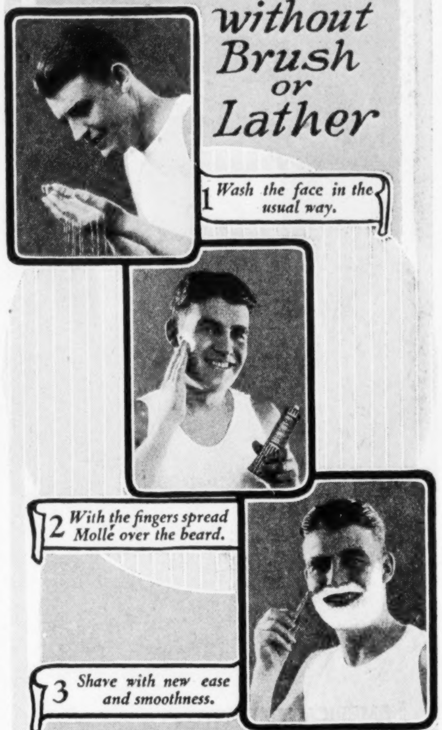
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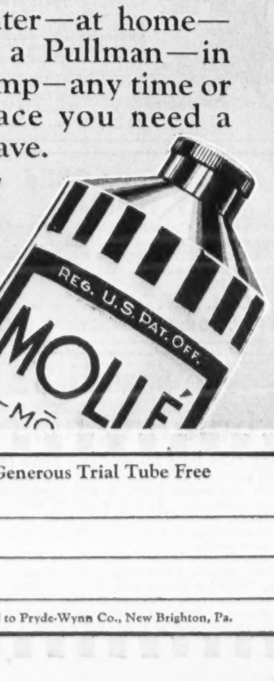

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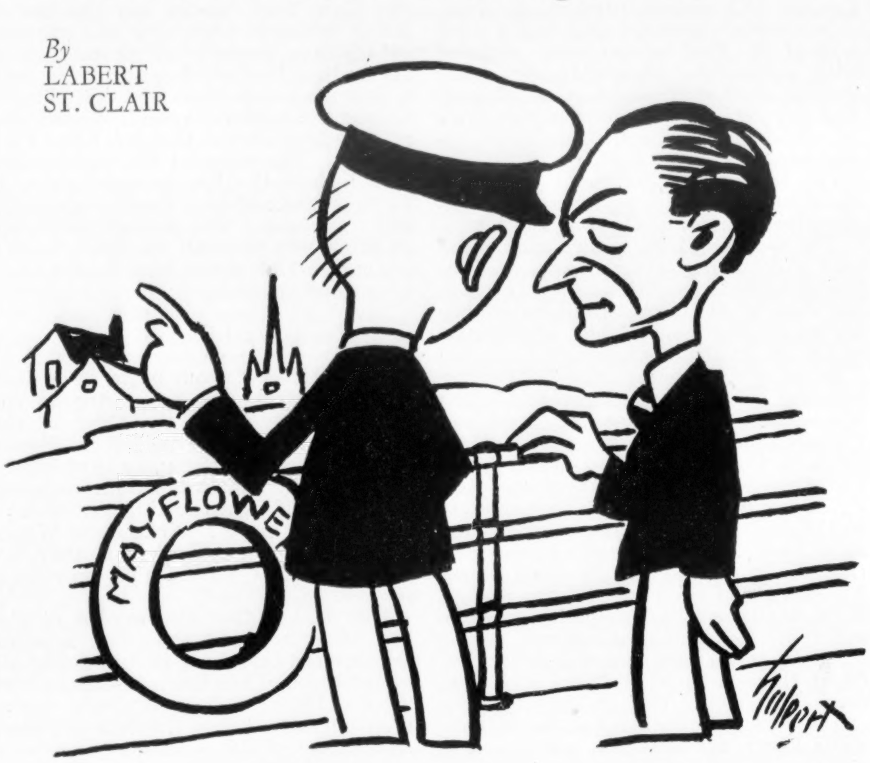

THE rumor has gotten around Washington, in some inexplicable way, that President Calvin Coolidge is a man of few words. Homer Joseph Dodge, Washington writer, tells of a personal experience he recently had with the President which would seem to bear out this report.

Dodge and a score of other writers took a week-end trip down the Potomac on the Presidential yacht as guests of the President. On the return trip, during the second day, the Mayflower was passing historic Alexandria, Va., a city of 18,000, when the President came up to Dodge, standing at the rail gazing at the Alexandria dock, and stopped. Dodge, by way of making conversation, asked:

"Mr. President, did you know that almost one hundred and fifty years ago, George Washington, as President of the United States, and a former resident of Alexandria, wrote a letter to the Alexandria Chamber of Commerce saying that if that body did not show some more enterprise in boosting its city, New York soon would outstrip it as a port?"

The President evidently had not heard of this letter (which, by the way, is in the official archives of the government), but he did not express surprise at its contents, nor ask where it might be seen. Instead, he gazed fixedly at Alexandria for a moment and then replied:

"A sound prediction."

Goats

Continued from page 12

and well built, she could by herself do more work than a hired man. And she was to marry Alfredo Ronchi. She knew that. Everybody knew. Alfredo was a good worker, and he was handsome in a way.

Everything was going on splendidly when the World War broke out. It disturbed Antonio Rotta. He dared not have his own opinion as to who was right and who was wrong, because this country had not yet expressed its official opinion. His children were avidly reading the daily papers and loudly expressing their sentiments.

Soon, one after another, the young men of the neighborhood volunteered and left the Santa Rosa Valley. His own family became smaller by two shortly after we entered the war. Lucky for him indeed he had Josephina, his oldest daughter, or his grapes would have oozed their juice out into the ground that year. Then Alfredo Ronchi left. . . . Josephina wept bitter tears, but the goats had to be milked. They had seen one another at all hours of the day for years. She was eighteen. He was twenty.

And then, when everything seemed to turn out again for the best, and the family was soon to be complete once more, with the boys returning home to tell the tales of their great victories, another great calamity happened—prohibition. There was to be no more wine.

An uncontrollable feeling of ruin seized the Italian inhabitants of the valley. All they had worked for was to perish. The wooden casks that had held the precious juice year after year would fall apart, dried and rotting on the ground. The years of toil, economies—everything was to be swept away and leave them as poor as they had been when they arrived. Furious, angry, many Italians packed their belongings, stuffed their pockets with whatever they had saved and embarked upon boats to return home. And in his own house Antonio Rotta found dissension, for his two oldest sons, who were still wearing parts of their uniforms about the house, were cursing and denouncing angrily.

"How can you say such things about the laws of the land?" Antonio screamed at his sons. Obedience to law had enriched him. He did not understand how, but he felt that obedience to the law, no matter how iniquitous it seemed for the present, would enrich him again. All laws were made to serve him—to enrich him.

Those who could not go away or could not sell their land immediately went into their vineyards with plows and axes and demolished the trellises upon which the vines had crept for years and dug out the old roots which had borne grapes for so many seasons. What good were grapes when wine was prohibited? Ronchi destroyed his vineyard, his oldest son, Alfredo, wielding the ax with greater fury than anyone else.

"Never will daughter of mine marry a man who does that," Rotta cried over the fence. "Never! Never!"

PAUL MARSHALL, who had just returned from service abroad, was the son of a vineyard owner. He had been brought up in the Santa Rosa Valley and knew everybody. The vineyards were all dear to him. He walked about, still in his army uniform, and talked to the Italians.

"You are fools to destroy your gardens," he argued. "People will still want grapes."

On his rounds he came upon Rotta. Rotta was happy to meet a kindred spirit in the young American. He too was convinced there was no sense in what the others were doing. It seemed to Rotta it was double treason to destroy the gardens—treason against the roots and treason because of lack of faith in all laws.

Josephina, going into the barn with two empty pails, saw her father talk to the American. She turned her head and looked at him. He talked on and on with the older Rotta until she returned from the barn with the full foaming pails. Her olive-brown skin glistened under the opening of the snow-white blouse at the neck. The sleeves were rolled up high over the elbows of her strong brown arms. A few drops of milk were hanging on the long, velvety eyelashes. Paul turned his head and looked at her. Abruptly Antonio Rotta ended the conversation and entered the house.

"What were you talking about with Marshall's son?" Josephina inquired with seeming indifference.

"Do you know who he is?"

"I have gone to school with him. He has come home so handsome after the war," she mused aloud. . . .

"What's the matter with you?" the older Rotta questioned. "Don't you dare talk to that stranger."

"I thought you no longer wanted me to talk to Alfredo," Josephina answered, looking into her father's eye. "Say, you will soon tell me not to talk to anybody. . . ."

"You will do what I want! I am the master here! Dio mio!"

"I don't know," Josephina mused, and went to her room thinking of Paul Marshall. How handsome and strong he was! She had never given him a thought before. How much stronger and handsomer than Alfredo!

Young Marshall began to hang around Antonio's house. It angered and worried Antonio Rotta to see Josephina spread the curtains apart and look through the vines that climbed over the outside of the window to the roof.

All the neighbors were pulling their roots out of the soil. Rotta looked on at the vandalism, and his heart ached. Even if they should make more money raising vegetables, it was a crime to do what they did.

Only Antonio Rotta and Paul Marshall's father did not tear the roots out of the soil, though Antonio's sons urged their father on. People teased them. The Italians suspected Marshall's son of being an agent of the government. They would soon suspect Rotta also. Why did not he do as the others had done?

But Rotta would not hear of such vandalism.

"No, no, no! The law must be right."

He did not understand. Neither did they understand. If his sons should again ask about tearing the vines out, they would have to know that Antonio Rotta was their father.

"But look at Ronchi, at Alfredo?" his sons spoke.

"Alfredo . . . don't mention his name to me again. It's off. . . . Off. . . . Off."

The older sons looked at Josephina. She did not seem to mind. They looked at her . . . What! Was it because of Paul Marshall? They had seen them talk together one evening across the fence. . . . People had told them. But they had not believed. "Paul! Why people said things about Paul . . . a spy of the government. . . ."

UNABLE to convince the father, the oldest twins prepared to leave for the city. It was to be either the grapevines or his sons. And Antonio decided for the grapevines. The laws were right—about goats, about the war, about prohibition. His kinsman was wrong. Alfredo was wrong. Everybody was wrong. And though he did not like Paul, because Josephina had chosen him for herself and he was not his choice, Paul was right.

And so his sons left, while the mother wept and the little ones ran after them. They tore themselves out of him. They

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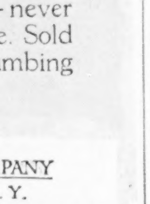

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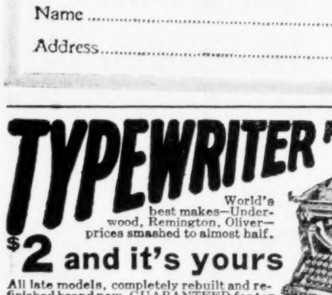

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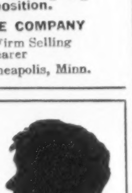

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REYNOLDS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 240 Park Avenue, New York City

were his sons. They had worked together. They were like vines grown out of the roots. He was the root.

When the sons had left his wife cried and tore her hair. The children wept. But only Josephina walked about, serene, almost untouched by the calamity, always outside the house—always listening, watching for the steps of the man she loved.

Rotta talked to his daughter. She answered in a light-hearted manner, laughing and smiling. It was nobody's business that she liked Paul.

"I am going to marry him."

"No, you are not," her father answered.

And when the remarks of the neighbors had become more precise the following Sunday he reproached her again. She flared up. She could do whatever she pleased. She had gone to school in this country and she knew her rights. She could talk to anybody if she wanted to. She could marry the man she desired. The law was on her side. Did he think he could make her marry anyone against her will?

"I know the law. I am eighteen. I am free to marry the man I want. Do you get me?"

She towered over him as Carmarino, the groceryman, had once towered over him. She was like the policeman who had years ago appeared in his yard and handed him a summons to appear in court.

The old hot blood prompted him to seize the double-barreled shotgun that stood in the corner of the room, when he saw the American come to call his daughter.

"You will not marry him!"

"I will," she answered, and looked her father in the eye. "The law gives me the right to marry the man I want."

The whole of the summer passed in quarrels and disputes in the Rotta family. Every time Rotta returned from church or from a talk across a fence his eyes were bloodshot. The Italians were suspicious of him. He could see that in every glance of theirs. Whispers ceased when he approached. It was all because of Josephina's friendship with Paul.

THAT fall the wisdom of Antonio's faith in the laws of the country asserted itself again. His grapes had grown better than on any other year. The bunches were cleaner and heavier than they had ever been before. Roots that had only borne enough to keep them from being cut down and thrown away bore that year with increased vigor, as if they desired to show themselves worthy of life.

With the dogged faith Antonio had always had, he had worked in his vineyard from early morning till late at night, without any regard for what would happen to his grapes. True, he had lost his sons, who had gone to the city, but his daughters had grown old enough to work side by side with him.

Even before the crop had ripened to its full the price of grapes began to soar. Merchants offered more and more for the product of Antonio's vineyard. So many grapes had been torn out by the roots there were not enough grapes in the country. An overwhelming desire for grapes seized the whole country. People wanted grapes—grapes—and there were not enough.

When the season was over Antonio, who had received more gold for a year's labor than he had ever received for six before, poured the silver and gold coins he had received from a leather bag on the table and laughed at the top of his voice as it rolled. He called in his neighbors.

"Come see. You tore out the roots, eh? Fools, fools! You think prohibition no good, eh? Fools, fools! I think all laws very good. Madonna mia! They have not left me enough grapes for the house!"

And there was much more gold yet ahead of him. It would take years before new roots to replace the ones torn out of the soil would bear enough to compete with him.

IN THE midst of the great joy Josephina came into the house holding the arm of the young man close to hers, shamelessly clinging to him, and announced to her father that she was engaged. Paul Marshall's father had also received a large amount for his grapes.

"Out! Out!" Antonio yelled at the top of his voice, rushing to his gun, while his wife, the children and the neighbors tried to hold him back. He raged and pulled and tugged, trying to free himself.

"Out! Out!" he called to both of them, cursing in Italian as he pointed his finger to the door.

His wife threw her arms about him. What was he doing? It was an unheard-of thing. Josephina was his daughter! He had already lost his sons. . . .

"I am going to marry whom I please!" Josephina cried.

"You are not!" the father yelled at the top of his voice, again trying to get at her, to strike her.

"I am," she answered back. "You cannot forbid me. And what the law says is good enough for me."

The law was on her side! Antonio calmed down. His daughter and Paul were about to leave when he called her back. He looked at all the gold and silver on the table. The law, faith in the law, had given him all that!

"Wait," he asked. "Stay."

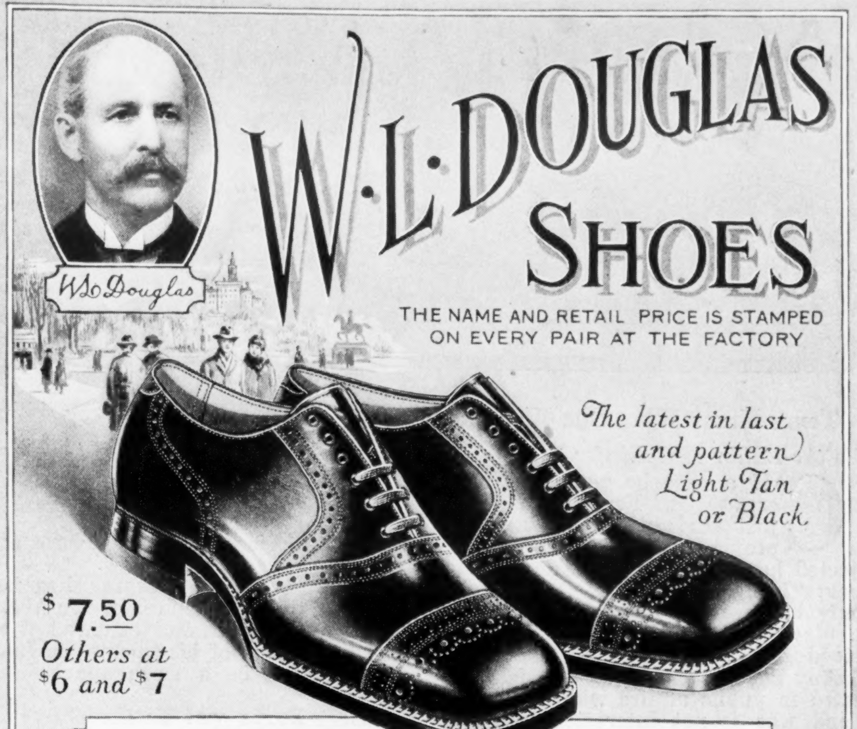
He sank into a chair with his head in his hands. The goats! Because he had followed the law about the goats he got his first real start in life. Because he had faith afterward that whatever the law did would ultimately turn out to his benefit he had not torn out the grapes from his vineyard. The law said his daughter had a right to marry whom she wanted and that he had nothing to say about it. Of course he had planned differently. But it would perhaps work out as well as the other things had worked out. Would he not be a traitor to the country if he opposed any law! The law had always worked out in his favor. The goats. The grapes.

And Ronchi? What about Ronchi? His father had torn out the grapes like all the others. Alfredo had slashed and slashed at the vines like a fiend. Now they would all have to replace the roots. All but Marshall and himself. Paul would always obey the law and become wealthy. Antonio's face shone. Ecstatically he raised his head to look at his daughter again.

"Come!" he called to her.

When she had approached him he took her on his knees and cried:

"The law is all right. You betcha the law is all right. And you, Paul, pardon me—pardon me. Give me your hand. So. Thanks."



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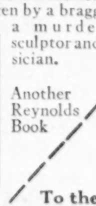

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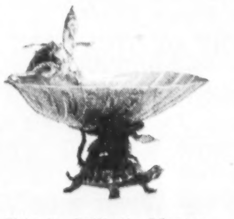

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One of these "Modern Wives" says:

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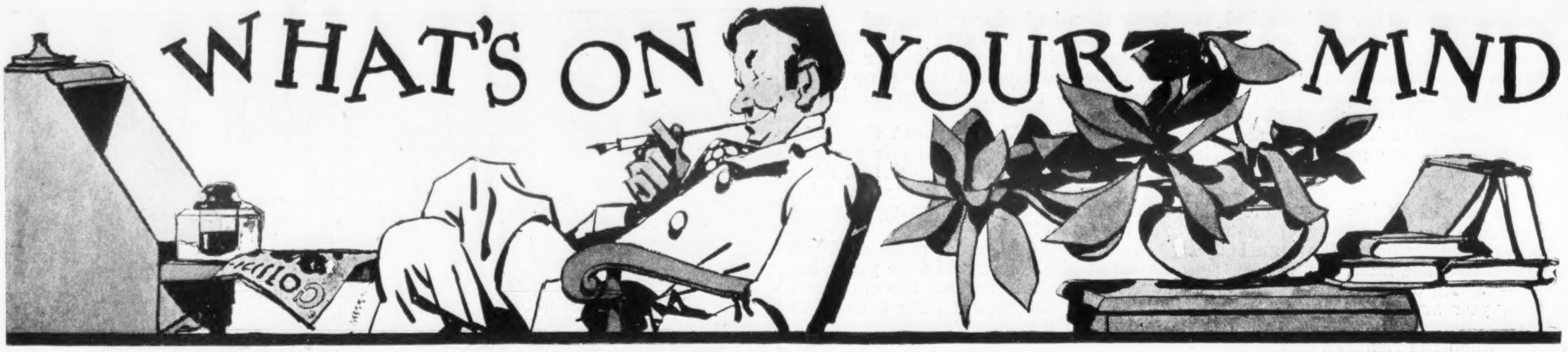

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Share Your Thoughts with Millions

Texas Knew What She Wanted

To the Editor of Collier's:

"CAN a wife be governor?" She can. Mrs. Ferguson is being just the kind of governor the people who voted for her expected her to be. Your article quotes her: "I entered the race for governor only because my husband was denied a place on the ballot." Texas understood it that way.

Any woman of ability who is interested in public affairs who has a husband who is not interested in public affairs—if such should be found—can conceivably be just as able a governor as if she did not have a husband. If a large number of such women can be found woman suffrage will be justified.

GEO. MCQUAID, Dallas, Tex.

Ma's Mercy Isn't Strained

To the Editor of Collier's:

The only criticism, so far as I know, that has been made of the official conduct of Mrs. Ferguson has been that based upon her exercise of the pardoning power. This has been "played up" far beyond its importance by the press of the state. This criticism comes almost wholly from the political enemies of the governor and her husband, and from those who are not informed, and doubtless who do not care to be informed as to the merits of any particular case wherein a pardon has been granted. One very commendable thing may be said, among others, as to the pardon record of Governor Ferguson, and that is that the large majority of pardons that have been granted, have been granted to friendless and uninfluential convicts, who had no influential friends to intercede for them, and no money with which to employ counsel. Many of these unfortunates have served many years of their terms. In granting pardons to these convicts the governor has shown a very commendable spirit of executive mercy. If the governor had been granting pardons to men of money and political influence there might be reasonable ground for criticism, but so far as I know there is no single instance of a pardon being granted to such.

W. S. MOORE, State Senator,
Gainesville, Tex.

Wars Are Up

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your editorial calling attention to a Spanish-American War veteran who received a citation for bravery 27 years after the war reminds me of something else pertaining to that much-maligned war. Why do totally disabled veterans of the World War receive five times as much in monthly compensation as totally disabled veterans of the Spanish-American War?

FRANK W. SMITH,
U. S. Soldiers' Home, Sawtelle, Cal.

We Haven't Many Lincolns

To the Editor of Collier's:

The article by Major Darwin interested me greatly because it deals with a problem upon which I have read a great deal and observed not a little. I have not been able to discover that heredity carries very far. There are too many exceptions.

The most minute research has not been able to find an ancestor for Abraham Lincoln who was endowed with even a modicum of his talents; in fact, genius would be a more appropriate term.

Robert Burns was another "freak." England and Scotland have given birth to many men who have exerted a beneficent influence upon their own and subsequent generations while the record of Spain is almost nil; yet there have been many more Spaniards than British.

In Great Britain the environment was on the whole favorable; in Spain it was the reverse. There is no room to discuss the Nordic problem here; howbeit the champions thereof have some irrefragable arguments on their side.

C. W. SUPER, Athens, Ohio.

How Not to Be Happy

To the Editor of Collier's:

You have published much and wisely on divorce and marriage; why not note the indirectly striking evidence in Mr. Vance's engrossing serial "White Fire"? The husband (1) butts into his wife's room without ceremony, (2) crabs at her new dress, (3) tells her she's practically a demi-monde, (4) smokes in her room without asking leave, (5) crabs at her guest list *after* they're asked, (6) crabs at her jewels, (7) reminds her of his wonderful ancestry, (8) allows she's trying to deceive him, (9) grouches at her for picking a quarrel (!!), (10) grouches and sleuths at the party in his own house.

You can't run a car without oil and you can't run a home without courtesy.

W. L. W., Princeton, N. J.

The Head of the Class

To the Editor of Collier's:

Huntington has not just one or two outstanding and distinctive beauty spots to distinguish it—it is beautiful all over. A brand-new spick-and-span town—laid out by expert railroad engineers in the beginning; a temperate climate; the "decks" of the business district always "cleared for action;" symmetrically laid out; no dust, grime or dirt; plenty of space, sunshine and fresh air; a broad river and green hills with Blue Ridge haze eternally enwrapping them.

Our factories are spick and span, no old buildings. We tear them down and replace them with finer buildings. No slums or tumble-down shacks. Traveling men from all over the world declare that it always looks as though the streets of Huntington had just been swept and scrubbed. We are often called "Spotless Town."

J. TAGUE, Huntington, W. Va.

A Rival for Jack's Beanstalk

To the Editor of Collier's:

Some amazing things happen in fact and in fiction. An actual photograph (movie) shows Jack Holt in "The Thundering Heard" (Herd) rounding up stampeded cattle in southwest Oklahoma and in a *pine* forest. Perhaps he heard there were pine trees there. Now that they have been located we may expect other finds.

Out around Salina, in a misplaced swamp tract, a pine tree has just been found by the landowner who had not before been all over his land. It was a very large tree; in fact, there are several things quite enormous about it. Lis'sen!—270 feet high; made enough lumber to build him a house, a barn, a silo and some other miscellaneous buildings and enough wood to last him—ever so long; and in the top it produced enough roasting ears to fill 17 wagons, besides last year's crop that had not yet been shucked.

J. W. DENSFORD, Salina, Kan.

And Carry a Red Flag

To the Editor of Collier's:

Here's a safety suggestion: Danger to pedestrian comes from the rear.

If one walks on left-hand side of road traffic coming on from the rear is normally on the other side of the road.

ROBT. B. ROOD,
Concord, Mass.

See the Old World First

To the Editor of Collier's:

I couldn't resist the urge to write you after reading the article about doing Europe on $7.35 a day, as I have just come back from a "Tourist-Third-Cabin" trip on the White Star liner Majestic.

I have to count my pennies before taking a wild fling into a vacation. But I assure you this sort of trip abroad is just as delightful and economical as Mr. Collins says it is. Spending so little one can't, of course, see everything one might wish to. But the thrill is priceless even so.

VERONICA DE SAULLES, St. Louis, Mo.

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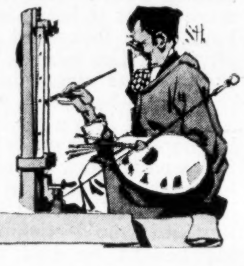

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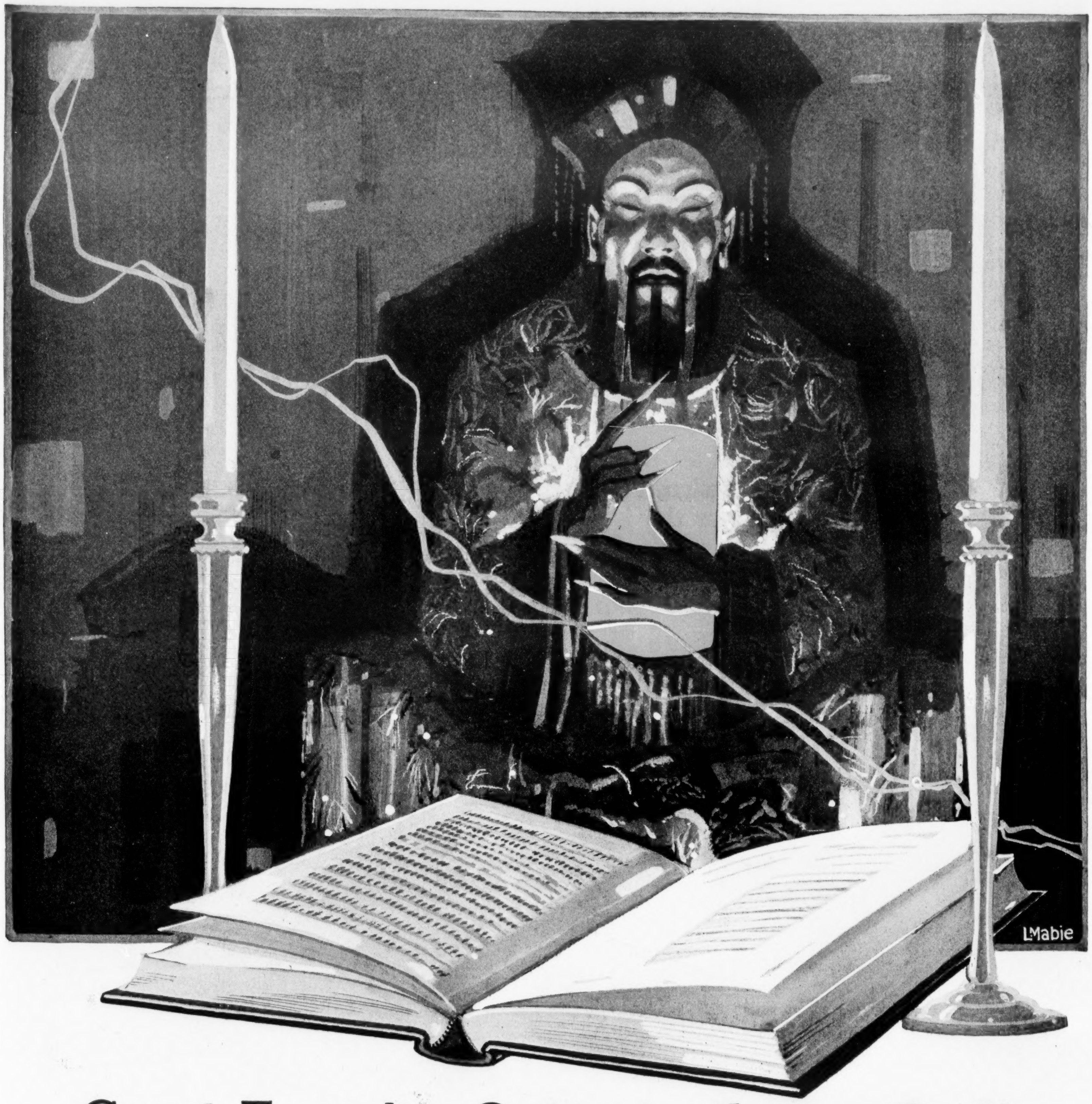

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>
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